JULY

SCRIBNER'S

¶ Beyond the Talkies by R.E. Sherwood

¶ A Farewell to Arms ~
by Ernest Hemingway

¶ African Savage Escapes Cannibals

¶ Mad Anthony Wayne Fights for the
Northwest ~ His Last Years

¶ Mystery Man in the Lincoln Drama

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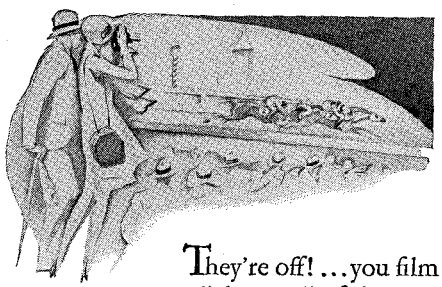

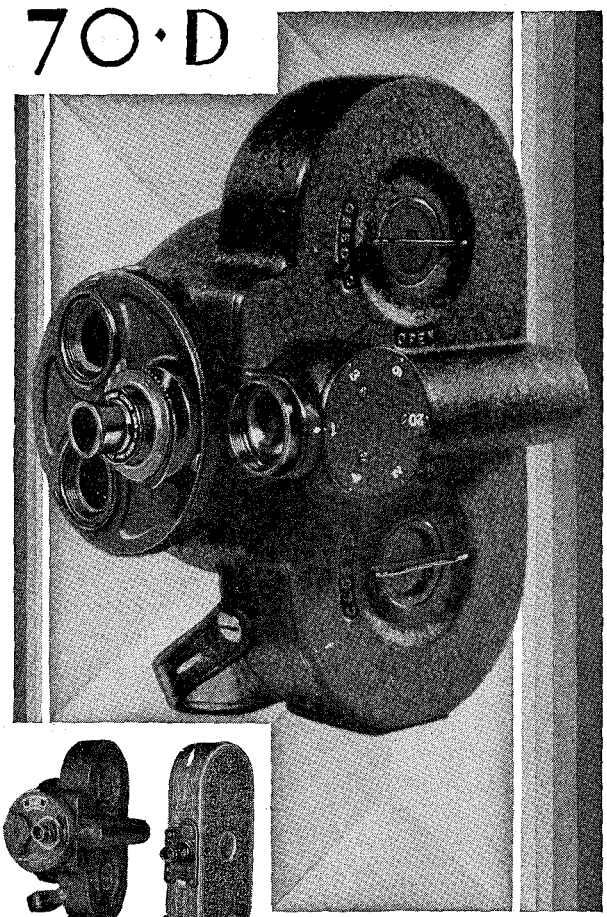

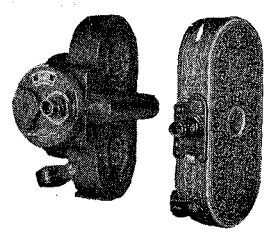

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Impossible? Yes, with any personal movie camera you have seen before. But only a hint of marvels that can now be realized with Bell & Howell's latest triumph—Filmo 70 D.

Seven speeds, a turret that holds *three* lenses, an *adjustable* spyglass viewfinder for every distance—actually more than the flexibility of any *six* previous cameras—are combined in this one master achievement. Yet its operation is simplicity itself. Just snap the wanted lens into place, look through the spyglass viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get." In fact you get *more* than you can see.

Ask the Filmo dealer to demonstrate the new Filmo 70 D. Or write us for literature and the illustrated movie booklet, "What You See, You Get."

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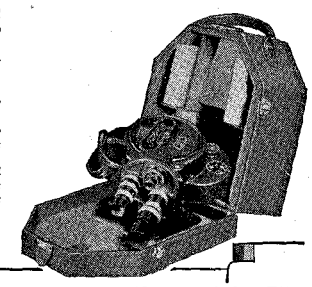
New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.) Est. 1907

BELL & HOWELL
Filmo
WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

(Left) Filmo 70 A, the original personal movie camera, surpassed only by Filmo 70 D, $180 with carrying case; (Right) Filmo 75, pocket size and aristocratic, $120 with carrying case.

The only rivals of Filmo 70 D are Bell & Howell's studio cameras that film Hollywood's leading productions. They cost up to $5,000. Filmo 70 D, including one Taylor-Hobson Cooke 1-inch F 3.5 lens, costs but $245 in its smart Sesamee locked cowhide case with shoulder strap. Like all Filmo cameras, Filmo 70 D takes either a 50 or 100 foot roll of film.



For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.)—in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo Projector.

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From an etching by Robert Logan.

Wrexham Tower, Yale.

This tower was modelled after the single-towered church with four pinnacles in Wrexham, Wales, where Elihu Yale is buried.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Beyond the Talkies—Television

BY R. E. SHERWOOD

It is always interesting and sometimes profitable to speculate on what would happen if time could be telescoped and all the scientific discoveries and inventions of the next several centuries were to be brought to us to-day—just as they were brought by a Connecticut Yankee to the ladies and gentlemen of King Arthur's Court.

Would we be able to stand these overwhelming revelations? Would they be so far beyond our comprehension that the very contemplation of them would destroy our reason, and reduce us to a state of jibbering imbecility?

Or would we confine our wonderment to an utterance of the stock expression, "What won't they think up next!" and proceed calmly to adjust ourselves to the new order of things?

It is my firm belief that we would do just that.

The average human being of to-day is not impressed by miracles. Tell him the story of how Joshua caused the sun to stand still and he will say, "Sure! And I've also heard the one about Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

He reads in a newspaper that plans are being made to connect New York with Tokio by telephone. "I doubt that it's practical," he may remark. But the next day he discovers that the thing has actually been accomplished. The day after that he himself calls up Tokio and, if there happens to be a few minutes' delay in putting the call through, he complains bitterly about the service.

We like to announce sagely that various inventions—the automobile, for instance—have "revolutionized" life. Yet those who can remember back to that remote period when there was no traffic problem hardly feel that they have lived through anything as drastic as a revolution. They may sentimentalize occasionally over the good old days, before existence became so complicated; but they would do that even if there had been no inventions whatever in the past thirty years.

Humanity has developed a faculty for converting the miraculous into the commonplace. That which, yesterday, was an "unheard of luxury," is to-day as much of a necessity as is the instalment agent who comes to collect for it.

We are now approaching one of the most fantastic of all the scientific mira-

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cles—Television. In five years' time—maybe a little more, maybe a little less—it will be an accomplished fact.

Electrical engineers are working at it frantically in dozens of different laboratories in the United States and in Europe. A few actual broadcasts have been made, from Pittsburgh, Washington, New York, Schenectady, and Whippany, N. J., with crude but significant results.

I shall make no attempt to describe the nature of these experiments, nor to explain the process which enables a photographic image to be sent through the air and reproduced on a screen in the receiver's home. Being one who can't even begin to comprehend the radio itself, I am hardly in a position to go deeply into the technical subtleties of television. I have taken the trouble to ask many questions, but I have been unable to understand the answers. Suffice it to say that the major problems of television have been solved. Light waves may be broadcast as easily as sound waves. One hears of experiments in which a flash of light has been converted into sound waves, hurled through space, and caused to ring a bell; and a sound has been transformed into light waves and caused to start a fire.

The chief difficulty now seems to be in achieving consistently exact synchronization—that is to say, in arranging matters so that the sound waves and light waves arrive at the same destination at the same instant. Those formidable menaces to all radio broadcasting, Static and Interference, will be doubly malignant when there are two sets of waves to disrupt instead of one. Sometimes, when listening to your radio, you hear several stations coming in at once, and even the most expert tuning won't disentangle them. Imagine the general embarrassment, during a television broadcast, if the image of Doctor Cadman delivering a sermon were to be supplemented by the voice of Miss Sophie Tucker singing "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

Nevertheless, all the big radio and electrical corporations are aware that television is not only inevitable but imminent. They are laying their plans accordingly—and their plans are of staggering proportions.

What will happen when television has graduated from the laboratories to the mail order houses? There is no one who can say, with any degree of positiveness, just what it will mean, what changes it will bring about; though every one, to be sure, is entitled to indulge in a few imaginative guesses. Television is sure to "revolutionize" all sorts of present conditions; it is also certain to be accepted by the public as casually as though it were a new recipe for endive salad dressing.

Our previously mentioned friend, the average human being, speculates occasionally on the possibilities of television, but not to any serious extent. He is fascinated by the thought that he will be able to see the person to whom he is talking over the telephone, and disturbed by the realization that the person will be able to see him. He considers television as an adjunct to the radio, and figures that it will be no particular treat to see the man who tells the bedtime stories, or the talented artiste who performs on the zither, or the political orator who views with alarm, or the health enthusiast who greets you, at 6 A. M., with "Cheerio! Breathe deeply!"

He takes some interest in the suggestion that moving pictures will be broad-

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cast. As that supreme wisecracker, Bugs Baer, has observed, "Television means you will have covered wagons in your dining-room." But the general feeling about such prospective entertainments is tinged with a vague scepticism. Most people have the idea that any sporting events, plays or movies that are broadcast will naturally be of an inferior order, because the really big sport promoters or theatrical managers won't allow their offerings to be given away for nothing to the public. Such a practice would tend to ruin their business; as witness the discomfiture of the late Tex Rickard when he counted the gate receipts at the Tunney-Heeney fight and realized that most of his customers had chosen to remain at home and listen to the encounter over the radio.

There is an economic problem involved here which might appear to be impossible of solution. Nevertheless, it can and will be solved. For all the wizards who are now working on television are not electrical engineers. There are some astute financiers among them.

Precisely the same problem appeared (on a much smaller scale, of course) when broadcasting was new. The radio stations couldn't afford to employ the costlier talent, and they couldn't hold their audiences if they failed to give them exceptional entertainment. Then the national advertisers stepped in with their subsidies, and John McCormack, Will Rogers, Paul Whiteman, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, Maria Jeritza and others of celebrity were "brought to you through the courtesy of" the manufacturers of cigarettes, balloon tires, ginger ale, toilet accessories or automobiles, or even by the managers of the major political parties. One advertiser is reported to have spent more than $300,000 for one radio programme, lasting one hour, which could be heard free of charge by every owner of a receiving set.

Radio advertising has not been a transitory fad. It has grown, steadily and substantially, and it will continue to grow. Television will increase it to an absolutely inestimable extent.

Have you ever happened to notice that, in almost every printed advertisement, there is incorporated a "picture of the product"? It may be a convertible, four-door sedan, or it may be merely a cake of laundry soap; but after seeing its likeness, reproduced graphically in the pages of a magazine, you will be able to recognize the article itself when you see it again on the street or on the grocer's shelf.

Radio advertising has naturally been limited because of its inability to give the listeners a "picture of the product." The most flowery verbal descriptions could not make up for this deficiency. Television, needless to say, will remedy it. When you see and hear Will Rogers talking to you from your own, private screen, you will also have a close-up view of a package of the chewing gum which Mr. Rogers so heartily indorses.

Thus, if advertising over the air has been valuable in the past, it will be infinitely more so in the future. The advertisers will continue to pay most of the cost of broadcasting, and the radio manufacturers, who profit by the sale of receiving sets, will continue to pay the rest.

What will be broadcast?

The addition of sound to sight has caused a great difference in the style of entertainment presented on the motion picture screen. The addition of sight to sound will bring about even greater

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changes in the nature of radio programmes. For the movies have always had the accompaniment of music, thereby supplementing their appeal to the eye with a soothing appeal to the ear; whereas the radio has had to create its effect entirely with noise.

The radio audience has been glutted with music, classical and jazz, vocal and instrumental. One programme may differ from another in quality, but not in style. Some of the more enterprising broadcasters, anxious to break away from the usual routines, have gone in for the presentation of radio dramas—brief sketches, either serious or humorous, played by actors and actresses with accompanying sound effects. No more than two of these ventures have been successful over an extended period of time. Too much of a strain is placed on the listener's imagination; he is forced to conjure up, in his mind's eye, a picture of the scene in which the drama is being enacted, and of the very appearance of the characters themselves. He must remember that "Tom" is the one with the bass voice, whereas "Dick" is the one with the squeaky tenor . . . The listener generally abandons the effort after a few minutes of this radio drama, and switches over to a reliable jazz band. He has heard the band, and the tunes that it plays, many times before; but at least he doesn't have to strain to distinguish the saxophonist from the clarinetist.

Music has been preferable to talk on the radio because spoken words are necessarily mechanical and dull unless you can see the face from which they come. When you listen to humorous speeches broadcast from a banquet hall, and hear the audience roar with laughter at some feeble witticism, you come to the conclusion that the mirthful banqueters must be either inebriated or just plain stupid. "I can see nothing funny in that," you say, unmindful of the fact that you couldn't see the speaker's expression or gesture that gave point to the otherwise pointless joke.

For the same reasons, oratorical spellbindery has been robbed of its force by the radio. In recent political campaigns, the hip-hip-hurrah type of public speaker has evoked no response from the unseen and unseeing voters; the cold, precise, factual type of statistician has been listened to with respect.

Television will nullify the rule that "you must have music" on radio programmes. Actors will have the chance to be dramatic on the air, humorists will have the chance to be funny, orators will have the chance to make direct appeals to the emotions. Action will assume the same importance on the radio that it has had in the movies. Singers and instrumentalists have found employment in the broadcasting studios in the past; but in the future the "dumb acts"—the dancers, acrobats and trained seals—will have their day.

It will be possible for the radio audience to watch the actual enactment of news events, without having to wait for them to appear in the rotogravure sections or the movie news reels days or weeks later. Television is certain to be a tremendous factor in the spreading of news. When the first young lady to swim the Atlantic Ocean is welcomed home by the trained greeters of New York City, the country at large will be able to watch her triumphal progress from the Battery to the steps of City Hall. If there is a colossal fire in the oily environs of Tulsa, Oklahoma, it may be watched by the residents of Wiscasset, Maine. If there is another war . . . but, of course, with the marvellous

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strides that science is making, war will be rendered impossible.

Broadcasting of sporting events has always been extraordinarily popular on the air. Rare indeed is the American home in which the pleasant voice of Graham McNamee, correcting himself, has not been heard.

It will probably be necessary for Mr. McNamee, and other announcers, to continue to function in television broadcasts of football and baseball games and horse races. These sports cover large areas of ground, and the identity of the various participants is always a matter of confusion, even to the eye-witnesses. The distant spectator, at the other end of the air waves, will need some one to tell him that "it was Cagle who made that run," or "that was a double play, Koenig to Lazzeri to Gehrig."

Prize fights, which are concentrated in a limited space and which involve only two principal performers, will be much easier to watch over the air. The television "eyes" can be placed close to the ring; the microphone can be hung over the ring itself, to record the socks and the chance remarks of the contestants (this will enable us, at last, to learn whether fighters really exchange witticisms in their more intimate clinches).

Mention of prize-fights inspires sordidly commercialistic thoughts, and brings us back to the economic problem which has already been considered. As the prize-fight business has suffered in the past from radio broadcasting, which kept possible ticket buyers in their homes, the chances are that it would suffer to an even greater extent with the introduction of television. But ways and means will be discovered of overcoming that obstacle. If it is proven that a championship bout is sufficiently strong as an attraction to draw the attention of millions of people, it will be worth financing by the broadcasting companies and their clients, the national advertisers. Indeed, this situation is bound to arise before television has become a fact. When the next Battle of the Century is waged, you will read that the "radio rights" to the battle have been sold for a large sum.

There is no such thing as an insoluble economic problem in this day and age. Industrial genius being what it is, there are no two ends that cannot be made to meet.

Which cogent observation leads us to the final and most important aspect of television: the broadcasting of talking moving pictures.

It is significant that the movies should have learned to talk at this particular time, just when the radio is threatening to cast off its cloak of invisibility. It is a strange coincidence, but it is not by any manner of means an accidental one. It was carefully premeditated.

Consider the source of the talking movie devices—the Vitaphone, Movietone, Photophone and Phonofilm. Did they originate in the film studios of Hollywood? They did not. The Vitaphone and Movietone originated in the laboratories of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its ally, the Western Electric Corporation; the Photophone originated in the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America and its ally, the General Electric Corporation; the Phonofilm was developed by Doctor Lee De Forest, the great radio engineer.

Almost all the movie magnates will admit, under pressure, that the talkies have saved their industry from financial collapse—that, if these contraptions had not appeared when they

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did, there is no telling what disasters might have befallen. Yet these same magnates are also inclined (secretly) to resent bitterly the miracle that rescued them.

For the blessings conferred on the motion-picture industry by the telephone, radio and electrical industries had strings attached to them; and those strings are beginning to assume the strength and the heaviness of chains which bind the film people to perpetual slavery.

The engineers of the Radio Corporation, for example, have not been motivated by good Samaritan generosity in their experiments with the Photophone; it has not been their unselfish purpose to protect the movie magnates from the wolves of ruin—especially in view of the obvious fact that the movie, at present, is a serious rival of the radio as a medium of entertainment. It is probable that if the candy manufacturers discovered some means of increasing the popularity of cigarette smoking, they would keep that discovery strictly to themselves.

The electrical engineers, and the business men behind them, have helped the movies because, when television comes, the movies are going to be of inestimable value to the radio. The film industry, once powerful and arrogant, is rapidly being reduced to the position of a "subsidiary," like the electric toaster industry, or the vacuum tube industry. It will be part of that vast and superbly organized scheme by which entertainment is to be delivered, free of charge, to the multitude.

Those who are involved in this scheme, and who are now carrying it to its ultimate, stupendous conclusion, are reluctant to discuss their intentions publicly. They know exactly what is to happen, and why and how, but they refuse to be quoted, for various understandable reasons. However, if they are purposefully silent as to their future plans their present actions are sufficiently eloquent.

Most of the television broadcasting will be made from films. It will be an efficient and effective method of sending out images and sounds through the ether.

Some of these films will be full-length photoplays, with the usual attendant short subjects—comedies, scenic pictures, news reels, etc. In addition to the familiar types of movies, however, there will be all manner of subjects that are not now seen in cinema theatres. These will be designed to instruct rather than to amuse, and will be developments of the household hints, fashion hints, health hints, child welfare hints, contract bridge hints, etc., that are now broadcast regularly on the radio. Such lectures and demonstrations will be prepared in movie studios, with proper lighting and staging and subsequent editing, and will then be ready for distribution to radio stations in all parts of the English speaking world.

Broadcasting studios will cease to be scenes of worried confusion. Performers will still be brought in, occasionally, to make direct appearances, and there will be announcers on hand to issue the weather reports, stock market quotations, correct time and baseball scores; but the bulk of the activity will be in the control rooms from which the programmes, recorded on celluloid, will be projected into space.

The evening's entertainment—orchestral selections, romantic melodramas, political speeches, comedies, lectures on etiquette, views of the rebellion in Afghanistan, songs and dances—will be delivered at the station in tin

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cans. It is quite possible that the same programme will be run twice in one evening, as it is done in movie theatres; so that, from seven to nine o'clock, you may listen to Station WMOX, and from nine to eleven, to Station KVPQ, or even vice versa, receiving a complete show from each.

What effect will these glorified radio-movie programmes have on the theatre business?

That, my friends, is a terrible question—and the answer to it is even worse.

There are now upward of ten million radio sets in the United States. The maximum radio audience of to-day is estimated at forty million people. As the years go by, and as television comes to increase incredibly the entertainment possibilities of the radio, the number of receiving sets and the size of the audience will increase proportionately.

The radio has already reduced the crowds that were wont to fill the theatres, movie and legitimate. That reduction is certain to continue until, in many instances, there will be no crowds left. Which means that a considerable number of theatres are destined to close their doors within the next few years. They will have fulfilled their earthly mission as palaces of diversion, and they will either be destroyed or converted to other more profitable uses.

The theatres that remain will be divided, roughly, into two groups: the expensive theatres, where will be shown the more highbrow plays and pictures that are too limited in appeal to be suitable for general broadcasting; and the cheap theatres, in mill towns and tenement districts, to provide entertainment for those who cannot afford to make down payments on television sets. In between these two extreme groups will be the great mass of the population, which will see the inside of a theatre, movie or otherwise, only rarely.

I know that these last predictions will be hotly disputed by those who believe that the home can never become a substitute for the theatre. "Man is a gregarious animal," they will say. "Men, and more particularly women, like to congregate. Regardless of the quality of the entertainment offered by the radio, they will still want to go out in the evenings and join other pleasure-seekers at the theatre."

That is all very well; but just as deep rooted as the gregarious instinct in human nature is the fondness for easy convenience, the desire to get something for nothing. Consider any typical American family of moderate but adequate means: Father, Mother, Junior, Sister and the Baby. They love Harold Lloyd and are anxious to see his newest comedy. They learn that it is being shown to-day at the Tivoli Theatre on State Street, several miles and a complicated series of transfers from their home; it is also to be broadcast at eight o'clock this evening by courtesy of the Krispy-Kinx Breakfast Food Corporation, who have paid Mr. Lloyd handsomely for the privilege. Will this family see the Lloyd comedy at the Tivoli or in the living-room?

They will stay at home, and the chances are that some of the money they have saved thereby will be spent for supplies of Krispy-Kinx Breakfast Food.

As a matter of fact, the congregating impulse in human nature isn't what it once was, and for readily discernible reasons. In what we call our modern "community life," most of us are forced to congregate whether we like it or not. People must, of necessity, spend so

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much time in crowds—in streets, stores, trains and highways—that they are naturally anxious to escape from the turmoil in their leisure hours.

The theatre is an impractical institution in this age of transportation and communication. Its chief purpose has been to provide refuge and diversion and distraction for those dwellers in cities and towns who were stifled by the narrowness of their own homes. The automobile has made it easy for such people to break away, not only from their homes but from the cities and towns which are apt to be stiflingly narrow themselves. The airplane will make the escape still easier.

The home is becoming a pleasanter place in which to live. Thanks to mechanical dish-washers, vacuum cleaners and similar boons, the home need no longer be associated with the anguish of drudgery and the horror of boredom. Television will add to its charms, by bringing into it everything that the theatre can offer, and much that the theatre has never been able to offer in the past. Color photography and stereoscopic photography are coming, and will make of the television screen a window through which one can see the exciting semblance of reality.

I am not attempting to express the belief that the home will ever be so attractive that people won't want to get away from it; no scientific genius could cause that miracle to come to pass. But the theatre is ceasing to be the only alternative to a dull evening at home. More and more, people will realize that they must seek their recreation outside the city walls. When they want to escape, they won't go inward, to the most congested spot in the most congested district; they will go outward, in quest of fresh air and elbow room.

There is one possibility that I have not considered in this article: the possibility that television will add so considerably to the deluge of paid propaganda as to cause the public to revolt against the national advertisers and institute a disastrous boycott of nationally advertised goods.

However, I am able to reassure those who may be alarmed by this consideration. I can state, on the best authority, that all television sets will be equipped, as all radio sets are now equipped, with control switches. Thus, when any one decides that he has been fed to the teeth with visible and audible salesmanship, broadcast through the air, he has only to turn the little switch and shut the darned thing off.

["Wall Street Marries Broadway," an article on the business aspects of entertainment, will appear in an early number.]

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Boston Corbett

THE MAN OF MYSTERY OF THE LINCOLN DRAMA

BY ALBERT T. REID

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

SIXTY-FOUR years ago, in April of this year, occurred the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest historical tragedy that has ever happened in the United States. He was shot by John Wilkes Booth, who escaped, was surrounded in a barn in Virginia, and in turn was shot by an erratic soldier named Boston Corbett.

That is as much as the history books give about "the erratic soldier." One book I have read recently said: "He was always a man of mystery, and even what became of him is not definitely known. He is said to have been haunted, in later years, by the fact that he had killed Booth. Little else is known of him." And with that the book disposes of him.

I think I may be able to add a little, as in my younger days I was a neighbor of Boston Corbett and knew him quite well. And indeed he was a "man of mystery"—a strange, curious, eccentric, brooding character, but he was not haunted by the fact that he had shot and killed Booth. He *was* haunted, there was always on his mind a dark cloud, but the fact that he had shot John Wilkes Booth was not the cause of it.

The first time I ever saw Boston Corbett was on a spring morning, and I still remember how vividly he impressed me. It was in Concordia, Kans., where I lived and where my father was one of the county officials. I had started down-town this morning to the court-house, where my father had his office, and was just crossing the street when a man in a buckboard came whirling down the street and flew past me in a cloud of dust. In a moment he drew up his horse, leaped quickly from the buckboard, and then tied his horse to one of the hitch-racks which ran like a line of sentries around the court-house. He was a small, insignificant-looking little man, with a thin, scraggly beard, and he wore an old army cap such as the ex-soldiers of those days often wore as souvenirs of their part in the war. One thing which attracted my attention was his long hair, which strayed from under his cap and hung down to his shoulders. Around his waist was an old army belt, and from the belt dangled two pistols, but in these early days in Kansas little attention was paid to a man just because he felt more at ease in a pistol-belt than out of one.

From his pocket he took a small crumpled bag of sugar, poured some of it in the palm of his hand, and gave it to the horse. Then he turned and walked away. That is all I remember—just his dashing through the streets, leaping out of the buckboard, and then giving the animal a handful of sugar.

But as I grew older I came to know

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him better, and to get a glimpse into the life of this strange man.

Pioneer Kansas was filled with gentlemen versatile on the trigger, but none was quite the dead shot that our eccentric neighbor was. He would go out into a field and lie down in the grass with his rifle and shoot hawks and crows as they sailed overhead. These winged marauders took a heavy toll on the farmers' skimpy crops in those days. Once my father and I drove out in the country, where my father had been called to value a farm. When we arrived at the farm we got out of the buggy and started to walk across the land. We were watching a hawk circling above, when suddenly, and, it seemed, almost beside us, there was a terrific *boom* and there, a few yards away, we saw Boston Corbett lying flat on his back, and twisting down through the air was the hawk we had been watching. My father went up to speak to him, and beside him on the grass was an open Bible.

I do not remember what was said, but I do remember that when we went on he was still lying there on the ground with his Bible beside him.

Corbett loved "Billy," his pony, more than anything else in the world. Sometimes he would drive him at a furious pace, but he always took good care of him, and when he would come to town he would often go across to the hitch-racks where Billy was tied and give him a pat on the neck, say a few words, and then walk away again.

Although Kansas was then a pioneer State, it was pretty well settled up. The railroad had come through, the buffalo were gone, the Indians had gone farther west, and ploughs had begun to scar the soil. But by chance eighty acres of land had been overlooked and had not been homesteaded. Corbett discovered this; he came to my father, who made out the papers, and Boston Corbett, who was a hatter by trade, started in to farm. Farming was the last thing in the world that he should have undertaken, for he had no equipment and he knew nothing about that treacherous and slippery art.

But here, on those eighty acres, he built himself a house, planted a few lone cottonwoods, and stuck a plough in the prairie. But the plough rusted and only weeds grew on the rich soil.

The house was a haunt of mystery. He allowed no one to enter it, and it was only when he had dashed away behind Billy that any one could go up and peep into it. The thing I remember about it was that it seemed filled with guns and weapons; a rifle stood beside a home-built bunk, and over the head of the bunk was a holster with a brace of pistols in it.

Now and then neighbors would come to call, but no one, so far as I know, ever got past that door. When a passer-by rode up, or when Corbett was hallooed to the door, he came and stood in the door with a rifle in his hand.

One autumn a covered wagon, in working its snail way westward across the plains, left some coals at a camp and a prairie fire started. The wind was favorable for the fire and it began to sweep across that section of the country. The farmers turned out and fought the fire as best they could, and then, as it veered off in the direction of Corbett's farm, they ran to warn him. To their astonishment he met them at the door with his rifle in his hand, and stood peering out at them, making a sinister picture, with his thin, scraggly, bearded face and with his long hair flowing down his back.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

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They told him.

"Go on away. I can look after things myself."

The astonished men went away. Corbett shut the door and paid no further attention to the fire.

Soon Corbett became a local celebrity, and people from other towns used to come to see him. But he shunned publicity; he tried to escape the eyes of the curious, while he continued to brood on the matter which was in his mind. People picked up acquaintance with him, hoping that he would discuss the shooting of Booth, as there was much mystery about it; now and then there were even rumors that Booth had not been killed at all, and indeed those beliefs are still current.

Corbett would never discuss it; when he was in the right mood he was voluble on any other subject, but if some one ventured to ask him about the Booth affair his face would grow serious and he would begin to edge away.

At about this time the women of the Presbyterian church wished to raise some money; on account of the interest in Corbett they decided to ask him to deliver a lecture at the church; they would charge admission and thus raise the money. A committee of the women went to see him, and when they explained that it was for the church he was immediately interested.

"I'll do it," he said.

The women were delighted, for they had succeeded in doing what no one else had been able to do. The lecture was advertised widely and on that night the church was packed. Corbett came driving behind on Billy, tied him outside, and then, in his best clothes, with his army cap on the back of his head and his hair flowing down his shoulders, entered the church and took his seat on the platform.

The minister introduced him, and then Corbett stepped forward and began to talk. But it was not about the capture of Booth at all; instead it was a religious talk. He continued to talk, while the people grew restless, eager for him to get to the part he had played in the great Lincoln drama. On and on he talked, and at last, to the amazement of the people, sat down without once having referred to Booth.

The minister rose, a bit perplexed, and then asked him if he wouldn't now tell what had happened in the barn in Virginia. Corbett sat there, his hands moving restlessly over the arms of the chair; then suddenly he rose, advanced quickly to the front of the pulpit, and in a few brief, jerky sentences told what had happened and then abruptly sat down again.

It was, so far as I know, the only public reference he made to the subject.

This strange and baffling character wasn't born in America at all, and, although he is known to the world as Boston Corbett, that wasn't his real name.

He was born in England, in the year 1832, but came to the United States with his parents at the age of seven. Soon after arriving here his family went to Troy, N. Y., to live—his name was Thomas P. Corbett. He learned the trade of hatter and was an especially fine workman; later he went to Danbury, Conn., and became one of the famous Danbury hatters. He made good money for those days and was considered a dashing young blade about town. He was small, dapper, and inclined to be good-looking.

And then one day something suddenly changed the course of his life. He

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was passing a church where there was a revival service going on. He went in and was much stirred. A few nights later he was converted. But he was converted in no casual sense of the term, for it took a deep and passionate hold on him.

"When Christ converted his disciples he changed their names in commemoration of the event," he said, "and so I'm going to change my name, too. From now on my name is going to be 'Boston' Corbett, in memory of the place where I first saw the light."

And from that time on he used the name "Boston," and never once again referred to or signed himself Thomas P.

At this time he began to wear his hair long. Some one asked him why he had adopted such a style.

"Didn't Christ wear his hair long?" he replied. "Why should we think there is any better way?"

After his conversion in Boston he returned to his work, but now a strange and moving power was upon him. No longer was he the dapper young man about town, but a sober, earnest, forceful fanatic on the subject of religion. To the amazement of the superintendent in the factory, who had known him as a lively young man, he began to hold prayer-meetings among the workmen. Many of them scorned him and tried to laugh it out of him, but at a certain hour each day he would put aside his tools and blocks, and kneel upon the floor and begin to pray.

The Civil War broke out, Abraham Lincoln issued his call for volunteers, and one of the first in this town to sign was Boston Corbett; and when he marched away with a musket over his shoulder he had a Bible in his pocket.

Four times he volunteered and four times he went to fight for his adopted country. There was no doubt as to his bravery in action, for this same religious fervor seemed to grow on him. One day, after he had twice been a volunteer, the colonel of the regiment was drilling his troops when a green soldier dropped his rifle. The colonel was an impulsive, sharp-tempered man and began to swear at the man for being so awkward.

Corbett promptly stepped out of ranks, saluted, and said:

"Colonel, I don't think you ought to do that. It's wrong to swear and use God's name in an oath."

He was immediately seized, of course, and hustled away to the guard-house. After a week he was released, and one of the soldiers, who was sympathetic to him, spoke to him about it.

"I didn't mind it," replied Corbett. "God was there and I had my Bible."

His religious zeal continued to grow, and he seemed not to know what fear was. During one of his enlistments he was captured and sent to the "bull-pen" in Andersonville Prison, Andersonville, Ga. But hardly had he arrived in the famous bull-pen when he got out his Bible and began to hold services among the prisoners. Many of the men laughed at him, some taunted him, but it made no impression on him.

So earnest was he in his beliefs that for the remainder of his life he signed his letters:

"Yours in Christ,
Boston Corbett."

In April America was staggered when the word went out that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated—shot, as he had sat in a rocking-chair in a box at the theatre; and the assassin had escaped. He was now fleeing across the country; he must be captured and with him his fellow conspirators.

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The task of capturing the assailants was turned over to the commander of the barracks in Washington, and he decided to take a detail of twenty-five men and start in pursuit. The company was drawn up and told of the mission.

"I'll take the first twenty-five who volunteer," he said.

Little, long-haired Corbett was the first man to step forward.

Then came the scene on the Garrett farm when Booth, with his accomplice, was surrounded in a barn. Or, rather, it was not a barn but a warehouse used for the storing of tobacco, the boards of which were spaced with cracks between them. But all this is well known, and I mention it only in passing. When Booth was discovered in the barn he was ordered to come out, but he chose to remain. Again he was commanded to come out and surrender, and again he refused. Corbett, now crazed to do something for his country, three times volunteered to go in alone after Booth, but each time he was held back by his commander.

The order was then given for Booth to be captured alive. It was decided to set the barn on fire and, when he came out, to rush upon him. Pine boughs were brought and piled against the old ramshackle barn, and a match applied. When the light blazed up, Booth could see the men and he raised his pistol to fire. Corbett, the dead shot, was looking through a crack, and his rifle was the first to speak.

The body was sewed up in a blanket, put in a rickety old wagon, and hauled away by a negro.

Corbett was elated that he had avenged his country; he had rid it of the half-crazed man who would shoot the President in the hour he was needed most. He expected credit would be given him and he would be hailed as the man who had done a splendid deed for his country. But it was not to be this at all; he was arrested for disobeying orders and was thrown into the guard-house, although his quick action had saved the lives of some of the soldiers. The civilians were harsh and severe with him, as they had planned to have a long-drawn-out trial in Washington after the manner of the great crown trials in England, in which they would bring much glory and profit upon themselves.

But this was all spoiled, and official Washington, which had expected to batten upon the trial, heaped indignation upon him. He was released from prison, but he was in disgrace. Even the soldiers who had been in his company treated him with contempt. A reward had been offered for the capture of Booth, and Corbett expected to receive $5,000 as his share, but powerful enemies held this up. At last the wise lawmakers in Washington saw fit to allow him $1,653.48.

From this time on a cloud hung over Corbett's mind. He became brooding and sensitive. As he walked along the streets of Washington he was pointed out as the man who had killed Booth against orders. Now that he was in disgrace he began to seek refuge in the emotion that was deepest in him—religion.

After he was mustered out of the army he took up again his trade of hatter, but his interest in religion had grown, and at night he walked the streets as a shouter and glory-to-God man for the Salvation Army. And there we see him, standing on the street—a small, intense man swayed by the singing and prayers, now and then shouting out in a peculiarly strong and carrying voice: "Praise the brother"; "May the Lord strengthen him."

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But even here he was pointed out, while all the time he grew more sensitive and brooding. And now he would no longer talk of the deed which he had been so proud of at first. Threatening letters came to him from all kinds of cranks. One letter-writer in particular continued to assail him for months, saying that Corbett would meet the same end Booth had, and the letters were always signed "Booth's Avenger." His life was threatened constantly.

Corbett could stand it no longer, and at last came to Kansas, where people's pasts were not too closely looked into; and here, as I have told, he entered up an overlooked eighty acres and began to farm.

He was too honest ever to give anything but his own name, but when he first arrived it was not known that this strange, aloof, quiet, morose man was the one who had killed Booth. But soon it got out, the letters began to haunt him again, and he began to grow more and more sensitive. Now and then there were rumors of plots against him and, brave as he was, these weighed heavily on his mind.

The Bible became more and more his constant companion. Sometimes he would drive slowly along behind Billy, his guns strapped about his waist, reading his Bible. At other times he would lash him furiously over the rough country roads.

At about this time an amusing incident happened. The farm boys in his section of the county organized a baseball team, and, as all the free time they had in hard-working Kansas was Sunday, they began to play a rival team which drove across from another part of the county. Abruptly one Sunday, while a game was at its height, Corbett appeared on the scene.

"It's wicked to play baseball on the Lord's day," he declared. "Don't play it any more; get out."

There he stood, an impassioned midget figure, denouncing the lusty young farmers who had gathered around. And there he remained until the last one had gone.

But the next day a warrant was sworn out against him and he was told to come to town on a certain day and stand trial.

At the hour set on that day he came in behind Billy, and went quietly to the office of a local justice of the peace where the trial was to be held. Twelve jurors and true were put in their rickety chairs, and then the J. P., who was a ponderous, slow-moving, fat man, rapped three times with his gavel and Kansas court was in session.

Boston sat outside the railing, moodily listening to the witnesses as they told what had happened. His face grew more and more serious, and he became more and more silent, always a bad sign with Boston Corbett. Suddenly the little bewhiskered man rose to his feet and, with the lightning-quick movement which was his when he was in action, he put on display a .38-caliber revolver.

"I've had enough of this," he said. "Court's adjourned."

And it did adjourn. In fact, it established something of a record in the way of prompt adjournment, and the J. P. himself was the first to adjourn. And the place of adjournment was behind a stairway which had never before been used for that purpose.

Without another word, or even a glance behind him, Corbett got in the buckboard and calmly trotted off in the direction of his lonesome shanty on the homesteaded claim.

People who knew him and who

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knew that he had been neglected by the government thought to do something as a mark of appreciation for the brave, eccentric man, and he was appointed to the position of assistant doorkeeper at the State capitol. Corbett went to Topeka, very proud of the new position. There were a good many roughs in Kansas in these early days, and politics was a hot and fiery subject; and so Corbett appeared in his new position very proudly wearing his army holster and in it was his trusty .38.

There is a popular and usual version that one morning Corbett adjourned a session of the Kansas Legislature.

When he arrived at his duties that morning he saw two doorkeepers and a lounger or two whispering and laughing. He walked up and down a few times, silently watching them. At this time he was a great object of curiosity in the State capitol; oftentimes visitors were more interested in seeing him than in seeing the lawmakers themselves. And oftentimes the people, seeing the small man with his thin beard and long hair, and knowing the stories of him and his eccentricities, would whisper among themselves and laugh at him. But this morning the doorkeepers were not laughing at him at all, but at a mock session being indulged in by the clerks, pages, and other employees.

A pseudo-speaker was pounding his gavel amid pandemonium, horse-play, and shouted appeals of "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker."

Finally, after a resounding rap of the gavel, there was a slight lull in the tumult—and the acting speaker announced above the noise: "The Reverend So-and-so will now invoke a blessing upon this legislature."

This, to the serious and religious little man who watched the proceedings from his gallery corner overhead, was unpardonable blasphemy. The laughing doorkeepers in the gallery particularly irritated him. Suddenly Corbett whirled upon them and in his hand was his famous .38.

The men got out of there as fast as their feet would take them. The gun then swung in the direction of the speaker's rostrum and the legislative impersonators adjourned with a speed which set a record.

While it was not the regular session of the legislature which had been so unceremoniously adjourned, this was the rumor which instantly spread throughout the halls of the state-house.

This statement is confirmed by my friend Gomer T. Davies, editor of *The Kansan* and at that time himself a member of the House of Representatives.

This is the foundation for the well-known Kansas legend that Corbett adjourned a session of the legislature.

A squad of police and deputy sheriffs was sent for, and by a ruse Corbett's attention was attracted to another part of the building; a police official who had crept up behind him threw his arms around the little Corbett, pinned his arms to his side, and then the squad led Boston away to jail.

The next day he was brought before the probate judge and tried for insanity. A bright and promising young man was the prosecuting attorney of the county and the questions were put by him. The promising young man's name was Curtis; he kept right on being promising and has just recently been inaugurated as Vice-President of the United States.

The strange, brooding Corbett was adjudged insane, and was sent to the State insane asylum. He was now more humiliated than ever—the man who

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had volunteered four times to fight for his country, who had killed his President's assassin . . . and now to be locked up in an insane asylum! For years friends had asked him to apply to the government for a pension, but on account of the injustice with which he had been treated by the government he refused to do so, much as he needed it.

One day, after he had been in the asylum a little more than a year, something happened. It was the custom of the officials of the asylum to take the inmates out on clear days for a walk. Sometimes as many as a hundred would start through the grounds in charge of a keeper. On this particular morning a boy came riding inside the grounds on an Indian pony. Going up to the superintendent's office he tied the pony and went in on an errand.

The inmates continued to march. Boston Corbett was well at the head of the procession, but now he began to loiter by the way, picking flowers and examining the plants, falling back bit by bit. When the end of the procession drew abreast of the pony Corbett was almost the rear man. Suddenly he bolted from the ranks and ran to the pony. A whip was hanging from the pommel, and seizing it he leaped into the saddle and began to apply it.

The inmates were always noisy on these walks and let their spirits flower in yells and catcalls. The guard was walking well to the front and now heard the hubbub of shrieks and calls, but he thought it was merely the beautiful morning. At last he turned and to his amazement saw Boston Corbett speeding out of the gate, lashing the pony at every jump. It was the last time Boston Corbett ever passed through that gate.

Telegrams were sent out to arrest him, and the escape was published in the papers, but day after day went by and there was no word. And then one day the superintendent received a letter from a livery-stable keeper in Neodesha, Kans., informing him that a man had left an Indian pony at the livery-stable, requesting him to notify the superintendent. The pony was to be had by payment of its keep until such a time as it was called for. Even at this moment Boston Corbett was honest; he must see that the pony got back to the rightful owner.

In Neodesha lived a man who had been a fellow prisoner of Corbett's in the bull-pen, and for two days and nights the weary, exhausted Corbett remained at his house, sleeping and resting. He was now more brooding than ever and constantly he talked of the indignity that he had suffered—he, the slayer of President Lincoln's assassin held in an insane asylum! It bit deep.

On the morning of the third day he rose with determination in his face.

"I'm going to get out of the United States," he told his friend. "I'm going to Mexico."

And that day he left. It was the last direct word that any one ever heard of Boston Corbett.

But a rich crop of rumors was harvested. One was that Boston Corbett had become a travelling patent-medicine seller. Another was that he was a revivalist in the Panhandle. They were without foundation.

At about this time a man wrote in to the guardian who had been appointed for Boston Corbett, saying that he was the now famous Boston Corbett and that he wished to get the back pension due him. The pension, by this time, amounted to almost fourteen hundred dollars and in those days that was a neat

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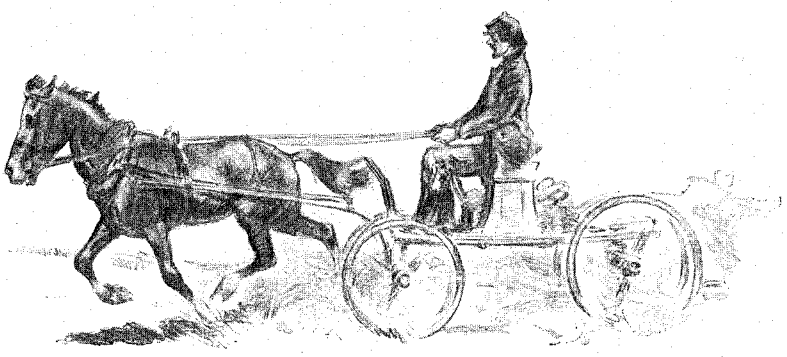

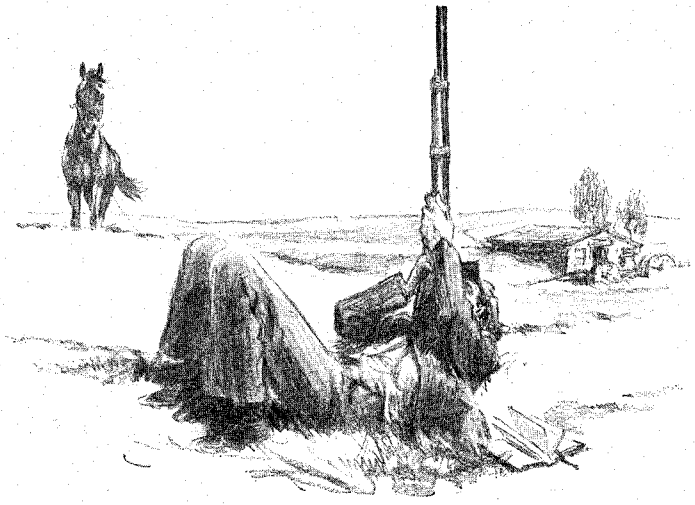

Boston Corbett.

THE portrait and scenes in the life of Boston Corbett on this and the following page are from the sketch-book of the author, Albert T. Reid.—See pages 9, 10.

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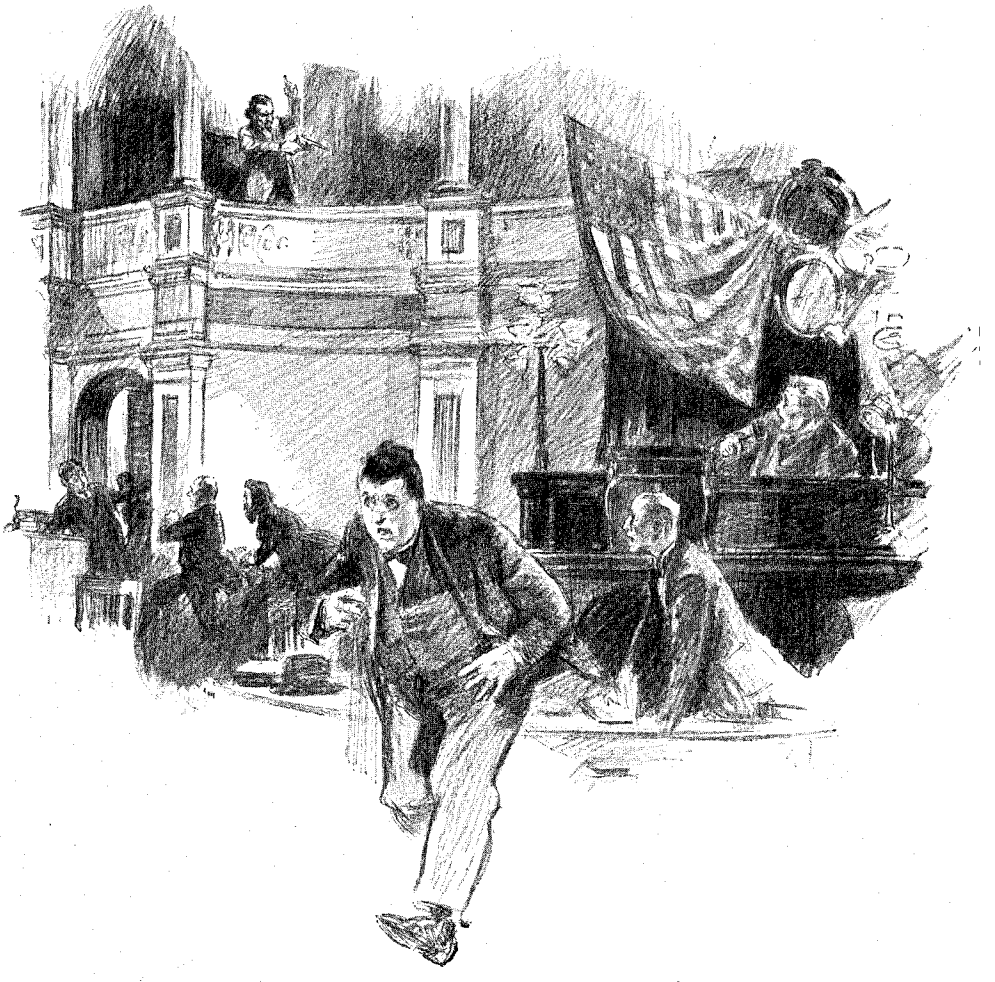

Above.—Boston Corbett adjourns the mock legislature. Page 15.

Below.—He escapes from the asylum. Page 16.

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little sum. He had given up selling patent medicine, he said, and was now a trapper. The guardian and another man left Concordia and by train went to Texas to settle the matter. They travelled into the wilds of Texas, went as far as the railroad would take them, and then had to drive seventy miles by buggy to reach the trapper.

But, instead of being a small, undersized man, the claimant was more than six feet tall and twenty years too young. They questioned him about his experiences in the army and what companies he had served in; he was very vague about the whole matter.

He was arrested, taken to the United States district court at San Angelo, Texas, and was sent to the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., for three years. He served his three years and then dropped out of sight.

What became of Boston Corbett no one knows. The last authentic information was that day in Neodesha when he got on the train and told his prison friend that he was going to Mexico.

Did he go to Mexico? I don't know. *Was he insane?* I don't know. When he first came to Kansas he was not considered different in any way, except that he lived alone in a shanty and was less communicative than the average person. But as time went on, as he continued to read his Bible and to brood, and as the threatening letters still came, and as he began to feel that the government had treated him shabbily, his sensitiveness increased. He became "queer."

One thing is certain—he was not made "queer" by the fact that he had shot and killed John Wilkes Booth, as legend so often has it. He was always proud of that, even though he wouldn't talk of it. It was the way he was treated afterward, combined with his growing religious fanaticism, that made him brooding and eccentric.

One of the strange things of the whole affair was that Booth was shot behind the ear in the same manner that Lincoln was shot. The two bullets followed almost the same course. One day somebody spoke to him about the strange coincidence.

"It wasn't strange," Corbett replied. "God directed that bullet!"

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A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE war in Italy has submerged the beauty of the countryside and the men of the armies. The officers of an Italian ambulance unit amuse themselves with the girls and in baiting the priest of their mess. One of them, an American, who tells the story, meets an English volunteer nurse, Catherine Barkley. She had been engaged for eight years to a young Britisher who was killed. The American makes advances and is rebuffed. She resents the "nurse's evening off" aspect of the love-making. She relents a little, and the American, angry, continues the game of love, thinking Catherine perhaps a little mad.

An offensive begins. The ambulances go to the front. The lieutenant is severely wounded. After a drunken farewell with his comrades of the mess, he is transferred from the field hospital to an American hospital in Milan. Catherine Barkley is also transferred a few days later. When she comes into his room, he realizes that he is in love with her. "God knows I had not wanted to fall in love with her, but God knows I had." Being on night duty, she remains in his room with him most of that night. He is operated on next day.

XVII

WHEN I was awake after the operation I had not been away. You do not go away. They only choke you. It is not like dying; it is just a chemical choking so you do not feel, and afterward you might as well have been drunk, except that when you throw up nothing comes but bile and you do not feel better afterward. I saw sand bags at the end of the bed. They were on pipes that came out of the cast. After a while I saw Miss Gage and she said, "How is it now?"

"Better," I said.

"He did a wonderful job on your knee."

"How long did it take?"

"Two hours and a half."

"Did I say anything silly?"

"Not a thing. Don't talk. Just be quiet."

I was sick and Catherine was right. It did not make any difference who was on night duty.

There were three other patients in the hospital now, a thin boy in the Red Cross from Georgia with malaria, a nice boy, also thin, from New York, with malaria and jaundice and a fine boy who had tried to unscrew the fuse cap from a combination shrapnel and high explosive shell for a souvenir. This was a shrapnel shell used by the Austrians in the mountains with a nose cap which went on after the burst and exploded on contact.

Catherine Barkley was greatly liked by the nurses because she would do night duty indefinitely. She had quite a little work with the malaria people, the boy who had unscrewed the nose

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cap was a friend of ours and never rang at night unless it was necessary, but between the times of working we were together. I loved her very much and she loved me. I slept in the daytime and we wrote notes during the day when we were awake and sent them by Ferguson. Ferguson was a fine girl. I never learned anything about her except that she had a brother in the Fifty-Second Division and a brother in Mesopotamia and she was very good to Catherine Barkley.

"Will you come to our wedding Fergy?" I said to her once.

"You'll never get married."

"We will."

"No you won't."

"Why not?"

"You'll fight before you'll marry."

"We never fight."

"You've time yet."

"We don't fight."

"You'll die then. Fight or die. That's what people do. They don't marry."

I reached for her hand. "Don't take hold of me," she said. "I'm not crying. Maybe you'll be all right you two. But watch out you don't get her in trouble. You get her in trouble and I'll kill you."

"I won't get her in trouble."

"Well watch out then. I hope you'll be all right. You have a good time."

"We have a fine time."

"Don't fight then and don't get her into trouble."

"I won't."

"Mind you watch out. I don't want her with any of these war babies."

"You're a fine girl, Fergy."

"I'm not. Don't try to flatter me. How does your leg feel?"

"Fine."

"How is your head?" She touched the top of it with her fingers. It was sensitive like a foot that had gone to sleep.

"It's never bothered me."

"A bump like that could make you crazy. It never bothers you?"

"No."

"You're a lucky young man. Have you the letter done? I'm going down."

"It's here," I said.

"You ought to ask her not to do night duty for a while. She's getting very tired."

"All right. I will."

"I want to do it but she won't let me. The others are glad to let her have it. You might give her just a little rest."

"All right."

"Miss Van Campen spoke about you sleeping all the forenoons."

"She would."

"It would be better if you let her stay off nights a little while."

"I want her to."

"You do not. But if you would make her I'd respect you for it."

"I'll make her."

"I don't believe it." She took the note and went out. I rang the bell and in a little while Miss Gage came in.

"What's the matter?"

"I just wanted to talk to you. Don't you think Miss Barkley ought to go off night duty for a while? She looks awfully tired. Why does she stay on so long?"

Miss Gage looked at me.

"I'm a friend of yours," she said. "You don't have to talk to me like that."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be silly. Was that all you wanted?"

"Do you want a vermouth?"

"All right. Then I have to go." She

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got out the bottle from the armoire and brought a glass.

"You take the glass," I said. "I'll drink out of the bottle."

"Here's to you," said Miss Gage.

"What did Van Campen say about me sleeping late in the mornings."

"She just jawed about it. She calls you our privileged patient."

"To hell with her."

"She isn't mean," Miss Gage said. "She's just old and cranky. She never liked you."

"No."

"Well I do. And I'm your friend. Don't forget that."

"You're awfully damned nice."

"No. I know who you think is nice. But I'm your friend. How does your leg feel?"

"Fine."

"I'll bring some cold mineral water to pour over it. It must itch under the cast. It's hot outside."

"You're awful nice."

"Does it itch much?"

"No. It's fine."

"I'll fix those sand bags better." She leaned over. "I'm your friend."

"I know you are."

"No you don't. But you will some day."

Catherine Barkley took three nights off night duty and then she came back on again. It was as though we met again after each of us had been away on a long journey.

XVIII

We had a lovely time that summer. When I could go out we rode in a carriage in the park. I remember the carriage, the horse going slowly and up ahead the back of the driver with his varnished high hat and Catherine Barkley sitting beside me. If we let our hands touch, just the side of my hand touching hers, we were excited. Afterward when I could get around on crutches we went to dinner at Biffi's or the Gran Italia and sat at the tables outside on the floor of the Galleria. The waiters came in and out and there were people going by and candles with shades on the table-cloths and after we decided that we liked the Gran Italia best, George, the head waiter, saved us a table. He was a fine waiter and we let him order the meal while we looked at the people, and the great Galleria in the dusk and each other. We drank dry white Capri iced in a bucket; although we tried many of the other wines, Fresa, Barbera and the sweet white wines. They had no wine waiter because of the war and George would smile ashamedly when I asked about wines like Fresa.

"If you imagine a country that makes a wine because it tastes like strawberries," he said.

"Why shouldn't it?" Catherine asked. "It sounds splendid."

"You try it lady," said George, "if you want to. But let me bring a little bottle of Margaux for the Tenente."

"I'll try it too George."

"Sir I can't recommend you to. It doesn't even taste like strawberries."

"It might," said Catherine. "It would be wonderful if it did."

"I'll bring it," said George, "and when the Lady is satisfied I'll take it away."

It was not much of a wine. As he said it did not even taste like strawberries. We went back to Capri. One evening I was short of money and George loaned me a hundred lire. "That's all right Tenente," he said. "I know how it is. I know how a man gets short. If

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you or the lady need money I've always got money."

After dinner we walked through the Galleria, past the other restaurants and the shops with their steel shutters down, and stopped at the little place where they sold sandwiches; ham and lettuce sandwiches and anchovy sandwiches made of very tiny brown glazed rolls and only about as long as your finger. They were to eat in the night when we were hungry. Then we got into an open carriage outside the Galleria in front of the cathedral and rode to the hospital. At the door of the hospital the porter came out to help with the crutches. I paid the driver, and then we rode up-stairs in the elevator. Catherine got off at the lower floor where the nurses lived and I went on up and went down the hall on crutches to my room; sometimes I undressed and got into bed and sometimes I sat out on the balcony with my leg up on another chair and watched the swallows over the roofs and waited for Catherine. When she came up-stairs it was as though she had been away on a long trip and I went along the hall with her on the crutches and carried the basins and waited outside the doors, or went in with her; it depending on whether they were friends of ours or not, and when she had done all there was to be done we sat out on the balcony outside my room. Afterward I went to bed and when they were all asleep and she was sure they would not call she came in. I loved to take her hair down and she sat on the bed and kept very still, except suddenly she would dip down to kiss me while I was doing it, and I would take out the pins and lay them on the sheet and it would be loose and watch her while she kept very still and then take out the last two pins and it would all come down and she would drop her head and we would both be inside of it, and it was the feeling of inside a tent or behind a falls. She had wonderfully beautiful hair and I would lie sometimes and watch her twisting it up in the light that came in the open door and it shone even in the night as water shines sometimes just before it is really daylight. She had a lovely face and body and lovely smooth skin too. We would be lying together and I would touch her cheeks and her forehead and under her eyes and her chin and throat with the tips of my fingers and say, "Smooth as piano keys," and she would stroke my chin with her finger and say, "Smooth as emery paper and very hard on piano keys."

"Is it rough?"

"No darling. I was just making fun of you."

It was lovely in the nights and if we could only touch each other we were happy. Besides all the big times we had many small ways of making love and we tried putting thoughts in the other one's head while we were in different rooms. It seemed to work sometimes but that was probably because we were thinking the same thing anyway.

We said to each other that we were married the first day she had come to the hospital and we counted months from our wedding day. I wanted to be really married but Catherine said that if we were they would send her away and if we merely started on the formalities they would watch her and would break us up. We would have to be married under Italian law and the formalities were terrific. I wanted us to be married because I worried about having a child if I thought about it, but we pretended to ourselves we were married

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and did not worry much and I suppose I enjoyed not being married, really. I know one night we talked about it and Catherine said, "But darling they'd send me away."

"Maybe they wouldn't."

"They would. They'd send me home and then we would be apart until after the war."

"I'd come on leave."

"You couldn't get to Scotland and back on a leave. Besides I won't leave you. What good would it do to marry now? We're really married. I couldn't be any more married."

"I only wanted to for you."

"There isn't any me. I'm you. Don't make up a separate me."

"I thought girls always wanted to be married."

"They do. But darling I am married. I'm married to you. Don't I make you a good wife?"

"You're a lovely wife."

"You see darling I had one experience of waiting to be married."

"I don't want to hear about it."

"You know I don't love any one but you. You shouldn't mind because some one else loved me."

"I do."

"You shouldn't be jealous of some one who's dead when you have everything."

"No but I don't want to hear about it."

"Poor darling. And I know you've been with all kinds of girls and it doesn't matter to me."

"Couldn't we be married privately some way? Then if anything happened to me or if you had a child."

"There's no way to be married except by church or state. We are married privately. You see darling it would mean everything to me if I had any religion. But I haven't any religion."

"You gave me the Saint Anthony."

"That was for luck. Some one gave it to me."

"Then nothing worries you?"

"Only being sent away from you. You're my religion. You're all I've got."

"All right. But I'll marry you the day you say."

"Don't talk as though you had to make an honest woman of me darling. I'm a very honest woman. You can't be ashamed of something if you're only happy and proud of it. Aren't you happy?"

"But you won't ever leave me for some one else."

"No darling. I won't ever leave you for some one else. I suppose all sorts of dreadful things will happen to us. But you don't have to worry about that."

"I don't. But I love you so much and you did love some one else before."

"And what happened to him?"

"He died."

"Yes and if he hadn't I wouldn't have met you. I'm not unfaithful darling. I've plenty of faults but I'm very faithful. You'll be sick of me I'll be so faithful."

"I'll have to go back to the front pretty soon."

"We won't think about that until you go. You see I'm happy darling and we have a lovely time. I haven't been happy for a long time and when I met you perhaps I was nearly crazy. Perhaps I was crazy. But now we're happy and we love each other. Do let's please just be happy. You are happy aren't you? Is there anything I do you don't like? Can I do anything to please you? Would you like me to take down my hair? Do you want to play?"

"Yes and come to bed."

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"All right. I'll go and see the patients first."

XIX

The summer went that way. I do not remember much about the days, except that they were hot and that there were many victories in the papers. I was very healthy and my legs healed quickly so that it was not very long after I was first on crutches before I was through with them and walking with a cane. Then I started treatments at the Ospedale Maggiore for bending the knees, mechanical treatments, baking in a box of mirrors with violet rays, massage, and baths. I went over there afternoons and afterward stopped at the café and had a drink and read the papers. I did not roam around the town; but wanted to get home to the hospital from the café. All I wanted was to see Catherine. The rest of the time I was glad to kill. Mostly I slept in the mornings, and in the afternoons, sometimes, I went to the races, and late to the mechanical therapy treatments.

Sometimes I stopped in at the Anglo-American Club and sat in a deep leather-cushioned chair in front of the window and read the magazines. They would not let us go out together when I was off crutches because it was unseemly for a nurse to be seen unchaperoned with a patient who did not look as though he needed attendance, so we were not together much in the afternoons. Although sometimes we could go out to dinner if Ferguson went along. Miss Van Campen had accepted the status that we were great friends because she got a great amount of work out of Catherine. She thought Catherine came from very good people and that prejudiced her in her favor finally. Miss Van Campen admired family very much and came from an excellent family herself. The hospital was quite busy, too, and that kept her occupied. It was a hot summer and I knew many people in Milan but always was anxious to get back home to the hospital as soon as the afternoon was over. At the front they were advancing on the Carso, they had taken Kuk across from Plava and were taking the Bainzizza plateau. The West front did not sound so good. It looked as though the war were going on for a long time. We were in the war now but I thought it would take a year to get any great amount of troops over and train them for combat. Next year would be a bad year, or a good year maybe. The Italians were using up an awful amount of men. I did not see how it could go on. Even if they took all the Bainzizza and Monte San Gabriele there were plenty of mountains beyond for the Austrians. I had seen them. All the highest mountains were beyond. On the Carso they were going forward but there were marshes and swamps down by the sea. Napoleon would have whipped the Austrians on the plains. He never would have fought them in the mountains. He would have let them come down and whipped them around Verona. Still nobody was whipping any one on the Western Front. Perhaps wars weren't won any more. Maybe they went on forever. Maybe it was another Hundred Years' War. I put the paper back on the rack and left the club.

I went down the steps carefully and walked up the Via Manzoni. Outside the Gran Hotel I met old Meyers and his wife getting out of a carriage. They were coming back from the races. She was a big busted woman in black satin. He was short and old, with a white mustache and walked flat-footed with a cane.

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"How do you do? How do you do?" She shook hands. "Hello," said Meyers.

"How were the races?"

"Fine. They were just lovely. I had three winners."

"How did you do?" I asked Meyers.

"All right. I had a winner."

"I never know how he does," Mrs. Meyers said. "He never tells me."

"I do all right," Meyers said. He was being cordial. "You ought to come out." While he talked you had the impression that he was not looking at you or that he mistook you for some one else.

"I will," I said.

"I'm coming up to the hospital to see you," Mrs. Meyers said. "I have some things for my boys. You're all my boys. You certainly are my dear boys."

"They'll be glad to see you."

"Those dear boys. You too. You're one of my boys."

"I have to get back," I said.

"You give my love to all those dear boys. I've got lots of things to bring. I've some fine Marsala and cakes."

"Good-by," I said. "They'll be awfully glad to see you."

"Good-by," said Meyers. "You come around to the Galleria. You know where my table is. We're all there every afternoon." I went on up the street. I wanted to buy something at the Cova to take to Catherine. Inside, at the Cova, I bought a box of chocolate and while the girl wrapped it up I walked over to the bar. There were a couple of British and some aviators. I had a martini alone, paid for it, picked up the box of chocolate at the outside counter and walked on home toward the hospital.

Outside the little bar up the street from the Scala there were some people I knew, a vice-consul, two fellows who studied singing, and Ettore Piani, an Italian from San Francisco who was in the Italian army. I had a drink with them. One of the singers was named Ralph Simmons, and he was singing under the name of Enrico DelCredo. I never knew how well he could sing but he was always on the point of something very big happening. He was fat and looked shop-worn around the nose and mouth as though he had hay fever. He had come back from singing in Piacenza. He had sung Tosca and it had been wonderful.

"Of course you've never heard me sing," he said.

"When will you sing here?"

"I'll be at the Scala in the fall."

"I'll bet they throw the benches at you," Ettore said. "Did you hear how they threw the benches at him in Modena?"

"It's a damned lie."

"They threw the benches at him," Ettore said. "I was there. I threw six benches myself."

"You're just a Wop from Frisco."

"He can't pronounce Italian," Ettore said. "Everywhere he goes they throw the benches at him."

"Piacenza's the toughest house to sing in the north of Italy," the other tenor said. "Believe me that's a tough little house to sing." This tenor's name was Edgar Saunders, and he sang under the name of Edouardo Giovanni.

"I'd like to be there to see them throw the benches at you," Ettore said. "You can't sing Italian."

"He's a nut," said Edgar Saunders. "All he knows how to say is throw benches."

"That's all they know how to do when you two sing," Ettore said. "Then when you go to America you'll tell about your triumphs at the Scala. They

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wouldn't let you get by the first note at the Scala."

"I'll sing at the Scala," Simmons said. "I'm going to sing Tosca in October."

"We'll go, won't we Mac?" Ettore said to the vice-consul. "They'll need somebody to protect them."

"Maybe the American army will be there to protect them," the vice-consul said. "Do you want another drink, Simmons? You want a drink, Saunders?"

"All right," said Saunders.

"I hear you're going to get the silver medal," Ettore said to me. "What kind of citation you going to get?"

"I don't know. I don't know I'm going to get it."

"You're going to get it. Oh boy, the girls at the Cova will think you're fine then. They'll all think you killed two hundred Austrians or captured a whole trench by yourself. Believe me, I got to work for my decorations."

"How many have you got Ettore?" asked the vice-consul.

"He's got everything," Simmons said. "He's the boy they're running the war for."

"I've got the bronze twice and three silver medals," said Ettore. "But the papers on only one have come through."

"What's the matter with the others?" asked Simmons.

"The action wasn't successful," said Ettore. "When the action isn't successful they hold up all the medals."

"How many times have you been wounded Ettore?"

"Three times bad. I got three wound stripes. See?" He pulled his sleeve around. The stripes were parallel silver lines on a black background sewed to the cloth of the sleeve about eight inches below the shoulder.

"You got one too," Ettore said to me. "Believe me they're fine to have. I'd rather have them than medals. Believe me boy when you get three you've got something. You only get one for a wound that puts you three months in the hospital."

"Where were you wounded Ettore?" asked the vice-consul.

Ettore pulled up his sleeve. "Here," he showed the deep smooth red scar. "Here on my leg. I can't show you that because I got puttees on; and in the foot. There's dead bone in my foot that stinks right now. Every morning I take new little pieces out and it stinks all the time."

"What hit you?" asked Simmons.

"A hand grenade. One of those potato mashers. It just blew the whole side of my foot off. You know those potato mashers?" He turned to me.

"Sure."

"I saw the —— — —— throw it," Ettore said. "It knocked me down and I thought I was dead all right but those damn potato mashers haven't got anything in them. I shot the —— — —— with my rifle. I always carry a rifle so they can't tell I'm an officer."

"How did he look?" asked Simmons.

"That was the only one he had," Ettore said. "I don't know why he threw it. I guess he always wanted to throw one. He never saw any real fighting probably. I shot the —— — —— all right."

"How did he look when you shot him?" Simmons asked.

"Hell how should I know," said Ettore. "I shot him in the belly. I was afraid I'd miss him if I shot him in the head."

"How long have you been an officer, Ettore," I asked.

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"Two years. I'm going to be a captain. How long have you been a lieutenant?"

"Going on three years."

"You can't be a captain because you don't know the Italian language well enough," Ettore said. "You can talk but you can't read and write well enough. You got to have an education to be a captain. Why don't you go in the American army?"

"Maybe I will."

"I wish to God I could. Oh boy how much does a captain get Mac?"

"I don't know exactly. Around two hundred and fifty dollars I think."

"—— —— what I could do with two hundred and fifty dollars. You better get in the American army quick Fred. See if you can't get me in."

"All right."

"I can command a company in Italian. I could learn it in English easy."

"You'd be a general," said Simmons.

"No, I don't know enough to be a general. A general's got to know a hell of a lot. You guys think there aint anything to war. You aint got brains enough to be a second-class corporal."

"Thank God I don't have to be," Simmons said.

"Maybe you will if they round up all you slackers. Oh boy I'd like to have you two in my platoon. Mac too. I'd make you my orderly Mac."

"You're a great boy, Ettore," Mac said. "But I'm afraid you're a militarist."

"I'll be a colonel before the war's over," Ettore said.

"If they don't kill you."

"They won't kill me." He touched the stars at his collar with his thumb and forefinger. "See me do that? We always touch our stars if anybody mentions getting killed."

"Let's go, Sim," said Saunders standing up.

"All right."

"So long," I said. "I have to go too." It was a quarter to six by the clock inside the bar. "Ciaou, Ettore."

"Ciaou, Fred," said Ettore. "That's pretty fine you're going to get the silver medal."

"I don't know I'll get it."

"You'll get it all right Fred. I heard you were going to get it all right."

"Well so long," I said. "Keep out of trouble, Ettore."

"Don't worry about me. I don't drink and I don't run around. I'm no boozer and ——. I know what's good for me."

"So long," I said. "I'm glad you're going to be promoted captain."

"I don't have to wait to be promoted. I'm going to be a captain for merit of war. You know. Three stars with the crossed swords and crown above. That's me."

"Good luck."

"Good luck. When you going back to the front?"

"Pretty soon."

"Well I'll see you around."

"So long."

"So long. Don't take any bad nickels."

I walked on down a back street that led to a cross cut to the hospital. Ettore was twenty-three. He had been brought up by an uncle in San Francisco and was visiting his father and mother in Torino when war was declared. He had a sister, who had been sent to America with him at the same time to live with the uncle, who would graduate from normal school this year. He was a legitimate hero who bored every one he met. Catherine could not stand him.

"We have heroes too," she said. "But

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usually darling they're much quieter."

"I don't mind him."

"I wouldn't mind him if he wasn't so conceited and didn't bore me and bore me and bore me."

"He bores me."

"You're sweet to say so darling. But you don't need to. You can picture him at the front and you know he's useful but he's so much the type of boy I don't care for."

"I know."

"You're awfully sweet to know, and I try and like him but he's a dreadful dreadful boy really."

"He said this afternoon he was going to be a captain."

"I'm glad," said Catherine. "That should please him."

"Wouldn't you like me to have some more exalted rank?"

"No darling. I only want you to have enough rank so that we're admitted to the better restaurants."

"That's just the rank I have."

"You have a splendid rank. I don't want you to have any more rank. It might go to your head. Oh darling I'm awfully glad you're not conceited. I'd have married you even if you were conceited but it's very restful to have a husband who's not conceited."

We were talking softly out on the balcony. The moon was supposed to rise but there was a mist over the town and it did not come up and in a little while it started to drizzle and we came in. Outside the mist turned to rain and in a little while it was raining hard and we heard it drumming on the roof. I got up and stood at the door to see if it was raining in but it wasn't so I left the door open.

"Who else did you see?" Catherine asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Meyers."

"They're a strange lot."

"He's supposed to have been in the penitentiary at home. They let him out to die."

"And he lived happily in Milan forever after."

"I don't know how happily."

"Happily enough after jail I should think."

"She's bringing some things here."

"She brings splendid things. Were you her dear boy?"

"One of them."

"You are all her dear boys," Catherine said. "She prefers the dear boys. Listen to it rain."

"It's raining hard."

"And you'll always love me, won't you?"

"Yes."

"And the rain won't make any difference?"

"No."

"That's good. Because I'm afraid of the rain."

"Why?" I was sleepy. Outside the rain was falling steadily.

"I don't know, darling. I've always been afraid of the rain."

"I like it."

"I like to walk in it. But it's very hard on loving."

"I'll love you always."

"I'll love you in the rain and in the snow and in the hail and—what else is there?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm sleepy."

"Go to sleep darling and I'll love you no matter how it is."

"You're not really afraid of the rain are you?"

"Not when I'm with you."

"Why are you afraid of it?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me."

"Don't make me."

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"Tell me."

"No."

"Tell me."

"All right. I'm afraid of the rain because sometimes I see me dead in it."

"No."

"And sometimes I see you dead in it."

"That's more likely."

"No it's not darling. Because I can keep you safe. I know I can. But nobody can help themselves."

"Please stop it. I don't want you to get Scotch and crazy to-night. We won't be together much longer."

"No, but I am Scotch and crazy. But I'll stop it. It's all nonsense."

"Yes it's all nonsense."

"It's all nonsense. It's only nonsense. I'm not afraid of the rain. I'm not afraid of the rain. Oh, oh God, I wish I wasn't." She was crying. I comforted her and she stopped crying. But outside it kept on raining.

XX

One day in the afternoon we went to the races. Ferguson went too and Crowell Rodgers, the boy who had been wounded in the eyes by the explosion of the shell nosecap. The girls dressed to go after lunch while Crowell and I sat on the bed in his room and read the past performances of the horses and the predictions in the racing paper. Crowell's head was bandaged and he did not care much about these races but read the racing paper constantly and kept track of all the horses for something to do. He said the horses were a terrible lot but they were all the horses we had. Old Meyers liked him and gave him tips. Meyers won on nearly every race but disliked to give tips because it brought down the prices. The racing was very crooked. Men who had been ruled off the turf everywhere else were racing in Italy. Meyers' information was good but I hated to ask him because sometimes he did not answer, and always you could see it hurt him to tell you, but he felt obligated to tell us for some reason and he hated less to tell Crowell. Crowell's eyes had been hurt; one was hurt badly, and Meyers had trouble with his eyes and so he liked Crowell. Meyers never told his wife what horses he was playing and she won or lost, mostly lost, and talked all the time.

We four drove out to San Siro in an open carriage. It was a lovely day and we drove out through the park and out along the tramway and out of town where the road was dusty. There were villas with iron fences and big overgrown gardens and ditches with water flowing and green vegetable gardens with dust on the leaves. We could look across the plain and see farm houses and the rich green farms with their irrigation ditches and the mountains to the north. There were many carriages going into the race track and the men at the gate let us in without cards because we were in uniform. We left the carriage, bought programs, and walked across the infield and then across the smooth, thick turf of the course to the paddock. The grandstands were old and made of wood and the betting booths were under the stands and in a row out near the stables. There was a crowd of soldiers along the fence in the infield. The paddock was fairly well filled with people and they were walking the horses around in a ring under the trees behind the grandstand. We saw people we knew and got chairs for Ferguson and Catherine and watched the horses.

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They went around one after the other, their heads down, the grooms leading them. One horse, a purplish black, Crowell swore was dyed that color. We watched him and it seemed possible. He had only come out just before the bell rang to saddle. We looked him up in the program from the number on the groom's arm and it was listed a black gelding named Japalac. The race was for horses that had never won a race worth one thousand lire or more. Catherine was sure his color had been changed. Ferguson said she could not tell. I thought he looked suspicious. We all agreed we ought to back him and pooled one hundred lire. The odds sheets showed he would pay thirty-five to one. Crowell went over and bought the tickets while we watched the jockeys ride around once more and then go out under the trees to the track and gallop up to the turn where the start was to be.

We went up in the grandstand to watch the race. They had no elastic barrier at San Siro then and the starter lined up all the horses, they looked very small way up the track, and then sent them off with a crack of his long whip. They came past us with the black horse well in front and on the turn he was running away from the others. I watched them on the far side with the glasses and saw the jockey fighting to hold him in but he could not hold him and when they came around the turn and into the stretch the black horse was fifteen lengths ahead of the others. He went way on up and around the turn after the finish.

"Isn't it wonderful," Catherine said. "We'll have over three thousand lires. He must be a splendid horse."

"I hope his color doesn't run," Crowell said, "before they pay off."

"He was really a lovely horse," Catherine said. "I wonder if Mr. Meyers backed him."

"Did you have the winner?" I called to Meyers. He nodded.

"I didn't," Mrs. Meyers said. "Who did you children bet on?"

"Japalac."

"Really? He's thirty-five to one!"

"We liked his color."

"I didn't. I thought he looked seedy. They told me not to back him."

"He won't pay much," Meyers said.

"He's marked thirty-five to one in the quotes," I said.

"He won't pay much. At the last minute," Meyers said, "they put a lot of money on him."

"Who?"

"Kempton and the boys. You'll see. He won't pay two to one."

"Then we won't get three thousand lire," Catherine said. "I don't like this crooked racing!"

"We'll get two hundred lire."

"That's nothing. That doesn't do us any good. I thought we were going to get three thousand."

"It's crooked and disgusting," Ferguson said.

"Of course," said Catherine, "if it hadn't been crooked we'd never have backed him at all. But I would have liked the three thousand lire."

"Let's go down and get a drink and see what they pay," Crowell said. We went out to where they posted the numbers and the bell rang to pay off and they put up 18.50 after Japalac to win. That meant he paid less than even money on a ten lire bet.

We went to the bar under the grandstand and had a whiskey and soda apiece. We ran into a couple of Italians we knew and McAdams, the vice-consul, and they came up with us when we

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joined the girls. The Italians were full of manners and McAdams talked to Catherine while we went down to bet again. Mr. Meyers was standing near the parimutual.

"Ask him what he played," I said to Crowell.

"What are you on Mr. Meyers?" Crowell asked. Meyers took out his program and pointed to the number five with his pencil.

"Do you mind if we play him too?" Crowell asked.

"Go ahead. Go ahead. But don't tell my wife I gave it to you."

"Will you have a drink?" I asked.

"No thanks. I never drink."

We put a hundred lire on number five to win and a hundred to place and then had another whiskey and soda apiece. I was feeling very good and we picked up a couple more Italians, who each had a drink with us, and went back to the girls. These Italians were also very mannered and matched manners with the two we had collected before. In a little while no one could sit down. I gave the tickets to Catherine.

"What horse is it?"

"I don't know. Mr. Meyers' choice."

"Don't you even know the name?"

"No. You can find it on the program. Number five I think."

"You have touching faith," she said. The number five won but did not pay anything. Mr. Meyers was angry.

"You have to put up two hundred lire to make twenty," he said. "Twelve lire for ten. It's not worth it. My wife lost twenty lire."

"I'll go down with you," Catherine said to me. The Italians all stood up. We went down-stairs and out to the paddock.

"Do you like this?" Catherine asked.

"Yes. I guess I do."

"It's all right, I suppose," she said. "But darling I can't stand to see so many people."

"We don't see many."

"No. But those Meyers and the man from the bank with his wife and daughters——"

"He cashes my sight drafts," I said.

"Yes but some one else would if he didn't. Those last four boys were awful."

"We can stay out here and watch the race from the fence."

"That will be lovely. And darling let's back a horse we've never heard of and that Mr. Meyers won't be backing."

"All right."

We backed a horse named Light For Me that finished fourth in a field of five. We leaned on the fence and watched the horses go by, their hoofs thudding as they went past, and saw the mountains off in the distance and Milan beyond the trees and the fields.

"I feel so much cleaner," Catherine said. The horses were coming back through the gate, wet and sweating, the jockeys quieting them and riding up to dismount under the trees.

"Wouldn't you like a drink. We could have one out here and see the horses."

"I'll get them," I said.

"The boy will bring them," Catherine said. She put her hand up and the boy came out from the Pagoda bar beside the stables. We sat down at a round iron table.

"Don't you like it better when we're alone?"

"Yes," I said.

"I felt very lonely when they were all there."

(Continued on page 109 of this number.)

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The Approving Buddha

BY LEONARD WOOD, JR.

WINTON WARBURTON was a dealer in curios and antiques, with offices in Hong Kong. For five years he had been in China and had found it rather difficult sledding until recently, when orders from different parts of the world were relieving his business from depending, as heretofore, upon the tides of the tourist trade. In fact, he was doing a rather splendid little export business with a few large stores and shops in New York, and he knew quite well that a certain very charming person in that distant city was due ever so many thanks for the good words she had put in for him while dashing about on her interior-decorating work.

This beautifier of the homes of the wealthy had for the past year—since her last trip to the Orient—been signing her weekly letters to Winton in such a fairly satisfactory manner as "With love, Mary." It would have been much more satisfactory if she had signed "With all my love." Accordingly, he had written Mary Wallace to that effect, placing before her at the same time a very important question. In her reply she had facetiously ignored the question until the last paragraph of her letter, which had read:

"My Chinese room is in need of a Buddha expressing approval of my things Oriental; so, old dear, if you can get me a two-foot Buddha of bronze denoting such a contented mood—and not pay more than five hundred dollars for it—I will marry you. (Of course, I don't mean it! Just suffering from the after-effects of a corking novel, in which the lady's hand depended upon the hero's procuring for her the ruby eyes of an old idol in a temple somewhere in Burma. *He* won his lady fair.)"

Warburton thought this letter very inconsiderate: so intense was his love that her romantic beating around the bush seemed most annoying and absurd. He was thirty-two and no mere youth to be kidded along by any twenty-six-year-old business girl—however blonde, blue-eyed, and lovely! Love is so exacting! However, it is contrarily tolerant too, and, as Mary wanted this very special Buddha, of course he would have to get it for her.

Buddhas of special dimensions and at specified prices he had always found difficult to locate. Furthermore, he had seen very few Buddhas with hands so arranged—it all depends how the hands are placed—to express approval. But the task to locate just such an idol was a mere flash across his mind when he received that letter. It was the parenthetical "Of course, I don't mean it!" that was all-consuming. Did she mean that she would marry him anyway whether or not the requested Buddha materialized? Or did Mary imply she would not marry him?

Warburton's first inclination was to dash off from his business and demand in person an explanation. But, after painful consideration, he decided that the Pacific cables were godsends and

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should be used. Anxiously he awaited the reply, and thirty-six hours later received it. She had cabled: "Buddha must first approve."

"What utter rot!" he angrily exclaimed. Such a reply seemed out of keeping with the serious aspect of a deep, sincere love. "Possibly the girl wants a bit more time to consider your proposal," suggested a friend in whom he had confided. That was somewhat soothing and Warburton decided he would locate her wretched Buddha, take it to her himself, and propose again with the old idol looking on approvingly. He would then have Mary at her word!

Accordingly, he set forth along the path of true love, looking for an approving two-foot Buddha of bronze. Hong Kong was ransacked by him and his agents, but to no avail. Then Warburton went up to Peking, where he even visited the accepted Thieves' Market, which is open about once every ten days at the early, inconvenient hours of three to five. One of the Celestial crooks there thought he knew where he might be able to steal just such a Buddha—a silver one. The old rascal said it would be at great personal risk and wanted, if successful, a terrific price for it. For obvious reasons Warburton did not wax very enthusiastic, and a few days later left for Shanghai, after giving instructions to resident merchants to keep an eye open for what he wanted.

However, in Shanghai, at the venerable store of Ah Chang, he stumbled upon a Buddha lacking by several inches being two feet in height. It was of bronze, but unfortunately had a few jade decorations, and he realized it would cost more than five hundred dollars. Nevertheless, Warburton knew his Chinese and felt that after painstaking and shrewd bargaining he could probably purchase it at a price within a hundred or so of what he was willing to pay. He would make a present of it to Mary, anyway.

Outwardly calm and with a disinterested look in his brown eyes, he asked the question that would start the everlasting bargaining the Chinese seem to enjoy so much: "What price you hang that Buddha?"

"Flifteen hunded dollahs gold," replied old Ah Chang, with an effortless note in voice, as if he did not care much whether the American bought it.

Warburton registered astonishment and casually proceeded to examine the idol. Several times he shook his head disapprovingly for the benefit of Ah Chang's keen eyes. "Never you catchee that price, Ah Chang!"

"No can find all same Buddha!" And then to Warburton's surprise: "You all same Amelican look Hong Kong, Peking. Flends wlite me look Shanghai. Five hunded—no can." Whereupon, the old merchant, having duly impressed upon his would-be customer that he had the upper hand, ordered that tea be served. Tea made bargaining more endurable. How many endless cups of tea Warburton had drunk with Chinese merchants until finally a third or fourth price could be obtained!

The Buddha was a beauty! However, it was worth just about half what Ah Chang was asking. Perhaps the Chinaman had bought it for a pittance from a thief; then Warburton knew that ultimately he would be able to purchase it at a most reasonable price. He realized that unfortunately the old fellow knew of the difficulties he had already been through locating just such an idol.

An hour passed. Warburton was

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villing to pay six hundred dollars and Ah Chang was willing to sell it for thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. The former was just impressing upon the naive that the search for the idol had been so costly that he could not pay one gold dollar more for it than six hundred, when he suddenly heard a gushing feminine voice behind him exclaim:

"Oh, just look at that darling, precious old image!"

Image! Now he knew the lady must be a tourist.

"Isn't it too adorable—even though the fat old thing would forever remind me of reducing, if I had it at home in Indianapolis," commented another, as Ah Chang arose and nodded welcomingly.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" went on the gushing one, as she stood before the Buddha. "I have to have him! Isn't he the dearest, funniest old god! Adele, wouldn't he look gorgeous on that stand right beside the goldfish-bowl? You know that mahogany stand Harry gave me. I've never known what to put on it. And I haven't bought a thing in China yet—except some doilies."

"Awful ugly, though," persisted Adele. "It certainly would keep the cat away from the goldfish-bowl!"

"You don't mean ugly, Adele; you mean bizarre! And look at the jade on him! Why, he's priceless! Thank heaven, I have hardly touched what I intend to spend in China—and one or two good things are so much better than a lot of rubbish."

Warburton wondered if these giddy tourists ever considered the possibility of the Chinese merchants knowing English. He chuckled when he thought of the shock the lady would have when Ah Chang mentioned the price.

"How much?" suddenly demanded the delighted lady, patting Buddha's head.

"Only Buddha all same kind in China mebbe," began the wise old Celestial. "Ah Chang store exceptional. People no like fooly come here."

"Adele, he must mean this is the only Buddha of its kind in China. Must come from some old imperial palace?"

"Lady right. Lady know well her China," flattered Ah Chang, without batting an eyelash. "I hang price cheap. Eighteen hunded dollahs Amelican money—all same gold."

"Remember, Ida," quickly put in Adele, "what the travel book said!" Then in a whisper: "Jew 'em down!"

Ida moved uncomfortably, as if Adele could have spared her the reminder when she was so enthusiastic over her Buddha. "That's a lot of money, don't you think?" she asked Ah Chang apologetically. Then forgetting herself, she threw at Adele in *sotto voce:* "I've just got to have it, nevertheless. . . . Mr. Ah Chang, won't you let me have it for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Seventeen hunded seventy-five dollahs you can takee, lady," bargained the Chinaman.

Ida lost no time in accepting his price and drew forth a fat booklet of traveller's checks. "Give me a pen, please. And you, Adele, do get a rickshaw man to carry out our precious Buddha."

Until now Warburton had been more or less awed into a lethargic state by these two wealthy old easy-marks at large. But now the realization that Mary's Buddha was gone swept over him. Heaven only knew how much longer he would have to search for another one similar to it and what the ultimate cost would be if he did. There was

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only one thing left now to do and that was to buy it back from Dame Ida. Mary was certainly worth the price of any Buddha in China when it came to a show-down! But he couldn't very well go up to the lady with his proposition in front of Ah Chang after dickering with the latter for such a low price. Then an idea struck him and he very politely approached Ida just as she finished countersigning her last check.

"Pardon me, madam, but my name is Winton Warburton and I presume you are on a world cruise, with Hong Kong still ahead of you?"

She eyed him coldly for an instant; then: "Why—yes!"

"Here is my card. I have a curio and antique store in Hong Kong, Mrs.——?"

"Mallory."

"When your ship—the—the——"

"The *Resolute.*"

"Reaches Hong Kong, I should indeed consider it a pleasure—whether you purchase anything or not—if you would drop in?"

Ida Mallory took the card and ventured a doubtful affirmative, while Warburton smiled to himself at her probable surprise when later that day she would meet him again, for he was going to locate her at one of the big hotels or on board the steamer before it left Shanghai. He would take no chance on her calling upon him at Hong Kong. He had to purchase that Buddha.

When they had left he turned angrily toward Ah Chang, who was eyeing him curiously: "You old rascal! You did a great hold-up job! You knew I wanted that Buddha, but evidently the fact that I might do business with you again at some future date didn't even enter into consideration. A penny in the hand was better than incurring my favor? You know you could have sold that Buddha to me at seven hundred and fifty and made a profit."

"Beezness," mumbled the old Chinaman, backing away from the scowling American to apparent safety behind the counter.

Disgusted, Warburton turned on his heel and started for the door. Just as he was leaving the store Ah Chang called him. He looked back—and stared!

There was Ah Chang with an exact duplicate of the "only Buddha all same kind in China mebbe"!

"May your ancestors, Ah Chang ——"

"Please, Mr. Warbetah, no say!" broke in the old merchant nervously. "You no speakee when Ah Chang selly velly damn-fool lady. Umph! Ah Chang no hangee price. Ah Chang give you Buddha—last one all China this time mebbe."

A half-hour later Winton Warburton was at the American Club and standing before its famous bar, the longest in the world.

"What'll you have, sir?" asked the bartender.

"Oh, make it an Ida Mallory," he replied absent-mindedly.

"A *what,* sir?"

"Good heavens!" Warburton laughed, realizing his mistake. "A silver fizz!" And when it was served him he made a silent little toast to Ida's health —and that for her own good might it never permit her to leave Indianapolis again!

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An African Savage's Own Story

THE ESCAPE FROM SAVAGE LIFE

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

Not since the days of "Robinson Crusoe" has there appeared a more childlike, more moving story of companionship in a lonely land, of wandering, of story-telling to lighten dread, of sickness, fear, devotion, and of faithfulness through torture and even to death. Ibn LoBagola's faithful "follower" Enfiki takes his place beside Crusoe's Man Friday as one of the most simple-hearted, most devoted of men.

The author is one of the Emo-yo-Quaim or "Strange People" of Semitic descent, who live in unexplored forests in western Africa south of the Niger. In earlier chapters he told how he had left his people when he was only a boy of seven, had made his way forty-five days to the coast, and then had been taken, against his will, to Scotland. Four years later he returned to his own savage home where he was forced to resume native habits, follow fetich laws, and to accept several wives.

Finally, oppressed by the harshness of witch-doctors and the bonds of native customs, the young savage, with one native "follower," fled from his village. After terrifying experiences in the forest the two came into a region where they heard the mysterious beating of a distant drum.

The black author, who never before wrote for publication, tells his story with a mixture of frankness, naïveté, and brutality that lifts the curtain that ordinarily hides jungle existence, and shows at once the beauty and the horror of human nature in primitive life.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

V

Now that drum beat again; this time we both heard it. We were near some habitation, but where, we could not guess. The drum-beat now was long and loud. Enfiki said that it was a message, but he was unable to decipher it because it was in a different language from our own.

We sat up in the vines where I had spent many days and nights, and while we sat in the vines we saw animals go to drink. It was remarkable how Enfiki knew the nature of all of these beasts; he was actually able to tell what each one would do, before it ever did it. I was amazed, because he could talk for hours about animals, and about what they thought, and how they planned. I could not doubt him when he said that he killed the snake that would have killed me, had he not been present, because he knew the nature of snakes so very well. He entertained me nearly all the time with his fund of folk-tales and animal stories. I never tired of hearing them.

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This is one of the tales that Enfiki, my "follower," told me on that journey:

"Once upon a time, there lived in the Bush an old female zebra. She was too old to bear young, and too ugly to mix with the younger females of her people, but she had wisdom.

Now you must know that a zebra is always a dainty and a gentle animal, and it never gives trouble to any one, and its greatest dread is the lion and the leopard.

So one day after the animals had all had their drink, this poor old creature sat down and began to weep because she had been snubbed by her kind. While she was thus brooding over her ill-fate, up ran a lion and patted her on the back. This frightened Mother Zebra so badly that she screamed, and the lion laughed and said: 'Just like your kind, being afraid and screaming before you are hurt. What are you doing here all alone?'

The zebra, trembling from head to foot, told the lion her story, and the lion said: 'Well, since you are of no use to your own people, I suppose I had better eat you. Think of the great honor it will be for your people to give such a nice feast to their King.'

The zebra pleaded with the lion to spare her life, but the lion just laughed at her and said: 'You should be proud that I give you fair warning that I am going to eat you, instead of having me sneak up on you and kill you without notice, just as that sneaky leopard would do.'

Then the leopard came up on the scene and began to address himself to the lion, saying: 'Just like you, brave King, to be intimidating poor innocent women and children; if you are so brave, why not choose some one who can answer you, and not take advantage of the weak.' Thereupon the leopard jumped on the lion and killed him.

The zebra thanked the brave leopard and started to leave, saying that she would be glad to meet the leopard again. But the leopard said: 'Wait a minute, Madame Zebra; I saved you from the lion only in order that I might have you to feast upon myself.'

The zebra knew then, that her time had come, and that no end of pleading would save her, so she said: 'I admit, Mr. Leopard, that the lion is a coward, but he never takes advantage of his inferiors, so your saving me from the coward lion for your own brave self, proves you a coward of the worse kind, for you have made a virtue a fault.'

At this, the leopard ate the zebra."

I remember another story that Enfiki told me. This one is about the snake and the monkey:

"One day, when the troop of monkeys was tired of doing its mischief, and all the monkeys were lolling about from vine to vine and tree to tree, making up their minds for some further mischief, one young snake came passing by. Now, of course, you know that monkeys always keep away from snakes at all times, even when they are all together in their tribe, and you also know that all monkeys are cowards.

As this young snake was alone, the monkeys began to laugh at it, saying: 'Hey, you belly-walker! Why not get up and show yourself? You sneak about on your belly all the time, unseen except by people like us who are clever enough to detect you, because we are not easily fooled. Bah, on you! who cannot come out in the open as we do, and face every one.'

The young snake, being alone, and

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passing by so many monkeys, was a little afraid, although it knew that all monkeys are cowards. The snake thought that even the greatest coward would be a dangerous enemy, with sufficient backing, so the young snake did not answer a word, but kept on walking. The monkeys laughed long and loud, and talked about the fright of the young snake, and chatted much about the bad ways of the whole snake family.

Now while the monkeys were so happy over the tales that were being told about the snake people, the young snake had travelled fast and had reached his own village. The young snake was tired and hungry, and he settled down to have a feast off a nice young gazelle.

When he was feasting, the young snake began telling the story of how he had encountered a troop of monkeys gambolling in the vines, and how they all had derided him and laughed at him as he came by. He told the other snakes that the monkeys had insulted their entire race by calling them a 'sneaky people' who were only able to crawl about on their bellies, and who were not so brave as the monkeys were, who could always stand up and face anything.

This made the elders of the snake people angry, and it was proposed that all the young snakes should go out and scout around and try to capture some of those devilish imps. So all the young people of the snake family started out in search of the monkeys.

In the meantime, the monkeys were busy telling jokes of how they had raided villages, had cocoa-nut fights with men and boys, and how they had captured several children and torn them into pieces, before the Mother Monk could prevent them from doing so. That was fine sport for the monkeys. Now while they were shouting, for monkeys always talk very loud, a sure sign of cowardice, they did not notice that they were being surrounded by all of the young snake family.

One young snake came out from where he was hiding, and showed himself to the monkeys, and that started the monkeys laughing again, and they screamed out to the young snake: 'Hey, you! belly walker! why don't you get some legs for yourself, so that you can come out into the sun, and let other people see you, and be brave as we are?'

It is always the habit of cowardly people to prate about how brave they are, which is always the opposite of the truth.

Just then, one other snake dropped down right in front of the monkey who was doing the most talking, and nearly frightened him to death. All the other monkeys started to run, but they were hemmed in on all sides and they could not get away. One young monkey tried to break through, but he was caught by a young snake who was hanging down in front of him, who curled its tail around the monkey's neck and choked it to death.

All the other monkeys were taken back into the camp of the snakes, and it was the snakes' turn now to yell and laugh. The monkeys cried and pled with the snakes to let them go, when one of the older snakes said: 'Ha Ha! you brave monkey, who are so clever and who have so much brain! Now you have good legs, but most of the time, you use your tail! You also have a brain, but you always imitate! Explain to us, please, which is the worse of the two, the one who has no brain or legs and wishes for them, and lives straight without them, or the one who has every-

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thing, and makes no proper use of any of them? If you answer that, we will let you go.'

Not a monkey answered, but they all kept on weeping and wailing.

So the old snake said: 'It will be best to kill you rather than see so many good qualities wasted, for you are better dead than alive, without a purpose.' So all of the monkeys were killed."

I wish that you could have heard some of the other stories that Enfiki told to me.

Now, we both heard that drum beat out its message, and poor Enfiki was much afraid; so was I, but not so much as he was, because I did not know just how much danger we were in, but Enfiki did. Enfiki was sorely perplexed, because we dared not go on any farther, and we dared not stop; that is, it was dangerous to do either; but Enfiki did everything that he knew how, to comfort me, because I was crying.

After walking on another two days, Enfiki discovered that we were in the country of the cruel Fans, our worst enemies. My own father had gained his distinction in fighting the Fans, and had won a complete victory for our country. He had brought back eighty skulls of Fan warriors, and three Fan chiefs' skulls, as a trophy of the battle. These he put in the Ju-Ju house, and the King of my home made my father *Balogun,* for this brave feat, and gave two of his own women for my father's compound. That was a great distinction when the King of my country did that.

There was no turning back; we just had to keep going. Enfiki seemed to know that it was all over with himself, the way he talked to me. He believed, poor fellow, that it was my doom as well. He told me to say that I was Moslem, if we were captured, and tha I must try to imitate the Tuareg peopl when they prayed.

I did not realize my full danger. had heard much about these people, bu I had remembered only that they wer a fighting people, and that they did nc like the people in our country, becaus we had beaten them in warfare. But could never have dreamed that the were as cruel as I found out they wer a little later on.

The drum-beat was very loud by thi time, and we were quite close to som habitation and settlement, but we coul not see any sign of life. Now, we hear voices, and all of a sudden, Enfiki gav such a scream that it made my bloo run cold. The poor fellow had bee struck by a shot from a tube assega that is, a small sharp piece of stee blown through a kind of tube, like pea-shooter. This, of course, is not po sonous, but it will kill you if enoug darts are blown into you.

Well, it appeared as if all was up Enfiki dropped to the ground, and tumbled off his shoulders, for he ha been carrying me, and I fell with thud. My first thought was, that he ha been stung in the leg or foot, by som reptile, and when I fell to the ground I did not lie there long, but started hastily, to jump up and climb a tree, ou of reach of the serpent, as I thought.

Now, to my surprise, Enfiki caugh me and held me down to the ground and the look in his face frightened me so I began to yell and scream for all tha I was worth. Enfiki put his other han over my mouth and squeezed my nos at the same time, with his thumb an finger. This cut off my wind, and fo the moment, I could not breathe. Hi

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oing that made me think surely, that e had gone out of his mind. If I had nly known, it would have been so easy › have escaped many hardships that efell both of us. But the poor chap was ı pain and he knew what it was that ıused his pain; I didn't. The truth is, e really wanted me to lie still and be uiet, and perhaps no one would ever ›ok for us; but my screaming and ruggling and making all kinds of oise, upset all his plans and resulted ı both of us being captured by some ttle short men.

I first thought that these little short ıen were boys, but I learned later that ıey were those cannibal Bushmen who re the neighbors of the Fans, and who ›ve over the whole Bush, much the ıme as monkeys do, living in the trees nd vines. Now, I had heard of these eople before from my own father, but had never seen any of them. They are ıuch taller than the Pygmy people ho live in the Central part of the Afri-ın continent, and they do have a kind f settlement near the Fan country. In ıct, in time of war, the Fans use them s warriors because the King of that ountry held them in a kind of subjec-ion. They are a little lighter in color han the Fans or my own people, but heir religion is Fetichism, only their itual is somewhat different from the itual in my country, and similar to hat of the Fans.

Enfiki had seen these little men as oon as he had been struck by that as-egai shot, but I did not see them until hey were quite near us. It appeared as f there were thousands of them.

By this time, Enfiki had released my rm. Enfiki was naked but I had some lothing on, not much, but enough to nake those devilish little men stare at me. One dwarf came over beside me and started to examine what I had on, but one of his men shouted something, and he dropped my shirt sleeve as if it were something hot, and ran. I suppose that the other man shouted; "Look out! It will bite you!"

Now it appears that these little people had seen white men and had noticed how they dressed, and then seeing me with the same kind of clothes on, they felt astounded, because after all, I was not white but I dressed as a white man.

Enfiki could make them understand him, and therefore they were rough with him. I tried to stand beside Enfiki, but they would not permit me to do so. Enfiki told me under his breath, not to oppose them, and never to answer them in a native tongue if they spoke to me, but just gaze at them. Enfiki, my faithful "follower," was truly trying to save my life. One word from Enfiki could have had me boiled alive and eaten up before we ever reached the place where they were taking us.

After much crawling under and climbing over trees and vines, and through natural arbors and tunnels in the ground, we reached a large village, the walls of which were made of native clay, a kind of mud. These walls were very high, and I could not see any place of entrance to the village. I wondered if we should be taken inside, and if so, whether we should be thrown over the wall.

The leader of these little men began to chant and shout, and then the chant was taken up by all of his followers, but I could not make out what they were singing; but just the same, the melody still lingers in my memory.

Poor Enfiki was in terrible pain, and he looked most wretched. Wouldn't

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you, if you knew, as he did, that your doom was near? Enfiki not only knew that he was going to die, but he could guess the torture that he would have to undergo before he died.

The earth seemed to open, because the bushes were pushed back as if they were on hinges, the grass cleared away, and in front of us was a sort of tunnel, and it was pitch dark inside. At the opening to this tunnel, stood six stalwart warriors with assegais and shields. One of them came forward a few steps and shouted as loud as he could, slowly, these words: *Mi Lor Ma Da Yoho Midam*. Remember the words? Of course I remember the words, and so would you if you had heard them under the same circumstances. The sight of these men in this pit-like entrance struck terror to my heart, and when I saw that tunnel and remembered that Enfiki had nodded "yes," when I inquired if we should be taken into it, I was overcome with fear.

I would have run away, only, those little men were on all sides of me, and Enfiki warned me not to oppose them, so I just stood still. When that big fellow shouted out those strange words, I began to scream, because I could not contain myself. I thought that we should be thrown into a pit and covered up alive. I began to plead with the little men, but they could not understand me. Enfiki told me to, "Dry up." He told me not to talk to those men in the native vernacular, but to use the white man's language if I wanted to say anything. He told me that those men were not going to hurt me, and that they were merely the guards of the entrance.

I wanted to ask Enfiki a thousand questions but he made me shut up. Then one of the little men gave Enfiki a blow on the nose with the little tube that he was carrying. He said something in h own gibberish, and then all was qui I was whimpering and trying to ma out what all this was about. That litt man who had struck Enfiki began talk to the guard who had shouted, a the guard answered something; then the little men came running over besi me, and felt my legs and arms and nec giving each part that they touched, little pinch, much the same as one do when he feels a chicken or bird to tc its tenderness.

The truth was, these little men h sold Enfiki at the price of me, whi meant, that if the chief of that peop agreed, I should be given over to the l tle men to be eaten. They did not ha a keen appetite for Enfiki; it was whom they wanted. I did not kno then what it all meant, but I found o afterward, from poor Enfiki, the mea ing of it all. You can imagine how ne I was to being boiled and eaten by tho little cannibals. Once in my life I h been in danger of being devoured l sharks in the Gulf of Guinea, if I h not gone below on that steamer; no on this occasion, I was in danger of bei devoured by cannibals, cooked first, a eaten afterward. I have often thoug over the whole thing, and how extrem ly fortunate I was to escape two suc horrible deaths.

Enfiki and I were dropped into t entrance pit; Enfiki was practical thrown in; and we were led throug the dark tunnel by the guards. My! was dark! because the brush and bush closed over the opening again. One the men took hold of my arm, and suppose that another did the same Enfiki. The man who was leading m was saying something all the time, b I did not understand a word that he w saying. I remembered what Enfiki ha

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told me about speaking my own language, so I began to mutter some words in English, the white man's language. I did not know very much English, but it did not matter; they would not understand me anyway, so I began to say words that came into my mind first: "Porridge—bread—sit down—go to bed—you know—you understand—I do—I will—I know—stop it—," and every kind of phrase that came to my tongue, I simply blurted out.

Enfiki heard me and he knew that I was talking in a different language, so he shouted to me: "Well done," but soon after that I heard him groan. I could not understand; all kinds of thoughts ran through my little mind. But I kept on talking, saying: "Silly ass—stupid fool—you ape—you dog—you beggar—" and all the bad words that I had learned at school from the boys of white men. I said many other words, but I do not think it necessary to soil this paper in writing them.

We were still walking through the tunnel. We had no light, but by this time, my eyes had become used to the darkness, and I could see ahead, a little better. We walked for what seemed ten minutes, and then we stopped in front of a large gate. I heard the voices of men, women and children, on the other side of the gate.

The gate was thrown open and we walked out of the tunnel into the town. The guard who had shouted at the other end of the tunnel, shouted again, I remember the words but I never learned their meaning. The words were: *Baba Wa Woho Kpe Nou.* The *"Kpe,"* is just as it sounded to me. And when he had shouted these words, everybody, as there was a crowd around us, took up the shout and began clapping hands, singing the words *Baba Wa* every time one of their men said something. And they danced around us in a circle.

Now, just a word about my poor follower, Enfiki. When he had shouted "Well done," away back there in that dark tunnel, he groaned shortly after. Well, the sight of him, when he came out of the tunnel told me what had happened, for he was bleeding and in a state of collapse. When he spoke to me at that time, he was stuck in the side by an assegai, and given a blow across the head, by those brute guardsmen, and this was the reason for the groaning. He was dragged away by a number of men; where they took him, I did not know then, but I found out.

I was led to the gate of a large compound, one that was well guarded by a number of native warriors. We did not stand outside the gate long, but entered, and I was led to a large hut with a wide veranda around it. I was made to sit down. That hut was the home of the chief, and I was taken there for questioning.

Inside that compound the scene was very lively, women flitting about here and there, and children screaming, playing, laughing and crying; it appeared as if all the children in the world were there in that compound. Men were running up and down, now entering the big hut, and now running out again, as if they were all on messages of importance.

I sat with my legs stretched out, for I have never been able to fold my legs under me, in a squatting position. One man stood back of me with a long assegai in his hand, and two other men stood one on each side. I was well guarded.

Then I heard voices, and I heard a boy scream. The sound came from within. I was terribly afraid, for who knew

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what those cruel people would do to me, a strange boy, when one of their own boys was screaming like that. I could not guess. In a short while, some men came out of the hut, and one of them was carrying the boy, who was still screaming. I saw the boy's arm, and in it were several long deep cuts. It looked as if the flesh had been cut out in small strips. Doing that, I since learned, is a tribal custom, and every boy who reaches puberty is treated in this manner.

My mind reverted to poor Enfiki; I wondered whatever had become of him. All of a sudden there was a bustle and rustle inside the great hut, and then I heard a loud voice and a hoarse laugh. One of the guards who were around me, said something, and then another spoke to me. I did not understand what they said, but I remembered what Enfiki told me about speaking any native language. So I said the first thing that came to my tongue, in English: "Sit down, you clown—I don't know—why don't you try using soap?—you will dirty the sheets—." I kept this up until some men came out of the hut. Then one of the guards put his arms under mine and lifted me up. He tried to stand me on my feet, but I did not know what he wanted, so when he lifted me up, he naturally let go of me, and I sat down on the ground again with a flop. The guards looked at one another and began to laugh.

Now while this fellow was trying to convince me that he wanted me to stand up, the chief stepped out onto the veranda and stood gazing at the guard bobbing me up and down. One of the men shouted out some order, and the guard let me drop down quickly, and fell flat on his face, because his chief was present. The chief looked very stern, and growled, but he did not take his eyes off me. Remember, I had on some English clothes, and I wore shoes, the same that I had worn when I left Scotland for my own country. The chief spoke to me, and I answered him in English: "You are not right—Hold your row—You're blathering, you idiot—Thank you—Not at all—I think so."

The chief, of course, could not understand me, so he burst out laughing; he laughed until he shook.

Then the tragedy started. Poor Enfiki was brought out. I say brought out, because he could not walk: his toes had been chopped off and he looked like a man half dead. All the women were called up, by the signal of a tom-tom beat, and every one ran forward and kissed the chief, from the soles of his feet to his knees. When this was finished, a man spoke to Enfiki, and Enfiki looked at me. I jumped up and rushed over to where he was lying, and began to cry.

Enfiki told me all that had happened to him. He said that the men of the village wanted to know who I was, and that he had told them that he had been out in the Bush and had seen me with a party of white men, and that I could not speak any language other than the Mohammedan language and the white man's talk. He told them that I had lost myself when I went away from the other men in my party, and that he had found me and brought me to this village, because he knew that the noble chief knew all about the white men, and that the chief might find some use for me. Enfiki said that the men of the village had refused to believe his story, and that they had cut off a toe at a time to make him change his account, but he had stuck it out until he had lost all of his toes. So the chief had decided to sacrifice him to the virgins of that country,

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and to turn me over to the little men who had captured us in the Bush.

Enfiki cried when he said this, because he knew what my fate would be. If I were left with that people, they would cook me and eat me. He said that he had tried his best to save me, and he begged me to believe him; he swore by the beard of his own father. I cried and beat my chest, and they pulled me away from him. Then a man came up with a kind of cutlass, and cut every one of Enfiki's fingers off at the joints, but poor Enfiki kept shouting out to me, not to say any native word, but to talk the white man's talk. Perhaps I might be saved, because, he said, these people feared the white man.

His shouting was soon cut short by a hard blow over his head. Then a man came forward and cut Enfiki's head off, dug out the brain, and put it into a pan brought for the purpose. Then the women took the brain from the pan and put it on a board, and one of the women began mashing it with her feet. Some other women brought up a large jar, filled with, I don't know what, and when the woman had finished mashing the brain, they all scooped it up in their hands and threw it into the jar. Then the tom-toms began to beat. Poor Enfiki's remains were taken away, and men came with water and washed away the blood. I never saw so much blood in all my life. I was too amazed to cry out, and so saddened by what they were doing that I forgot all about what Enfiki said would happen to me.

The tom-tom beat drew many people, but everybody stood afar off, while the warriors, with shields and assegais came up to the veranda and prostrated before their chief, and then stood back in line again. The stuff in the jar, where the women had put the mashed brain of Enfiki, was stirred up, and the chief began to chant. When the chief finished chanting, the song was taken up by all the warriors, and they all began to dance a very wild dance. While they were dancing, every one came up and took a sip of the stuff from the jar, a man dishing it out to them in a kind of ladle. It appeared that this stuff that they sipped made them more fierce, because they jumped and shouted, and screamed and danced around like madmen, after every sip. Women, and even children came forward and sipped that horrible stuff. This was the sacrifice to the virgins, according to what Enfiki had told me before he was mutilated.

I had completely forgotten what was to become of me in my interest in this excitement of that wild, savage gathering. The chief looked and acted as if he were drunk; probably he was. Who knows?

Then everybody's attention was arrested by loud shouting outside the compound. Some men came bursting in as if something were after them, shouting peculiar words all the time that they were running. The people understood what these men said, and it must have been very serious, because every one stopped dancing and singing. The warriors who had been made wild by sipping that awful stuff, became calm, and a hush came all over the place. The chief, who had appeared drunk, sobered up instantly and jumped up and brushed himself, as if he were going to meet some superior, for he had on some kind of regalia. He gave orders, which caused confusion in being carried out, and then he sat down again. Some warriors hastened away, and others took up their stand around the chief, guarding him closely. In a short time the compound was cleared of every one, only a

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few tom-tom beaters remaining. One of the tom-tom beaters beat loudly on a tall tom-tom. What did this all mean? I tried to think.

Then came to my mind what Enfiki had said about the little short men, and I remembered all that he had told me. I was going to be given over to them to be eaten! I started to cry, and the chief beckoned to me to come over to him; but I was afraid, and a guard pulled me over to the chief. They sat me down near the chief, and left me unguarded. My first thought was to jump up and run, but you can see how foolish that would have been, because I should have been struck down by an assegai before I could even reach the compound gate.

But I did not have such reasoning then, and my mind was set on getting away, anywhere, to keep from being given to those little men for a feast.

Now the tom-tom beat became more rapid, and there was a stir and commotion outside the compound gate, as if some one was clearing the way. I thought surely that the little men were coming in for me, and I screamed for all I was worth; and the chief put his arm over me, and he held my mouth.

Let me go back now to the time when Enfiki's brain was being mashed, about two hours before. While that ceremony was going on inside the chief's compound, outside of the village walls, in another direction from where we had entered the village, were about forty white soldiers who had journeyed up from the Gold Coast. There was an officer with them, and his rank was that of Colonel in the British army. Those soldiers were a detachment of troops who were garrisoning that part of the country to protect Europeans employed in the gold industry, not far from where we were. I since learned that this Colonel had set out to this chief to make friends with him, and to assure the chief that the presence of white men in that vicinity meant no hostile attitude.

I remember that white man's face to this day. He was tall and stately, and his hair was partly white. When he first saw me, he spoke to me, and I tried to talk with him. It appeared as if he understood what I said, because he stood still and listened. He knew that I was afraid of something, and that I was a stranger to those parts, so he patted me on the cheek. I responded instantly to his kindliness by rushing over beside him. No one dared to interfere with me, because they saw that I could talk with this white man, which they could not do, so they feared to pursue me.

When the white soldiers and their officer first came up to the walls of the village, with a native guide, they were surprised to find that the place had no entrance. The soldiers, of course, had powder, and when they discovered that there was no visible entrance to the village, they exploded powder in the mud wall. That broke the mud and made a hole. Naturally the noise attracted the attention of the guards on the inside of the village, and they thought that the village was being attacked by white soldiers, so they immediately sent messengers to the chief, informing him of what was taking place. Those two messengers were the two men who came running in at the time of that ceremony for the virgins.

Now to go back again to the time when I screamed with fright. After the chief had quieted me, he stood up, and every one who had been sitting, did likewise. Then I saw a tall, well-dressed white man with a sharp-looking face, and wearing a British officer's uniform, walk toward the veranda where

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the chief and his elders were standing.

I stopped crying for the moment, wondering what this white man was doing in that village. The moment I set eyes on him, I jumped up and ran over to him as if I had known him all my life. I did not stand before him, but I fell down by his legs and wrapped my arms about him, which stopped him from going any farther.

I did not mention how this white man had got into the village. When the hole had been made by the powder exploded by the soldiers, the native guards made the hole bigger by chopping away the mud. The Colonel did not wish to take his troops inside, and yet he did not wish to walk into a trap himself, so the troops at once made that hole in the wall so large that it would be impossible to keep them out in the event of their Colonel's falling into treacherous hands, because they had already heard about the treachery of the Fans. The Colonel's intentions were good, but no native knew what his intentions were. So the Colonel entered the village by way of the hole in the wall, followed by a native guide who had escorted him and his troops from the coast.

When they reached the compound of the chief they were halted outside by the guardsmen, who began to question the guide. Naturally, the Colonel's appearance in that village caused commotion, and there was a crowd of women, children and old men around him. The guide was busy saying, "Peace, Peace," in the vernacular of that country, which he knew very well.

That guide told me afterward that he did not like those people up in that country, although he belonged to the same race. I am positive that if he had really guessed who I was, Ibn LoBagola, he would surely have delivered me over to them, whether he liked them or not. He had become civilized and had made his home on the coast, and his occupation was serving Europeans as guide for long journeys, for he knew that country well.

So the native guardsmen permitted the Colonel and the guide to enter. In a moment, as I was holding onto the legs of the Colonel, and he was patting me on the head and cheek, the guide went forward and saluted the chief by prostrating before him. The Colonel managed to get away from me, and he walked up in front of the chief, and did a thing that I have never seen since, and that very few people have ever seen: a European official bowed before an African chief.

The chief himself, I am sure, was surprised, and he appeared to be very excited. Can you imagine that! A high British official bowing before a savage ruler? You must know, by this one act alone, that the Colonel meant good. The chief extended his hand to the Colonel, and the Colonel actually took it! I saw all these things, but I could not understand them at the time. It was many years later that the truth dawned upon me.

Now the chief was cheerful, and so was the Colonel, but the next move did the mischief.

It is customary among native rulers never to accept the word of guides about the peaceful intentions of those whom they lead. The people who go about must themselves show that their intentions are peaceful. In that country where the Colonel then was, the chief offers his visitors a symbol of war or of peace, and that is raw meat. If you eat a piece of raw meat with the chief, then your intentions are not peaceful. That is the way these people have, in deter-

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mining whether you mean peace or war.

The chief clapped his hands and called for raw meat. In the meantime, some women were screaming outside in the village. It was over the troops of the Colonel. They had become anxious about their Colonel and had entered the village through that hole in the wall. When the women saw them, they naturally thought that the soldiers had come to capture their chief, so they began to scream and to beat their breasts, the custom of native women, when they are in trouble.

The Colonel's guide heard the screaming, and he guessed what it was about. He jumped up and ran out into the village, shouting while he was running, "Peace! Peace!"

What a serious blunder! He had left the Colonel all alone, and had not told him what to do next. Until now, everything had gone well. The chief was pleased, and so were his councillors.

While that fool guide was trying to pacify women, and explaining to the soldiers that everything was well with the Colonel, the raw meat was brought forward on a large platter. The platter was placed on the ground between the Colonel and the chief, who sat facing each other, both of them smiling.

The soldiers outside were not easily convinced that their Colonel was all right, and they insisted on going to the chief's compound. The women made so much noise that all the guardsmen came running up to the soldiers to find out what the trouble was. Just then, a tom-tom boomed out one beat. I say "boomed," because it sounded different from any of the other tom-toms that I had heard in that village. It was the great war drum, and it sounded the signal telling the native warriors to muster. All the guardsmen cleared away from the soldiers, and the women stopped screaming, and stood gazing as if something terrible had happened.

The guide rushed back into the chief's compound, and as he was coming in I was running out. He caught hold of me, put me on his shoulders and ran. Now, I have seen runners before, but I never saw a man run so swift as this guide did, in my whole life. When he got some distance from the village, he stopped, put me down, and sat down himself, and cried. Then I heard two shots from a rifle, and then I heard no more. The guide did not rest very long; he took me up on his shoulders, and began running again, but this time not quite so fast; he simply kept up a trotting pace for ever so long a time.

Night began to fall, and it was getting dark, which meant that I should have to spend another night in the Bush, sleeping in the vines.

Now let me go back to the time when the guide was busy outside the compound of the chief, assuring the soldiers that their Colonel was safe.

I was in the compound watching the ceremony between the chief and the Colonel, over the raw meat. When the raw meat was set between them, the chief picked up a piece and bit it, and then he offered a piece of the meat to the Colonel.

If the Colonel had known, he would have taken it from the chief and thrown it down on the ground in front of him. This action would have pleased the chief and all his councillors, and everything would have been all right.

As the Colonel was ignorant of the customs of these people, and as the guide was not present to instruct the Colonel about the meaning of the raw meat, the unfortunate Colonel accepted the meat from the chief and began

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eating it. It must have been hard for the Colonel to do this, but I suppose that he thought that if he refused to eat it he might offend the chief. So the Colonel ate the raw meat and by so doing he innocently declared war on the chief.

As I have said before, a native never takes anything for granted. A native has no sense of your honor. A native judges you by what you do, and not by your intentions. Therefore, amongst native people there is no excuse for ignorance.

I was watching every move. The chief clapped his hands, and now he was not smiling, but the Colonel was. A man came in answer to the hand-clap; the chief gave an order, and in less than a minute, that man returned and handed a small assegai to the chief. The chief took the weapon, and stood up quickly, and shouted some words. The Colonel started to stand also, but before he could straighten himself up, the chief struck him with the assegai, which must have been poisoned, because the Colonel dropped to the ground and did not move.

When I saw this, I screamed, but no one noticed me. Everybody was too excited. I rushed from the veranda, not knowing where I was going, and when I reached the compound gate, I met that guide rushing in.

The first beat of that tom-tom was a signal for all native warriors to stand by. The guide knew that when he first heard the tom-tom, and that was his reason for leaving the soldiers in the midst of all the warriors. When the chief shouted, just before he murdered that good Colonel, the tom-tom beat again, and that time it meant war.

In their struggle to enter the compound where their Colonel lay dead, the few soldiers must have been annihilated. Only two shots were fired, and those were the two that I heard afar off. What a calamity!

By that time, the guide and I were far away from the village, and we were fairly out of danger. No one dared to pursue us because they knew that the guide would make for the nearest English camp.

They thought right. Before the sun was up the next morning we came in sight of the first smoke of a gold miner's settlement. The guide related his story to a white man, and then I told, as best I could, about seeing the Colonel slain.

I was taken to the coast and put aboard a steamer bound for the Gaboon, which was in the opposite direction to where I wished to go, so when that steamer stopped at the next port, I got off. That was the principal port of Dahomey.

It was there that I had my first experience in being put ashore without going in a surf boat. A cable was sky-rocketed from the mast of the ship on to the shore. It was made fast there, and I was put into a kind of basket, and bolted from the ship to the coast safely. That place was called Kotonou.

I did not have any money, and I had to get to Ouida, before I could get my ticket to return to Scotland, because all arrangements had been made for my return, through the steamship's company's agent at Ouida, whose name was G. Goedelt.

I managed to convince a native Dahomeyan that I was telling the truth, and he advanced the fare to me to ride on Dahomey's narrow gauge railway, along the coast, from Kotonou to Ouida.

I reached Ouida without any mishap, and after a little difficulty, I finally received the ticket for my passage, and a

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ten pound note that had been made to my order, and also a trunk full of new clothes.

I waited two weeks, and then I got a steamer, and then once again I was bound for Scotland.

It had been exactly ten weeks from the day I had left my community until I boarded that steamer. How many things can happen to one in so short a time!

I learned since that those native people, who killed the English soldiers and their Colonel, were duly punished, through one of the famous British Punitive Expeditions, in reprisal for the folly of the Fans. Of course, I say "folly," but the white man calls it treachery. I cannot honestly say that, because in this case, as I remember seeing it, it was purely a case of misunderstanding.

It was exactly two years and three months that I had been away from my white father in Scotland.

My next journey to Africa, after this, was entirely different, for then I went from Germany, after having seen France, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany.

Saturday-Night Beans

BY RUTH BLODGETT

On Saturday nights it was supper, not dinner, at the Bascoms. An almost religious ceremonial, with Papa Bascom the presiding high priest, reconsecrating himself and his family to his New England heritage, dedicating them all anew to the sanctity of the home—mama and the girls!

Papa's round eyes always shone as he reached up his short arms and helped himself to the baked beans, swimming in rich, brown juice, dotted with savory salt pork, deftly passed by Dorset.

"Nearly as good as my own mother's. Highest praise, mama!"

Mama, the high priestess of the beans, had been instructed years ago just how to prepare them like "my own mother's." The soaking, the parboiling, the proper dash of mustard, salt, and pepper, plenty of pork, plenty of water, a well-seasoned bean-pot with a cover, a slow oven—as if she could ever forget! During the first years she had prepared them herself. Now she told Dorset, who told cook.

"Don't take too many, papa. Remember they're apt to distress you, dear."

"Nonsense, mama! Not beans like these! Tell cook, Dorset, they're just right to-night."

"Yes, Mr. Bascom."

Every Saturday night papa was expansive with his praise as with his serving. But mama, Gwendolyn, and Wilhelmina helped themselves sparingly. And Hope refused them. The boys, on the other hand, Gwendolyn's and Wilhelmina's husbands, liked beans: "Great stuff! Some cooks back there in little old New England!" Any-

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way, they liked to stand in with papa.

Papa Bascom was satisfied with his girls.

"None of these cigarette-smoking, rum-drinking, career-hunting"—he could never bring himself to say *sexless*—"creatures in our family, mama!"

"No, dear." She liked to stand in with papa, too.

"I wish Hope was more like the other two though. It isn't natural for a girl not to like beaux and dances—just to hum and strum all the time——"

"Hope's all right, papa. Maybe she'll be the most interesting of the three."

"Interesting? What do you mean, mama? Go off and do—some stunt? We don't want that kind—only honest-to-goodness girls, who'll be honest-to-goodness wives and mothers. The rocks of American society, mama!"

Silence.

"Isn't that so?"

"Yes, dear."

Papa was *so* much pleasanter when his neat little mouth was allowed to quirk up at the corners than when he looked stern or anxious.

And no wonder papa was satisfied—with mama keeping the home running like clockwork, and with the nice, wholesome girls married to good, clean boys (all but Hope), and with the grandchildren coming—every so often.

Not to forget the stores! Bascom's markets—cash and carry—a chain of them!

In the early days one of the white starched aprons must have looked nice on papa. Now he had an upholstered, mahoganied office, and he made only an occasional triumphal tour of inspection to the stores.

At such times he would stalk in a pleasantly pompous way up and down the aisles. It was merely a gesture. For there was no need for him to bother with details now, when one son-in-law was treasurer and the other purchasing manager of the company.

Papa was satisfied with his home, too. He had bought the house after Gwendolyn and Wilhelmina had arrived. A pretentious conglomeration of field-stone and clapboards, built in the period of bay windows and turrets!

In mama's funny mind Gwendolyn and Wilhelmina were somehow mixed up with the two couchant lions at the entrance. Papa had been the one to name Gwendolyn and Wilhelmina—names, like lions, in vogue at the time. And Gwendolyn and Wilhelmina grew up just the sort of girls papa wanted, went off to boarding-school, came home, got married, had babies. . . . Wives, mothers. . . . Lions, guarding the sanctity of the home. They both had their own homes near by, now.

Mama was not so satisfied, although papa never guessed that she was not.

But mama had once had dreams, all mixed up with a few art lessons in her teens, and doing things not too conventional. . . .

Papa, however, had changed her dream to the more practical one of a home and after Hope came, papa thought the back room, in which she had done a little china-painting, ought to be the nursery.

One day, not very long ago now (Gwendolyn and Wilhelmina were married, of course, and Hope had begun to go to town to study music), she had discovered the old paints. That evening she had said to papa, apropos of nothing at the moment: "Now that the girls are all taken care of, I think I'll go to town to an art school once or twice a week. I think I'd like to—join a life class—" She watched him narrowly.

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"Art school? Life class! Isn't that where they paint naked men and women? Nothing like that, dear!" He had patted her with a protecting hand.

She did bring the old paints down from the attic, though, and hid them out in a playhouse in the yard. And she bought some canvas, and . . .

And now, here, on Saturday night, at the family supper-party, was still another dream, kicking inside her . . . bringing back memories of her third pregnancy, when she had hoped and hoped it would be a boy. Strangely enough, papa's pretty names were exhausted. With what queer, ironical twist had she named the baby "Hope"!

"For your mother, papa." The one who baked the beans. "Such a simple, New Englandy name."

"All right, mama—your turn this time."

Her turn this time. . . .

Yes, it was Saturday night. And they were all there, sitting about the table—Gwen and her husband, Willie and her husband, Hope, papa, and, at papa's right, a guest of honor.

A momentous occasion. For this Miss Fabyan was a concert-singer of some note, Hope's music-teacher.

To be sure, there was another guest. That efficiency expert of papa's, whom he had invited once or twice before. "Thought he looked as if he needed something nourishing, mama. Eats around in restaurants." Dear old papa and his open-faced ruse to get a beau for Hope! As if he could manage with her as he had with Gwen and Willie! As if it were not mama's turn now!

"How are you enjoying Milltown?" she said to the young man beside her.

"I don't think much about enjoyment, Mrs. Bascom. I'm just here to make good. If you want to do that, you've got to go after what you've set yourself to do—" Her eyes just glanced at his heavy, square face . . . then on to Hope, sitting between Willie's husband and the guest of honor.

There was a scratching at the back of mama's throat. Hope, usually phlegmatic, too sallow, overgrown—was tonight alert, flushed, actually pretty.

And then she looked at papa and the guest of honor and smiled.

Papa did not beam that way, unless he was talking to a pretty, clever woman.

And yet how mama herself would love to be talking to Miss Fabyan about New York studios, music lions, Greenwich Village!

Yesterday morning the letter had come from Miss Fabyan to mama which had started this much more poignant dream than any she had ever had for herself:

"I am starting next month for a year's study abroad. Would you and Mr. Bascom consider letting me take Hope with me? I dislike relinquishing her as my pupil. She has the physique, temperament, and voice to make a concert-singer. I am writing you this before I talk it over with her. May I see you and talk it over with you? Perhaps you would let her join me later."

Would not she, mama, walk the whole twenty miles to the city if necessary to talk over such a plan? But she knew, as her heart clanged within her, that it was papa whom Miss Fabyan must convince. And so she had telephoned to the city. Would Miss Fabyan come out and meet Mr. Bascom?

She would. And here she was.

No, it was not at all like an ordinary Saturday-night supper.

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Mama had been quite breathless yesterday morning when she had given the orders to Dorset. "Now, for to-morrow night, Dorset—beef fillets, I think——"

"But the beans. You know it'll be Saturday, ma'am!"

"Dinner, not supper, to-morrow night, Dorset." Mama's order tripped out on the very shortest of breaths.

"But Mr. Bascom, ma'am! He may want——"

Mama flushed. "We are having a distinguished guest, Dorset. And we don't want beans." Mama held her head high on her short neck and made as stately an exit as a dumpy lady can make into the sun-parlor, bearing the watering-pot.

"Very well, ma'am. But I'll tell cook to bake them. Mr. Bascom can have them for his Sunday-morning breakfast." Dorset, a detestable creature, whose last words had a victorious timbre!

The water, gushing forth from the watering-pot, moistened the cracked earth in the tub of English ivy, which seemed to stretch and live. Ivy, mama, herself . . . a plant of natural abandon, but trained, tendril by tendril, to cling and cover each square of the trellis of wifehood and motherhood!

"You don't hate me for being late for breakfast? Did papa scold?" A kiss was planted on the back corner of her cheek by Hope.

"No, dear. He didn't scold. He did ask about the party—did you have a good time?" Little weights on her words held down her own exuberance . . . about the letter, the telephone message.

"No, I didn't have a good time, mama." She flung herself on the lounge. "I'm glad I didn't have to see papa. He always asks, and looks so—hurt——"

Why was mama's heart thumping so triumphantly?

"Boys don't like me, mama. I wish I could make them—comfortable. The way Gwen and Willie always could! But they talk so silly, and I haven't any—line——"

"Why do you worry, dear? Haven't you—other things? Isn't there something you can do that they can't—Gwen and Willie, I mean?"

"You mean my music?"

And mama's exuberance slowly rose, lifting weights and all. This aloofness of her youngest daughter, this space between her and her sisters was sacred ground which mama guarded and cherished. "You do love your music, don't you, dear?"

"Of course I love it. And Miss Fabyan, too. Curses! I wish she wasn't going away."

"Listen, Hope." Prudence, diplomacy were forgotten. "You can sing! Miss Fabyan has written me so."

"She told you I—can—sing?" She stretched long, not ungraceful, arms across a pillow. "I know I can. I—love to sing." And to mama an artist seemed straightway to have emerged from an overgrown weed. "I wish I could go abroad with her and study——"

Mama turned around and finished watering the plants. She told Hope only that she had invited Miss Fabyan to *dinner* to-morrow night—at which Hope sat up, her eyes shining—just as they were shining here at the table at "to-morrow night" come true. "She's a darling, mama. But don't forget to ask her to smoke—and papa'd better fix her a drink when he mixes one for himself and the boys——"

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"You know, dear, what he thinks about women—who do those things ——"

"And you know what he'll think of turning Saturday-night supper into a dinner!" Accomplices, they, plotting against papa!

"I'll manage papa, dear!"

But Hope's face had suddenly sobered. "Papa doesn't like me—as much as he does Gwen and Willie. He wishes I were more like them——"

"Papa likes you—just the way you are. And he'll be so proud—" Starting to pin up a tendril of the vine, she stopped. It should wander at will. And she stood looking out across the wide lawn. Down in the corner, fronting the other street, was the playhouse.

She had let papa think she used it for garden-tools, old furniture, other innocuous diversions—never saying her playthings were paints, canvas. How he would joke about it! His favorite joke had always been, "You didn't know mama thought she was an artist once? But she soon turned the studio into a nursery! She's had her career though, painted that fruit-dish with the strawberries on it——"

Mama came back to earth . . . back to the dinner. She was actually hearing the very words.

They had all stopped to listen.

"You didn't know, Miss Fabyan, that my wife was once an artist—painted that fruit-dish. But the strawberries we have at Bascom's market have a richer flavor."

Mama looked at Hope, who sat there transfigured by a new radiance . . . because she knew she could do something which Gwen and Willie could not do. Mama no longer saw the strawberries. She was seeing Hope on a concert-stage—hair severely coiffed, gown daringly low—standing in the curve of the piano, hands clasped before her breast, swaying slightly, leaning forward confidingly to her audience, bowing.

"Did Gwen tell you?" said Gwen's husband at mama's left. "She saw the doctor to-day."

"No! What did he say?"

"He predicts this one's going to be a boy—counted the heart-beats or something— Says it'll come most any time."

"Gwen looks badly. I don't like those dark circles." Circles . . . vicious circles . . . a senseless round, this getting married, having babies . . . to grow up . . . about whom you worry for fear they won't get married . . . and have babies to grow up and get married. . . . Mama reached for her glass of water. "They do say," she added caustically, "a son in time saves nine."

"Mama, I've put you down for the fancy-table at the Community Fair." Willie did not bother enough about clothes, and was always running things—fairs, benefits.

"Don't put me in charge, dear." Fairs—horrid things. Vicious circles, again. Every one making useless things for some one to buy, then going and buying more useless things. . . .

"Of course you'll take charge, mama. You've done it so often——"

Dorset entered from the pantry with the fillets, dainty with parsley garnishings. Mama reached again for her glass of water.

"Mama, what's this? Dorset, where are the beans? And I just telling Miss Fabyan——"

"You see, Mr. Bascom, you can't keep the old traditions. Your wife will have it dinner—like every one else."

"Admit that you are disappointed. Dorset, are there no beans?"

"Yes, sir, if you wish them, sir——"

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"Serve them, by all means!"

And the fillets were handed over to he waitress by Dorset.

"We are naturally simple people, Miss Fabyan. My wife was just trying o put on a little style for you. Whereas, nama, she would much rather have us n our regular form. Isn't that true, Miss Fabyan?"

She smilingly agreed. "Your hus-band has told me of your charming Saturday-night custom, Mrs. Bascom. I am saving room for the pièce de résis-ance."

Back came Dorset with the beans.

"Now, lady, what do you think of that for a rich brown? Be sure and take a piece of the pork——"

Mama, meanwhile, was taking her disappointment firmly in hand. After all, what mattered an upset in the menu when the coup itself was proving so successful! Her chagrin quickly melted into delight at the good time papa was having. A delightful person, Miss Fabyan! Verve—that's what she had. Hope would have it, too. She stood this very night on the threshold of poise, finish, charm . . . exempted from menus, fancy-tables.

Another spark of understanding darted between her and Hope.

They went back to the living-room for coffee, and papa passed the cigarettes to the boys—and to Miss Fabyan.

Mama worked her way into the charmed region of the dainty smoke swirls.

"Another delightful reminder of New England, Mrs. Bascom." Miss Fabyan lifted her cigarette toward a picture over the fireplace.

"Oh—do you like that?" Mama hated it. It was so obviously red cows in a green pasture. Too red, too green. And the three cows might be Gwen, Willie, Hope. The last cow, looking back, had a certain alertness in the eye.

"Don't you like that?" Papa, too, had crossed the room, drawn by the beacon of a lady's cigarette.

Mama's mind went further. Cows being driven home . . . a slaughter-house . . . hunks of beef in papa's markets . . . papa rubbing his hands. . . .

"I was telling Mrs. Bascom it brings back old forgotten smells. Coming out to your home is like an April wind full of spring. I forget—in my sun-blighted studio—that there is still family life like this."

The lady was saying all the things papa loved so much to hear!

"But it's just because you have the other that you love this," gently interpolated mama.

"We hope you'll come often. The latch-string is—" Papa had elbowed his way to a point of greater vantage. And mama involuntarily stepped back, joined Gwen and Willie, smiling at the spell being bound about papa's heart.

"Look, mama! He seems quite smitten." Willie was nudging her, motioning to the efficiency expert and Hope—whose pupils were big with dreaminess, whose lips were parted in a happy smile (she had a neat little mouth with quirks in the corners like papa's). "And Hope's forgotten to be bashful. She's almost pretty." But Willie didn't know that Hope was looking right over the shoulder of this young man at a concert-stage beyond. . . .

"Can't we have some music?" Mama tried to say it casually, but it was a very important part of the coup. They had not heard. She said it again, more boldly.

"Yes, indeed!" Miss Fabyan left papa and went over to the piano. Her stiff brocade gown was as much a part of

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her as a dragon-fly's shell and wings. "Hope, you first. What will you sing, dear?" Her sensitive hands groped out a few tenuous chords.

"Nothing too classical," ordered papa. But mama knew that Hope would sing the thing which would show papa most of all how much she had accomplished.

"That aria from the Mozart opera?" she asked, and forestalled any objection by placing the music on the rack before her. Two bright spots on her cheeks matched the shining of the eyes.

"Very well, dear." Miss Fabyan, smiling indulgently, ran off the introduction.

And Hope sang. It was a virtuoso's showpiece, a thing of glitter and vocal gymnastics, but Hope was as pleased with her performance as a child who can stand on his head.

Mama's bosom rose and fell. Papa moved absently about, noisily scratched a match. The young man stood, expressionless, below the cows.

A cadenza, more lacy than all the others—a scale, showing her full range—a trill, a turn, a clear, cold ringing high note—and Hope stepped blushing and smiling out of the piano-curve.

The young man started forward. "Oh, there must be an encore. One of the old ones: 'I Arise from Dreams of Thee.' Please!"

"There you are, Hope." Miss Fabyan was still at the piano. "You must give your audience what they want."

But Hope shook her head. "It's your turn now, Miss Fabyan."

"Well, dear, if you won't, I shall have to." Gently caressing fingers fondled the keyboard again. Then she tilted her chin, smiled directly at papa, and sang—oh, so piquantly—"Gin a Body," "Drink to Me Only," and "The Last Rose of Summer," with an artistry which affected effortless simplicity.

"Bully!" Papa hadn't taken a single puff on his cigar. "Teach my little girl songs like those!"

And mama, though retaining her ponderous armchair, was lifted on the thinnest of silken clouds.

Only to be parachuted to earth! For the next event of the Saturday-night programme was already on. "You play pool, don't you, Miss Fabyan?"

"I'm no kind of a player. You men go and have your game. I'd really like to talk to Mrs. Bascom." To the quickening beat of mama's heart the men went out reluctantly, that is, papa and the efficiency expert, who turned at the door. "Aren't you coming, too?" he said to Hope—and the other girls.

"We might go and watch." Willie, like papa, always helped things along.

And they all went out.

"Now we can talk." Mama sank down on the sofa, beckoning Miss Fabyan to the place beside her.

"About Hope!"

"Yes, about Hope." Mama was a girl, slender, graceful, like her spirits. "Tell me what she ought to do. And what did papa, Mr. Bascom, say?"

"How do you feel, Mrs. Bascom, about your girl going in for a musical career?"

Mama sat up and interlaced her fat fingers. "It is—freedom, Miss Fabyan, for her to give herself to the life-work of expressing herself." She might have been reciting the litany. "Freedom from petty exactions, freedom to grow. Oh, I know it may not mean success—" For she had caught an ambiguous expression on the other's face. "I don't care so much for that as just to know—

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he will have had the chance and tried ıer best. Oh, I only wish I were she— ıow——"

"If you were she, Mrs. Bascom, that s, if she had your consecration, I'd ɔromise she would make a singer. May- ɔe at Hope's age you did not feel all his." The tenderness in her voice hanged quickly to businesslike alert- ıess. "She has the physique and voice. The rest is up to her. I know now I an't say anything to urge. I can't even ell her of the reward. Only of the other hings—discouragement, loneliness, in- ured feelings, distrust of her own abili- y, and sacrifice of all this security." She nade a quick, inclusive gesture. "But if he wants it, in spite of all that— Well, ıs I said, it is up to her."

"My girl is not a coward," said nama proudly. "But what did papa, Mr. Bascom, say?"

"Can't we walk out? It is such a ovely evening."

They went through a side-door on to he lawn. Mama ran her arm through Miss Fabyan's. A lovely June evening, nellow with fragrances.

"Your husband is—rather a dear, Mrs. Bascom. Just a grown-up boy, isn't he? Like so many men. As I told him, it's a treat for me to come in on such a refreshing home scene. Things like that are so far, far behind for me."

"And did he say Hope could go abroad with you?"

"He didn't say." A few more steps on the velvety grass. "To tell you the truth, I didn't talk about Hope to him."

"You didn't talk—music, at the table?"

"No!" She gave a thrushlike, apologetic laugh. "We talked much more sensible things. Markets, cuts of meat, farms and cows, home and—beans!" She sobered. "And yet, you wanted me for—a sort of missionary, didn't you?"

"Yes." There had come a quick back-washing of mama's youth into its past, leaving her fifty-three-years old.

"And now that I'm here, I can't do it!" said the other woman emphatically. "Don't you see, dear Mrs. Bascom? I come out here and see Hope so happy, and see, too, the security ahead for her, some one like that young man, home, children, perhaps——"

"Oh, but that's just what I—she doesn't want——"

"You understand, don't you? It isn't that Hope hasn't talent. I have been so proud to find her. It's just that she mustn't begin her rocky road by having me or you intercede with her father. If she wants it above everything—nothing he could say would stand in her way."

"Oh-h, Miss—Fabyan!" Papa was calling from the porch. "We need you! We're going to play Kelly pool!"

"Hadn't I better go back?" she asked.

"Very well! Papa does love games so!" Mama dropped Miss Fabyan's arm, and walked on alone in the moonlight. The something alive in her had died.

No, no, it must only be asleep. As yet, no one had consulted Hope at all. And when she had sung to-night, she had looked so eager, so pretty— She, of course, had the will, the desire.

Skirting the shrubbery at the far side of the lawn, she had come up to the playhouse. She pushed open the door, went in and turned on the light. There was only an empty easel, a few discarded chairs, and a suspicious lump in the corner, covered with a cloth. She uncovered a pile of canvases.

Not strawberries! Different things . . . the sort of things she had thought people were painting to-day. The wash-

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woman's little girl in a bright shawl, the fruit-vender's boy with his push-cart (both bribed to secrecy), a street scene enlarged from a little sketch and memory, an impression of the garden from the playhouse window. Crude splashes of raw color. Gauche attempts to get effects. And all incoherent.

She arranged an exhibition of her unburied hopes on a row of chairs. They stood mocking her for her clumsy use of color, her ignorance of anatomy, her faulty composition.

When she had worked, how gay she had been, how callous to her limitations! Alive, burned by the flames of a rejuvenated heart!

The flames had burned out, leaving only dying cinders of doubt. Not even doubt, but certainty that they were all bad! She covered her face.

And yet, where Hope was concerned, there was still only anticipation. Her hands dropped and her head lifted. She must go and bring her here at once, to see this exhibition in all its mockery. It must fire her to achievement while there still was time.

She went back to the lawn.

A night of mystery and romance. And, as a fitting conclusion to the premises of June and moonlight, two figures walked toward her, arm in arm.

In a wild, inarticulate fear she stepped back into the shadow of the shrubbery. They passed close by, unheeding. Hope and the young man!

"Moonlight like this must make you want to sing——"

"Oh, it does!" Then came low, crooning, sweet:

> "I arise from dreams of thee
> In the first sweet sleep of night."

Two voices instead of one; in close harmony. They sat down on a garden-bench; in closer juxtaposition. One head instead of two. . . . The song ended in an unmistakable kiss.

Mama fled across the lawn to the house, a culprit before the law of life. Shaken with running, and the humiliation of her defeat, she sank panting into a porch chair.

To a girl like Hope that kiss could be nothing less than the key to the secret garden of the matrimonially elect. With a horrid sense of fatality she heard the key click in the lock. It was a prison, not a garden.

"I'm afraid, if you've got to make that train, we'll have to go right along." Papa's voice floated out from the hall. "There's no knowing where mama's wandered—" She crouched in her corner, incapable of getting up and going through the conventions of adieus.

Not until she heard the whir of wheels on the drive did she enter the house—the placid, composed, eternal mama.

"Was that Miss Fabyan who just drove away? How remiss of me—I just walked out——"

The girls and their husbands were also getting ready to leave.

"It is rather a joke, mama, papa having to do the honors to your distinguished guest," said Willie.

Mama crossed over to Gwen, started to help her with her wrap. A frightened look in Gwen's eyes plunged her mother-heart back into its customary mould. "Darling," she whispered, kissing her. "Only a few days more, and it will all be over." She could only remember how terribly ill Gwen had been when the last baby came.

"This is the last time—ever!" Gwen whispered, and bit her lip.

Raucous laughter came from the two boys, who were matching pennies to see

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who would go to the garage for the car.

"My girl isn't a coward!" said mama, and at Gwen's kiss her heart, such a little while ago empty, filled with old floods of tenderness.

"Miss Fabyan—has she gone?" Hope and the young man came in. "I hadn't any idea it was so late!" The two bright spots on Hope's cheeks were flaming magenta.

The young man said good night to mama. "You don't know how much I appreciate coming to your home, Mrs. Bascom. I've never had one——"

Gwen's husband had already drawn up with the car. "Good night, mama," he called. "Tell papa not to forget that bottle of champagne. We may want it in a day or two—" The rest were piling in. "Good night, mama!"

They were all gone.

Except mama and Hope! And Hope said nothing.

Mama rearranged the articles on the hall-stand hoping her girl would speak, tell her, her own mother——

"I don't believe I'll wait to tell papa good night. I'm awfully sleepy." Hope started up the stairs. She wanted to run after her, cry out: "Tell mama, dear! She's been through it, she knows——"

She went into the living-room and sat down. It all came back . . . papa, the effervescent lover, looking down his own rosy road to achievement and prosperity which he insisted she must take with him, refusing even to see the sweet-smelling, secluded wood-path, down which she was loving to wander alone. She saw again that hurt look when she hesitated— "Why, I thought —it never occurred to me you wouldn't want—" And then the only thing she had wanted was to see the quirks come back again into the corners of his mouth. It hurt to see him disappointed then, and at every other time since— And now Hope was choosing to sing the old songs with the young man who had "never had a home," rather than arias on a concert-stage alone.

"Well, mama, so they've all gone!" Papa came in, rubbing his hands, and sat down beside her. "Nice woman, that Miss Fabyan!"

"Yes, dear, I knew you liked her. You don't generally see our guests to the station."

"It's a pity she—drinks and smokes, though——"

Mama wanted to cry out: "Oh, no, you don't mean that——"

"I do like to see women dainty, feminine, different from men—" And then: "I wonder why she never got married."

"Of course there are alternatives ——"

"You don't really think that! Come here and sit on my lap, the way you used to. Gettin' a leetle heavy, dearie! As I was saying, I'm thankful our girls aren't that sort—who want to go out —after things. I'm satisfied with nice, wholesome girls."

Mama smoothed the five hairs across papa's bald spot.

Papa sat up. "Mama!" She nearly toppled from his knee. "There, I guess you'd better get up. You are heavy, and I feel a little pain— That supper——"

"Those beans, dear. You know you ought not to——"

"Mama! Hope! You don't think she wants to do anything—like singing in public?"

"No, dear, I don't!"

"Well, I'm thankful. I'll admit I've been a little troubled about her, so shy, and not quite so pretty as the others— I don't mind telling you, mama"—his voice lowered—"that's why I asked that young man here again to-night.

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He's shy, too. When he inquired for her to-day, I thought I'd strike while the iron was hot. Nice fellow, mama, clean, capable, goes after his job——"

Mama sat gazing at the cows. The one turning back was as bovine as the others.

"A young man who's never had a home will appreciate it when he gets it, mama. We'd better—ask him here once in a while——"

Papa was on his feet, pacing the rug now. "Well, if they—should fix it up, you and I'll be here alone. We're getting on, mama—all our birds flown—" He stopped, placed his hand at the pit of his stomach.

"What is it, papa? That indigestion again?"

"Just a touch. I'll take some bicarbonate when we go up. As I was saying, we're getting on. I took out another fifty thousand of insurance last week, mama. Want to be sure you and the girls can keep things up when I'm gone."

"There, there, papa! I can't bear such gloomy subjects, and I don't like that pain, dear. They say there's no such thing as indigestion. It's pressure on the heart, or— I'd better run right up and get that soda."

When mama came back, papa still stood there—pompous, triumphant, his feet apart. Mama recalled reading somewhere that most of the world's great men had been of short and thick-set stature. Papa rubbed his hands. "We've got a lot to be thankful for, mama. Three nice girls, two, almost three, nice son-in-laws. One, two, three, four, almost five grandchildren— We're certainly doing our share."

Mama carefully measured a teaspoonful of soda.

"I've just had an idea, mama. If there should be anything between Hope and this young man—mind you, I say 'if'—of course, you can't push things like that—I'm going to pull down that old playhouse and put them up an English cottage right here on the grounds. We'd be lonesome, don't you think, without one of 'em close at hand?"

Mama stirred the soda in the water thoroughly. Round and round the spoon went in circles. Engagement luncheon . . . trousseau . . . wedding . . . settling the new home . . . layette . . . baby. . . . Multitudinous details buried dreams forever this time.

"Drink this, papa. I really think, dear, you ought to give up eating beans."

Papa drank.

"It isn't the beans, mama. They never hurt any one. It's the mixture—all those other rich things. After this, no matter who comes, we'll have just beans and brown bread on Saturday nights. Be sure and tell Dorset, mama."

"Very well, dear," said mama.

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Mad Anthony Wayne

THE FIGHT FOR THE NORTHWEST

BY THOMAS BOYD

From captured Yorktown in November, 1781, Anthony Wayne believed he would return home. His leg was still sore from a gunshot wound; he was anxious about his farm, which each year since the war began had cost him several hundred pounds; he longed to see Margaretta, who should be having proper instruction in French, dancing, music and drawing; young Isaac should be started on his Latin; it would be restful to be back with Polly again. Writing a note to his Excellency, Wayne sent it to headquarters and waited.

But General Washington's answer was a disappointment. He had plans for Wayne. And while he would grant him leave of absence it would be with reluctance. For Nathanael Greene needed help farther south and still hoped that Brigadier Wayne would join him. Yet if Wayne insisted permission would be given him to return to Pennsylvania.

General Wayne was irritated. He informed his Excellency, "As a friend I tell you that my feelings are hurt. As a soldier I am always ready to submit to difficulties. Your Excellency puts it upon a ground which prevents me from accepting."

And thus, with Wayne going into South Carolina and Georgia where the British still held the seaports, the Pennsylvania Brigadier rode into a series of events which kept him below the Potomac for a full ten years. Delivering lower Georgia from the enemy, being at hand for the surrender of Charleston, Wayne was presented with a rice plantation by the Georgia Legislature before the war ended in the summer of 1783. The plantation, which lay along the Little Setilla above Savannah, was valuable but unstocked. To put it in running order he jeopardized his Waynesborough estate, but after seven years of labor he reaped only discouragement and failure. His family, which had remained at Waynesborough, complained of poverty. Moreover he had the added humiliation of finding that the seat in the House of Representatives to which his district in Georgia had elected him in 1790 had been gained through irregularities manufactured by a few Savannah politicians. For in the spring of 1792 Congress "Resolved, that Anthony Wayne was not duly elected a member of this House."

Meanwhile the country had been at war in the northwest, where in the wilderness beyond the Alleghenies and between the Ohio River and Lake Erie small armies had fought several Indian tribes strengthened by British aid. Most of these expeditions had been failures, the greatest and costliest of which was that commanded by Arthur St. Clair who in November, 1791, witnessed the massacre of two-thirds of his army by warriors under the Miami chieftain Little Turtle.

It was to subdue the Indians and gain the Northwest Territory that Wayne in the spring of 1792 was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States.

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Mad Anthony Wayne

V

MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE's genially tempestuous nature was growing a little sharp. Duly appreciative of the honor of being named Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, he would have felt the distinction more forcibly if there had existed any army for him to lead and if, having enough men to form a corps, he had not been instructed that there was to be no war.

Within two months after his appointment General Wayne had reached Pittsburgh with the few of the Regulars that remained. It was a hot June and the public houses on the straggling streets stood with open doors. Men in coarse linen shirts, breeches of deerskin or homespun cloth, wearing moccasins and serenely ruminating on tobacco leaf, leaned against the rough-hewn sides of the buildings and watched the unpainted wagons dragging past.

There was not a man but had a frontier tale with which to fix his listener. A few could remember back as far as the expedition under Colonel Boquet who in the fall of sixty-four had gone up into the Ohio country to force the Indians into a treaty of peace and retrieve the two hundred captives which they had taken from the neighborhood. There were others who had been with Colonel Andrew Lewis who had fought the shawanese and Senecas ten years later down the river at Point Pleasant. Some of them had gone with Daniel Brodhead when he led eight hundred men against the Delawares and Wyandots in the summer of 1780 and had done no better than to burn several cabins and to murder a Delaware chieftain who had come to ask for peace. The next year a hundred frontiersmen from the neighborhood of Pittsburgh had come upon ninety-four Christianized Delawares and two Wyandots gathering corn; had herded them into cabins where they murdered all of them, men, women and children. Revenge for that had followed in another season when a larger expedition against the Delawares had been half-destroyed and completely broken, its leader, Colonel William Crawford, had been burned with excessive torture at the stake.

In every month through the succeeding years there had been lurid murders and defeats. Flatboats floating down the Ohio had been assailed and boarded from the banks, stockades and cabins burned, families separated and men left charred inside a circle of fagots. And though five American Generals—George Rogers Clarke, Josiah Harmar, Charles Scott, James Wilkinson and finally Arthur St. Clair—had gone to subdue them the Indians were not only unconquered, they had become stronger and the tribes were more closely confederated to fight their common enemy.

Organizing this expedition, Wayne found during the summer and fall, was more difficult than recruiting and holding troops had been in the worst days of the Revolution. The men came reluctantly. On their way to Pittsburgh they heard the villagers say as they marched by, "What a pity that such a likely parcel of young men are going to be slaughtered by the Indians as General St. Clair's army was!" And when they reached headquarters they found half the people in mourning—for the death

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of Major-General Richard Butler, it was explained to them. Intimidated by tales of border fury, the recruits disappeared, or remained to drink up their bounty money in the Pittsburgh saloons.

Those that stayed in camp were scarcely soldiers. On the night of August eighth a report came into Pittsburgh that the Indians were about to attack. Wayne ordered the troops to form for action and rode along the outer line to give them confidence. The men in the redoubts, he said, were to maintain their posts at whatever cost; meanwhile he would gain the enemy's rear with the dragoons. But fortunately the alarm was false; he had no sooner left them than a third of the sentries sneaked away in the darkness.

Nor were his officers of much assistance in training the men. His second-in-command was Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, childishly pompous and uninstructed as ever. Thomas Posey, the other brigadier, though of greater worth than Wilkinson, was slow in action, drank heavily and was hot-tempered. And the men who held lesser commissions quarrelled among themselves, got drunk, were insubordinate to their colonels and neglected the dress and equipment of the soldiers. . . .

Equipment was slow to come and inadequate when it arrived. Yet somehow an army had to be raised and furnished. When the days grew cold Wayne, disgusted with the frontier town, broke camp and marched the few volunteers and levies down the Ohio twenty-seven miles, where he quartered for the winter.

The new encampment was called Legionville, named after the Legion of the United States, which was the title of the army he was attempting to raise. There was wood and water and a flat meadow. Immediately Wayne settled down to build a cantonment of log huts, first for the men, then for the officers, and to keep the soldiers, when they weren't swinging axes and pushing cross-cut saws, drilling with their unwieldy muskets over the bare, brown earth. They skirmished, shot mark, sprinted with fixed bayonets toward imaginary Indians who hid behind stumps and in clusters of trees. Wayne watched them with a warm, critical eye. Their muscles were hardening, they were less of an awkward squad, but they hadn't the necessary fervor yet.

With such troops to equip and discipline it was not till after Christmas that more personal affairs crowded into General Wayne's mind. Then he realized that seven months had passed and there had been no word from Waynesborough. Polly hadn't written, though he had sent letters to her. Margaretta hadn't written. And Captain William Hayman, a connection of the family whom he had left in charge of the Easttown estate, had remained exasperatingly silent. Captain Hayman had promised to see that satisfaction was entered upon all judgments obtained in court against his muddled financial affairs. Had Hayman done so? He was worried and felt the uncertainty of life, particularly that of his own. For he was ill with old complaints and the menace of the wilderness harried his mind. His breast, he informed Captain Hayman, wasn't bullet-proof, nor could he step a single foot aside to shield it; and as he wanted what property remained to be legally settled before he died, he begged the Captain to write him of what had been done.

March came and the drills continued. On St. Patrick's day there was a general review with skirmishing.

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The army was growing and soon it would be on the move. That it was going to war, Wayne believed, but he would not know for certain until he had heard what Beverly Randolph, Timothy Pickering, and Benjamin Lincoln had accomplished on the shores of Lake Erie.

For those three men had been appointed United States Commissioners to meet the Indians and arrange for another treaty of peace by which, it was hoped, the Northwest Territory would be gained for the restless Americans waiting to occupy it.

The United States—Pickering, Lincoln, and Randolph informed the Indians—had sent their settlers to stay and the Ohio River could never be considered as a boundary line. The sachems, they suggested, had better go back to their people and bring another answer, for which the commissioners would wait.

Meanwhile Wayne was moving his army down toward Fort Washington. Shipping from Legionville in April, his long train of flatboats floated down the Ohio, which was at high flood. . . .

On May eighth Wayne's barge, the *Federal,* turned slowly in over the high water toward Fort Washington, where on high ground one mile down the shore they landed. Below where they disembarked a sallow backwash hid the tree-tops of the bottomland. It was Hobson's choice—nowhere else to go.

The army, now more than a thousand trained men, pitched their camp. General Wayne stayed on his barge, the *Federal.* He was gloomy and felt afflicted. At last he had had word of Waynesborough—the letter came from Billy Atlee, Margaretta's husband, who lived at Chester. Breaking the red wax on the flap he read a few scrawled lines which told him that Polly, after an illness of about ten days, was suddenly dead. And the General's old mother, the letter from Billy went on to say, might follow after her. Everybody for whom he cared was going away from him. Greene was dead. Margaretta was married. Polly was dead. His mother dying. And he was out in the wilderness with a swollen river behind him, a wide marsh in front of him and the village of Cincinnati, filled with whiskey and caitiff wretches to smuggle it to the army, to his right.

At last the General was on the move. In the morning of September eleventh a message arrived from Henry Knox, who wrote:

"Every effort has been made to obtain peace by milder terms than by the sword; the efforts have failed under circumstances which leave nothing for us to expect but war." And then the obese but jovial old gentleman whose roaring voice had helped so well to lose the battle of Germantown continued, "Let it therefore be again, and for the last time, impressed deeply upon your mind, that as little as possible is to be hazarded, that your force is fully adequate to the object you purpose to effect, and that a defeat at the present time, and under the present circumstances, would be pernicious in the highest degree to the interests of our country."

. . . . . .

THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBER

The months of waiting and incessant training would soon be over now. Attacking Fort Recovery, the Indians had made an unmistakable sign: they were for war. And General Wayne was a little relieved that they had shown themselves so palpably. For the weather was fine and Charles Scott was on his way

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to Greenville with nearly a thousand well-mounted Kentucky militia.

Through that hot, still month of July General Wayne sat in his house which faced the grand parade. Sometimes two dusty riders who dressed like Indians would dismount at the General's gate and go up the walk unchallenged by the sentry. They were Captain William Wells and Lieutenant Robert McClellan, the leading scouts, and once they came to tell him of the British fort at the foot of the Maumee Rapids.

Thinking of the British fort, the General grew indignant. They were, in their policy, a set of liars, deceiving the tribes about the Northwest, which they claimed not to have ceded, promising to help them drive the Americans out of all the country which had not been settled previous to 1783. Let them try it. If they used their arms to impede the Legion's progress they would be shot down, whether another war came of it or not. But if they remained passively behind their guns it might be wise to let them off with a few insults of an especially provoking kind. For their power in the Ohio country, once the rascally Indians had been completely defeated, would be gone.

Charles Scott and his militia rode into Fort Greenville on July twenty-sixth and two mornings later the gun from the east bastion roared the signal for the line of march to begin at once. Equipped with bread, beef, whiskey, and ammunition, the four sub-legions and the mounted Kentuckians began their journey into the upper Indian country.

The day was hot and breathless.

Plodding steadily through the morning and the full heat of the day, the columns passed Fort Recovery at noon and encamped a little beyond it. Wells and McClellan, who had gone out with the scouts, returned that afternoon. They had discovered tracks on the right flank, from which it was apparent that Indian runners from the Maumee had learned of the army's advance and that henceforth spies would be creeping through the meadows and forests, reporting every movement of the Americans to Blue Jacket, Little Turtle and the other chieftains near the British fort.

To keep his army impenetrable against a surprise attack, to build roads, bridges, and cut down miles of trees, to plan his route so that there would be suitable water supply for each encampment, to hold the troops and provisions close together, those were difficulties that would have to be considered every day of the long journey until Wayne had turned back again toward Fort Greenville.

The long, slow march continued. On August second a deputy quartermaster named Newman disappeared; whether it was desertion or whether he was captured, Newman vanished and all that was found of him were the tracks of four horses near the camp, eight pairs of hoof marks which showed to the observant scouts that four riders had come close to the Americans, wheeled quickly and bolted. Newman, it was likely, would be taken directly to the Maumee, where he would either willingly or through force tell the warriors of the direction of the army and inform them of the number and equipment of the men.

The absence of Newman brought to mind an annoying fact, one that Wayne had tried most of his life not to admit. It was that people were not to be trusted.

From the time of Newman's disappearance until August sixth there were no discernible tracks of Indians along

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the line of march, but on the morning of the seventh the head of the Legion crossed over the footmarks of twenty Indians and at the end of that day's journey a scout reported that the army was within six miles of one of the Auglaize villages.

That an Indian town was only six miles distant made the Kentucky militia exuberant. But General Wayne had no intention of throwing his whole command upon a few half-deserted tents. When he met the enemy he would meet them in a mass if possible.

General Wilkinson, as usual, felt snubbed. And Lieutenant Clark observed sourly that perhaps it was not Wayne's "wish to Embrace so probable a means for ending the War by compelling them to peace."

Another march of twelve miles with a nine-mile journey following brought the army on August eighth to the confluence of the Maumee and Auglaize Rivers.

Meanwhile a fort had to be built and the Indians brought to battle and defeated. For the site of the fort there was no better place than the point opposite where Wayne stood.

It was while his latest stronghold was being built that General Wayne made his final offer of peace to the warriors. Only a few weeks earlier they had shown themselves bent on combat by assaulting Fort Recovery, but if they now were of a different mind he would give them a chance to prove it. On the afternoon of August thirteenth he wrote a letter to the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots and Miamis in which he suggested that they appoint deputies to meet him anywhere between their camp and his own so that a new and final treaty might be undertaken. Warning them that they were being deceived by the British, who had neither the ability nor the desire to protect them, he urged: "No longer shut your eyes to your true interest and happiness, nor your ears to this last overture of peace. But, in pity to your innocent women and children, come and prevent the further effusion of blood. Let them experience the kindness and friendship of the United States of America and the invaluable blessings of peace and tranquillity." Then, calling for Christopher Miller, one of his scouts who had been adopted by the Shawanese but who had left them, he sent him forward under a flag that afternoon.

Two days passed. Christopher Miller did not return. On the third morning assembly beat and the main body of the Legion with Scott's mounted volunteers went forward along the north bank of the river. Nineteen miles from his fort, the army was joined by Miller, who arrived with the answer to his offer of peace. Let the white captain, the warriors had replied, wait ten days before coming farther. Then the Indians would inform him whether they were for peace or war. But if he came toward them earlier then they would surely give him battle.

Ten days! Ten days for gathering more warriors from the north and east! General Wayne answered by advancing on the seventeenth to the head of the Maumee Rapids. During that day and the next his scouts rode into two small skirmishes with the enemy spies and the night of August eighteenth found the Legion encamped ten miles from the Indians, who were at the foot of the Rapids near the British fort.

Under Blue Jacket the warriors had taken position near the river-bank in the midst of a forest which had been partly uprooted by a cyclone some time past. There the great trees lay heavily on

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splintered limbs, their roots reaching out like coiling tentacles. They sprawled in all directions, in piles or levelled almost with the ground, where they had sheared their branches in the violent fall. No paths led through this jagged entanglement; there was no way for a horse or for a platoon of men in formation to break through. Behind this impassable fence of timber the Indians had lain throughout the morning of the eighteenth, expecting to see American uniforms and bayonets moving through the trees in front of them. They had had no food since the night before.

August eighteenth and nineteenth were used in Wayne's camp to make an earthwork which would secure his baggage and offer protection in case of a retreat. For he was going into action stripped of all unnecessary equipment. And when evening of the nineteenth came the Legion and the volunteers were aligned to listen to general orders which informed them that they would march in combat formation at daybreak. Attack at daybreak! Old General Wayne had said it! Gravely or boisterously, but all exultantly, they heard the words which some of them had been expecting for a full two years.

Hot and murmurous, the night went slowly by with men waiting anxiously for the dawn. So much depended on the morning. More than the lives of those that lay there, more than the decision which had been over two years in preparation. From this one day's meeting hung the fate of the whole Northwest. Defeat of the Legion, as Henry Knox had often written, would mean the complete despair of the country; it would confuse and embarrass John Jay, the American envoy then in England negotiating for a new treaty in which the rights of America were to be respected. It would hamper him from insisting upon one of his main points, which was that the trading posts along the Great Lakes, the fort at Detroit, this fort at the foot of the Maumee Rapids and the others be turned over to the United States in accordance with the treaty of 1783 which Britain had thus far ignored. For if the advisers of the Crown found that the aborigines, aided by redcoat soldiers, could hold the Northwest by force they would never relinquish it by treaty.

All that hung taut on the thread of the morning's encounter. And more than that, the waiting settlers in Pennsylvania, New England, the eastern seaboard, looking toward unspoiled lands made safe from the tomahawk, might be held back interminably. The country had bitterly protested against the enormous expense and failures of the earlier campaigns; and if this last one was to be like the others it was probable that the public would refuse to support another.

The night ended. The atmosphere between the trees was a floating wall of gray. General Wayne was one of the first to awake, for the pain in his leg was intolerable. Rousing an orderly, he had the limb bandaged in flannel clear up to the thigh. Even as he dressed the drums were beating the assembly and the mist from the river was rising before the sun.

By seven o'clock the day was bright and the men were standing in attack formation, stripped down to little more than cartridge box and bayoneted musket. Their linen shirts were open at the throat and they carried no packs or blankets. Of these, all but the canteens had been piled up behind the earthworks, which made a dark ridge around the encampment and which Captain Zebulon Pike was detailed to guard.

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Near by in a clearing Captain Robert MisCampbell was wheeling the Legion cavalry into formation. Down in front of him stretched a long cornfield in the bottomland between the river and the fallen timber. Through Major Mills General Wayne gave the order to march, stood by his own horse lifting his foot to the stirrup. An agony of pain shot through it and the tears started dribbling from his eyes. Two servants hurried over, took hold of his arms and boosted him up. He winced as he swung his leg over the horse's back, but soon he was squarely in the saddle.

The Legion was first to move. Sharp-eyed men tightly gripped their trailing muskets and stepped with hesitant eagerness forward, down in a line to form with their flank resting on the right bank of the Maumee. On the left Brigadier-General Todd, who had come with Charles Scott from Kentucky, was moving a brigade of mounted volunteers, with the rest of the Kentuckians under General Barbee to support him closely.

As the Legion began to march Major Price was sent ahead with a cavalry detachment as the front guard. He was to take the first skirmish with the enemy and thus give time for the infantry to deploy for action and march into the attack in battle formation.

Thus in two main columns, the Legion on the right by the river-bank and the Kentucky militia veering through the wood to the left, each led by parties of horsemen, the army went forward. General Wayne held his reins slack for a while, his three aides, Henry De Butts, William Henry Harrison and Thomas Lewis, waiting beside him. One of them went down to Captain MisCampbell with orders that he was to keep closely in support, ready for a charge where the fire was heaviest if there could be found an opening for his cavalry.

General Wayne would not know whether the Indians were formed to meet him until he heard the sound of heavy firing, but from what his scouts had told him he believed they lay between his men and the British fort.

Through the trees to the right the steam was lifting from the river, floating lazily, diaphanously, sometimes sparkling from the penetrating rays of the rising run. The General and his aides, the column of the Legion to the right, the volunteers to the left, MisCampbell in close support and Scott and Wilkinson with their men in rear, moved on. They journeyed three miles, four miles, five without the stillness being interrupted. The General sat in his saddle, his shoulders stiff and his jaws like a vise to check the feeling of pain in his swollen left leg.

Now it was about ten o'clock. Up ahead Major Price with the volunteer cavalry in front of the Legion infantry was moving through high grass toward another strip of wood. His leading horsemen riding in among the trees saw a square of bright sky ahead of them, as if they were about to enter another clearing. They spurred forward, but when they broke through the shade they stopped abruptly, for the clearing was only halfway down and the ground was littered with timber that made an impregnable breastwork against cavalry. As they paused the cluttered wood in front of them seemed to tremble and give out bright jets of fire. There was a roar that stunned the horses and a shout that blenched the men. Then painted faces wildly grimacing showed above the logs. Major Price's volunteers wheeled, stampeding back upon the Legion infantry.

But the Legion was deploying, their

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arms carried at the trail, and General Wayne, at the first outburst of musketry, was riding forward, unmindful of everything but that he was in battle again. In front of him Price's mounted militia were approaching in their retreat, dashing through the front guard of regulars under Captain Cook, and Lieutenant Steele. But back of the front guard Captain Howell Lewis of the Light Infantry was falling his company back and reforming them, checking the disordered volunteers. General Wayne halted. His pain had disappeared and it was difficult to remember that the place of the Commander-in-Chief should be one of safety. His own sword and pistols were as good as any.

It was then that Lieutenant Harrison looked at General Wayne apprehensively. "General Wayne, I'm afraid you'll get into the fight yourself, and forget to give the necessary field orders."

Wayne scarcely turned his head. "Perhaps I may. And if I do, recollect the standing order of the day is, charge the damned rascals with the bayonets." He sat wondering how soon Scott would be able to get around. The men were going forward, that much was certain; and he still had MisCampbell's cavalry ready to plunge through when the opening came.

The crackling, splintering sound of musketry grew more ragged and came almost entirely from the centre and right. Scott and his Kentuckians could not be getting up. General Wayne rode on. To the right appeared a clearing and down below a wide stretch of cornfield that edged the river-bank. He sent an order for MisCampbell to drive into the enemy left flank and turn it. The Indians would run from the Legion cavalry fast enough.

Meanwhile the middle and right of the Legion infantry were following commands; hot-tempered officers prone to duels were rousing the Indians from the timber with their espontoons and the men were firing into the enemy's backs as they fled. Before the Indians could reload the Legion troops had charged, driving two miles in less than an hour. And though Scott had not yet come up, the battle was moving violently on the extreme right. Given a long sweep of cornfield in which to act, Captain MisCampbell galloped ahead with the Legion horse. Cut down and killed at the first line, his place was quickly taken by Lieutenant Leonard Covington, under whose sword two Indians fell while the cavalry broke on through the second and third lines of defense and came within sight of the British fort on the prairie below.

As the Legion cavalry swung around by the river-bank toward the wood the infantry were already stumbling from among the trees and appearing on the slope which was sprinkled with Indians sprinting toward the British fort. General Wayne rode up and sat watching the fleeing enemy. Now, he thought, was the time for the English commandant to prove how thoroughly he intended to support the savages. Through the wood in which the Legion had attacked Wayne had seen a number of white men, armed with muskets belonging to the Crown, lying dead. Others had been taken prisoner. That the Indians had white auxiliaries was undoubted. But that the British would now give the natives shelter from a victorious army which stood in plain sight was a matter for General Wayne to speculate on belligerently.

The British commander's position was unenviable. If he opened the gates to the savages General Wayne would at-

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tack him. If he kept the gates closed it would break the confidence of some hundreds of braves in the Great White Father across the sea. But losing faith with the Indians was preferable to the responsibility of starting another open war with America. The braves who had gathered at the gates were prodded away by a sentry's bayonet and forced to run farther for safety. Past Alexander McKee's trading post and the few log cabins around it they went down to the river and across to the forest on the other side of the rapids.

As the Indians disappeared Wayne marched forward with the Legion and halted on the slope within gunshot of the British garrison. Less than two hours had passed since Major Price's advance guard of horsemen had been shocked by the Indian front-line fire. The four surgeons of the Legion were busy with a hundred wounded soldiers. Captain Prior of the First sub-Legion, Captain Slough and Lieutenant Campbell Smith of the Fourth and Van Rensselaer of the Dragoons were among them. MisCampbell and Lieutenant Fowles were among the thirty Legion dead. It had been, Wayne knew, a successful day, but whether the Indians were broken or not would remain for time to show. If they had gone into the British fort, or had looked for cover under its walls, he would have driven them off even though it had been necessary to storm the surrounding trench and picket. He stared resentfully at the British flag, drifting lazily a few hundred yards away.

Through that night and the following day the Legion remained encamped on the slope at the foot of the Rapids. No Indians were to be seen. In the afternoon the gates of the fort were opened and a man was observed carrying a white flag toward the General's headquarters. He came to Wayne with the respects of Major William Campbell of the Twenty-fourth British regiment, commanding Fort Miami.

Major Campbell, the note made it clear, was indignant. He wanted to know why it was that an army of the United States of America, said to be under the command of Major-General Wayne, should for the last twenty-four hours have taken post within reach of the guns of a fort belonging to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain. He knew of no war existing between the two countries, he said, and he would like to be informed in what light he was to view this action of General Wayne's.

What damned dissembling and caitiff insolence, thought the General and he got out his quill pen. If Major William Campbell, he said, were entitled to any answer as to the present position of the American army, which was far within the military jurisdiction of the United States, he had had the most full and satisfactory one announced to him yesterday from the muzzles of General Wayne's muskets! And had the action of August twentieth continued until the Indians and the rest were driven under the influence of the post and guns commanded by Major William Campbell they would not have much impeded the progress of the victorious army under General Wayne's authority.

The flag was returned with a lively answer and General Wayne continued to occupy the ground within half a mile of Fort Miami. Irritated by Major Campbell's note, against whom his orders would not permit him to make the first direct move, his annoyance was increased because his contest with the Indians might not be finished. If they still felt themselves unbeaten the fort had

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power to give them aid. Even now the warriors might be gathering somewhere in the surrounding wilderness.

But if he couldn't destroy the fort he could at least humiliate the garrison and keep it inside its protecting walls. And the day after his reply to Major Campbell he advanced with a detachment of Legion infantry, not halting until he was near enough to see the black rings of the cannon thrust through the port holes in the logs. Then he began a leisurely inspection of the position. Some of the men had been ordered to carry torches; marching down to Alexander McKee's trading post, they kindled a blaze beneath it and drew away while the smoke rolled out of the door and the flames hungrily licked the sides and the puncheon roof. More torches were lighted and borne through air to cornfields and outhouses adjacent to the fort. One shot from any of the two hundred Canadian militia would amply repay his exertions in riding around the fort, for then he would have cause immediately to attack.

But Major Campbell refused the goading invitation. When one of his officers pleaded permission to answer the insult he was shortly rebuked with, "Be a gentleman! be a gentleman!"

General Wayne, demanding possession of the fort, which was refused, continued another day burning the crops and buildings within range of Major Campbell's guns. Giving a military funeral to the dead and loading the wounded into the supply wagons, he began his march back toward Fort Defiance.

Desolation was left by the army on its return. The fields of corn which had stood so straight and green on either side of the river were now burned and trampled down. All of the huts and traders' cabins along the line of march were destroyed.

Toward the rear of the moving column the wounded groaned as the wagons jolted over the uneven roads. General Wayne, who might have been happy for his victory, was not delighted. Success was there, but had not unquestionably revealed itself to his eyes. For he could find no proof that the Indians were not preparing to fight again. That they had dispersed, leaving a couple of hundred dead and wounded among the fallen timber—he knew no more than that; and so his constant vigilance was continued.

Three weeks longer the Legion remained at Fort Defiance. In that time the walls were strengthened to withstand a bombardment and the fields burned of all provisions except enough to supply the garrison. They were in an excellent position, controlling the centre of the Indian country and there was a long string of forts behind them. But there remained the seat of the Miami tribe still unoccupied. It was Ke-kiong-gay, several days' march to the west by southwest of Fort Defiance at the confluence of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Rivers. It had often been attacked, but had never been held. Wayne knew that to bring the Indians to a final treaty their country must first be fortified and possessed. And leaving yet another strong garrison behind him, he began the march toward Ke-kiong-gay early on September fourteenth, leaving Fort Miami and the hidden Indians still lying in his rear.

When the fort was built all would have been done that could be done. The graying, testy, vigilant General had offered amity and had fought a battle, had routed the confederated tribes, had sharply insulted the British colors and

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had established a wedge of strongholds that split the Indian country midway between the Mississippi River and the Allegheny Mountains. Yet on the day he arrived with the Legion and the grumbling militia at Ke-kiong-gay four deserters from Major Campbell's garrison joined him with word that the tribes were gathering again, sixteen hundred warriors and their families encamped eight miles below the Maumee Rapids.

Whether those braves were for war or peace still puzzled the General. They had gone into council, he was informed a few days later by other runaways; then in the red and ochre prairie where the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's met he began building his last fort. Started late in September, the walls were still being raised when Wayne learned that Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe had come hurrying from Fort Niagara to the tribal gathering on the Maumee, where he urged the warriors to accept no terms of peace that failed to grant them the Ohio as their southern boundary. The Canadian, moreover, had promised them that he had ordered Major Campbell to fire upon the Americans if ever they dared to reappear; and, he counselled them, meanwhile they should ask for an armistice until the following spring at which time his Majesty, the Great White Father across the waters, would send his soldiers against the Fifteen Fires and thrust the brazen interlopers off the Indians' favorite hunting ground forever. And Captain Brant, who had accompanied Simcoe with one hundred and fifty of his fellow Mohawks, added that it would be well for the warriors during the winter to delude General Wayne with disingenuous offers of peace and thus be enabled to strike him with surprise when spring came.

General Wayne continued building his fort. Hampered by the individualistic Kentucky militia who felt that if there were any trees to be cut and logs to be shaped it would be of better advantage to cut and shape them on the other side of the Ohio, the work went on slowly, yet despite frequent insubordination the stronghold was made defensible by October twenty-first and on the next morning Colonel John Francis Hamtramck, who looked like a frog on horseback, his soldiers said, with six companies of infantry and two light batteries paraded to rolling drums through the gates and then, after firing a salute of fifteen rounds, took possession as the commandant and named the place Fort Wayne.

That was the General's answer to whatever the British and Indians might do—Fort Wayne on the ground of the ancient Miami capital, Fort Defiance in the heart of the confederated tribes, Fort Recovery on the scene of St. Clair's defeat and Fort Greenville within supporting distance of them all. And if Brant or any other warrior believed he could be lulled from constant vigilance . . . they were welcome before the walls of Greenville whenever they had the temerity to present themselves.

Anthony Wayne at last was riding eastward, toward the Middle Ferry over the Schuylkill. It was February fifth of 1796 and the General was near the end of his long, cold journey from Fort Greenville, where he had left the Legion under Brigadier James Wilkinson. Coming out of the wilderness at Pittsburgh days before, he was now on familiar ground, riding beside snugly fenced-in fields and stone houses already growing old. What a long time it had been since he had last seen Philadelphia! Three

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years and a half. More than that. Four years, it would be, the following June. In those days half the great men of the country had been anxious because of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Henry Knox, Governor Lee of Virginia—there were more that had than hadn't been. They had feared the expense of a disastrous campaign, had been afraid he would lead the nation into another war with England. How many timorous letters he had received from Henry Knox; as Secretary of War Knox had written so many precautionary phrases that a man who read them might blush for him and the country too. But at that time the United States were profoundly opposed to war.

The sun was still high, almost hidden in the gray heavens, when Wayne rode into the last stretch of his journey. Only three or four miles now and he would be crossing the Middle Ferry into Philadelphia, where his old friends Sharp Delany and Dick Peters were expecting him. But then as he continued a little nearer to the town he saw a troop come riding toward him along the highway and as each drew nearer to the other he distinguished the flapping standard of the Philadelphia Light-Horse rising above the plumed caps of the volunteer dragoons. . . . Ah! Hmmm! So he was to be given the honor of an escort! No sneaking around the town this time as he had had to do when he came up from Charleston in the summer of eighty-three.

The neighborly smiles and friendly handclasps from the officers made him feel that he was close to home.

As the hoofs of the Philadelphia Light-Horse thudded briskly over familiar Market Street a sudden uproar crashed against the chill February sky. It was followed shortly by another, then a third, a fourth, a fifth. Three times five at measured intervals the town artillery massed in Centre Square boomed out a loud salute while the General was drawn into Philadelphia and among the hailing people.

There were men in the throng who called his name, men who had been with him at Ticonderoga twenty years before and remembered him as Dandy Wayne; men who had stood beside him on the banks of the Brandywine, the plains of Monmouth, who had followed him through Germantown, up Stony Point, men whom he had defended against Congress and men whom he had fought in mutiny—to them he was Mad Anthony. But all that had been ended nearly fifteen years before; since then a generation to whom the Revolution was only a childish memory had come to manhood and their bonneted wives beside them had given them youngsters of their own. And to these he was simply the Old Hero or, less pleasantly, the Old Gentleman, which was what William Clark had called him during the summer of ninety-four. Though just past fifty-one, it made the returning General seem ancient as antiquity to be still in the saddle after all those changing years.

In the long room of the City Tavern the servants hurried with goblets of wine that night and the polished tables, which had reflected the buttons worn by the first Continental Congress, by scarlet-coated British officers, then finally by free Americans, were enclosed by stiff-backed personages who, however doubtful in the past of General Wayne's erratic ways, were now assured that a more trustworthy man never carried arms for the United States. There were toasts, handclasps and reminiscences.

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A week later he was still being honored by public dinners. This time it was by Morrell's Federalists, the Volunteer Greens, who chose Weed's Tavern at Grey's Ferry and invited General Morgan to be among the guests. . . .

But through the days of entertainment and troubled talk of politics Wayne must have looked sometimes toward the luxuriant vista of mellow days that should have lain before him at Waynesborough. He had not seen the solid old stone house since Polly died. It would perhaps be melancholy without her, but Isaac and his wife, who had been plain Elizabeth Smith, were there and he was certain to find comfort. And it was still his home.

He rode out to Waynesborough in late February. Friendly and familiar, the old house stood close by the roadside, with the broad fields rolling away among the low hills. When he arrived the ground was dark and barren-looking, but soon green sprouts would be pushing up through the snow-spotted soil and he could imagine himself, when the pasture land, the oats and wheat, had grown again, riding slowly over ditch and fence as a gentleman farmer. That would be a pleasant life and a comfortable one, an end he had had in mind for fifteen years.

No more politics, he thought; no more panicky months in search of money that couldn't be had; no more wrestling through untracked swamps and forests. He had seen enough of the country, had marched with fighting men over most of the two thousand miles that lay beside the wide St. Lawrence and the hot sands of Florida, had crossed from the seaboard into the heart of the western wilderness. Now he would have the days of tranquillity that he had hoped for. How he would ride when his leg was free of pain! Not yet fifty-two, there was still time for that amused little smile to come back again and curl the corners of his wide mouth. No more army either; that presumptuous jackass of a Wilkinson could have the Legion if he could get the appointment.

Yet even during those first few weeks at Waynesborough he was not without some uneasiness. That treaty effected by John Jay more than a year before was still an unsettled document. General Washington had had it since early in March in ninety-five, had found it acceptable and hoped the Senate would approve it so that he could give it ratification. And on June twenty-fifth the Senate had made its passage possible.

But since Wayne had returned to Philadelphia Congress had become a lively menace to the treaty. They would not accept from England, they said, they would demand. President Washington, the House of Representatives asserted, had no right to conclude a treaty without their sanction and they showed their strength by refusing to pass the laws by which it must be carried into effect. There was a preliminary brush with the President, from which he came out more resolute than before; agitation became general and it began to look as if the majority of the people approved the treaty after all.

It was this protracted contention that stole away the peacefulness of those spring days at Waynesborough. For, so long as the provisions for carrying out the treaty were obstructed by Congress the British would retain possession of the frontier forts; so long as the British flag and his Majesty's garrisons continued at Michilimackinac, Detroit, Fort Miami and the other posts along the Great Lakes there would be Indians whom Englishmen could persuade to

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raise the tomahawk again throughout the Northwest Territory. Those forts, Wayne knew, would have to be surrendered before peace in the Ohio country was assured.

Finally, on the thirtieth of April the resolution to make the treaty immediately active was voted on by Congress, the minority became the majority by a margin of three out of ninety-one and before the troublesome House had adjourned its session, which ended on June first, Anthony Wayne had been ordered to take over those border-line strongholds whose position had been a constant threat to the new country ever since its independence was declared.

Whether or not Wayne was pleased to be leaving Easttown again, he would be glad to see an American flag spreading out from the staffs above the walls and bastions of the citadel at Detroit and the fort on the Maumee. It was an honor to be going and the sight was worth another year in the wilderness. And, once the business was over, he could be reasonably sure that there was nothing more to endanger the permanent success of the treaty for which he had worked so long.

It was June and he was going west again, with only four months' leisure out of four tedious years. But this time it would not be long; and the worst Wayne had to look forward to was the journey. For the menace of the wilderness had ceased to exist. At Pittsburgh, where he was joined on his barge, the *Federal,* by Winthrop Sargeant who was to establish civil authority in the new land, the stories of horror which the Legion recruits had heard were already of the past.

At Fort Washington the General left the *Federal* and rode over the old trail northward to Greenville. Before he arrived he heard from Wilkinson, who offered him the use of his quarters while he remained at the fort.

Greenville itself had already outlived its value, and would soon be no more than a group of vacant huts surrounded by a stockade. Leaving it with a garrison of about a hundred men, Wayne continued northward, moving with leisure but not in comfort, for his leg was swollen again. Early in August the cannon at Fort Defiance boomed a salute to his party and on the seventh of the month he was sitting on a flatboat which floated down the Maumee toward Fort Miami where Lieutenant-Colonel Hamtramck had already placed an American flag.

Meanwhile Governor St. Clair had established by proclamation a new county in the Northwest Territory. It was named for the campaigning General and its extent included the land which would encompass most of northern Ohio, the north strip of Indiana, the corner of Illinois where Chicago stands, the eastern side of Wisconsin and all of the state of Michigan. But widely as the county stretched there remained one northern fort outside its boundaries. It was Presque Isle, an old place, brush covered and tumbledown, which had been built by the French, occupied by the British and now in possession of a few Americans,—Presque Isle under Lieutenant Russell Bissell of the Legion, on the south shore of Lake Erie just inside the Pennsylvania line.

Floating down the Maumee, the General's party went ashore at the head of the rapids and rode horseback down to Fort Miami where they remained while the Legion carpenters built a keelboat in which they were to journey down the bay and across the lake to Detroit.

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By August eleventh the keelboat, named *The Adventure,* was ready and three days later General Wayne was at Detroit where Colonel Hamtramck had placed yet another American flag and garrison. It had gone smoothly, this exchange of the long-disputed posts. The British rode politely out; the Americans rode politely in. There was no more war, no more necessity for blustering. The English were not bad people, not so long as they kept their soldiers out of the United States. Having never fought in hatred, Wayne's warlike temper ended when the battle ended and now from Detroit he could look across the river to the British posts on the Canadian side without rancor.

Through the summer and autumn Wayne continued at Detroit, putting the new garrisons in shape to be left under their separate commanders. . . .

Then unexpectedly came strange news that had to do with that caitiff and coxcomb Wilkinson. The damned rascal had had the brazenness to make charges to James McHenry, the new Secretary of War, against Wayne's character and military conduct! Bad weather or not, game leg or well, the General began to look ardently for a boat that would take him down the Detroit river and southeasterly across Lake Erie whence he could continue his journey on horseback or by carriage to Philadelphia.

He had surmised Wilkinson's capacity for trouble-making all along, had guessed his disgruntled whisperings from the way young William Clark had behaved during the march to the Fallen Timber. Wilkinson had always possessed a covert smirk.

Toward the middle of November the chafing General had the sloop *Detroit* made ready for him. He was, he gave out officially, determined to take post at Pittsburgh because the waterways to Detroit would soon be closed. But his friends at the post knew better. Wilkinson, they felt, wanted General Wayne got out of the way so that he might take a freer stride toward military advancement. He was, moreover, a rascal. That the General had not been vigilant, or fair, or honorable—or whatever charges Wilkinson might make would be "unfounded and malicious."

Leaving Hamtramck in command of the garrison, General Wayne on the sloop *Detroit* made headway down the river. The citizens of the post were sorry to see him go; coming down to the dock, they had presented him with a testimonial of their regard. And there was another given him at parting, a quaint, perhaps unique memorial which signified fondness and respect for the General and was simply signed "The American Army."

The sloop *Detroit* turned to the south and east across the gray-blue of Lake Erie's sharply ruffled surface.

By nightfall the importance of answering Wilkinson's spurious charges had gone from the General's mind and he was in a torment of jagged pains and burning inflammation. Lying out before him, the leg seemed to be swelling to the size of a monstrous log, to be possessed by a spirit whose malignance no amount of white flannel windings could appease. Through the long night he lay with moist eyes and his jaws gripped tightly together, feeling torture at each heave of the sloop.

By morning the *Detroit* had sighted the wide bay in front of Presque Isle and as the day brightened the old fortress could be seen surmounting the high banks flaming with red ivy and gold and ruddy underbrush. Toward noon the *Detroit* anchored in the quiet water

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and Henry De Butts helped carry the General over the side to a rowboat in which he was taken to the beach, then slowly up the forty-foot rise to the entrance between the gray, pentagonal walls. Lieutenant Bissell and the apprehensive soldiers of the little garrison came hurriedly out to meet him. A salute was fired and a bed hastily arranged in the main blockhouse.

How slowly the days passed at lonely Presque Isle! The sloop *Detroit* had sailed away, its receding stern the last Wayne saw of any moving object beyond the fort. Presque Isle's interior had a gloomy magnificence fit for a man to die in.

For General Wayne November crawled by with incessant torture. Thus far the inflammation had not gone beyond his useless leg, but no amount of bleeding had been able to reduce the pain; likely it was to be the last attack. . . . But he had stood too often under the Black Vulture's wing to be dismayed. If only something would ease this torment, anything; it made him want to yell, but that he would not do.

The first two weeks of December passed. Outside the blockhouse in which he lay there was snow, crisp leaves from the second growth of chestnut-trees that surrounded the cutover land about the fort, whirling winds in which trunks and branches creaked and ground. Around the General's bed Henry De Butts and Lieutenant Bissell of Connecticut stood quietly and looked uneasily at the tortured face and protesting eyes. That leg bulged up beneath the blankets monstrously. Such suffering, they knew, couldn't continue much longer; nature would refuse to bear it. The gout flamed under every inch of flannel in which his body was wrapped from the tip of his foot to his chest.

Through the night of December fourteenth Wayne lay under the incessant torment, his mind clear but unable to think of anything but pain and death, for with the agony mounting to his stomach he no longer expected to live. He had hoped for many more years; only fifty-two he would be, if he kept on till January. His grandfather, the first Anthony, had gone on well into his seventies. So had his father and his mother. But he had no desire to keep on until January; not like this. He could think neither of past joys nor regrets. His life with Polly, the glory of Monmouth and Stony Point, his maddening experiences with the Georgia plantation, that election to Congress which began in good faith and ended close to humiliation, his victory at the Fallen Timber and his greater triumph at Greenville—those things were all of equal indifference to him now. Even if he had known of the years to come, that many of his forts would grow into cities, that there would be Wayne counties, Wayne townships, Waynesvilles and Waynesburgs throughout America, that a century later youths of the country he had won from the Indians and British would feel strong with valor at evocation of his name—even had he fully known the achievements that had been his, they would have been as nothing then, for his suffering was great and more than he could withstand. Nevertheless there was one thought that came into his death-conscious mind: sometime before ten minutes past two of the morning of that cold December fifteenth the General separated his twisted lips to say, "Bury me at the foot of the flagstaff, boys"—which doubtless was as close to home as if he had died at Waynesborough.

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Last Words

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

The breezes of returning Spring
Blow kindlier than before:
The robins hop, the sparrows sing
More sweetly than of yore.
For O, the gliding seasons swim
And bear me on their rippling brim
To my not-distant shore.

I'll no more strive to be a man:
Cold world, bad world, Adieu!
I've done you all the good I can
Or ever mean to do.
In fact—I say it in your ear—
It was a grand mistake, I fear,
To try to better you.

The more I probed, the more I found
The Evil's deeper source.
I digged:—the truth was underground;
Star-gazed:—'twas cosmic force.
And as the baffling years slipped by
The streams of hope were running dry
In their meandering course.

True, in the flashing of a spade,—
The twinkling of a star,—
A light from heaven would pierce the shade
And show things as they are.
But still I felt the world was sick;
For no one else would wield my pick
Or read my calendar.

Ah truth! whatever truth may be,
'Tis neither yours nor mine.
'Twill shine through taciturnity,
Through broken speech 'twill shine.
Then wherefore sweat to have one's say?—
To save what cannot pass away,
Or rescue the divine?

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A Helping Hand

BY BURGES JOHNSON

MICHAEL stood on the top step of the broad stairway, one hand on hip, the other grasping a rapier's hilt. His lips were set in a grim line, according to instructions, and he felt like a fool. He crouched a little, facing down the stair, touching shoulders on either side with two fellow guardsmen in leathern coats and visored steel caps who held their own blades poised. He knew that behind the three of them stood their master, the Lord Chamberlain, blocking the doorway of the throne-room, with a slit-eyed smile on his crafty face, clad in a court uniform of clashing colors, like an artist's nightmare. Michael felt that he was part of a silly inartistic picture, but what right had he to complain? As an artist he had been counted out.

It was a long tableau; as long as it took the glittering Captain of the Guard to mount the stair step by step into rapier's reach, while the Princess mounted beside him, with her little fingers resting on his arm. A long tableau—and Michael's thoughts wandered oddly, through racing chapters of fancy. The scene before him had faded, and in its place was clean canvas; his rapier was a brush and swept down in sure strokes. He would paint birches, as he always longed to paint them; streaks of silver white, all aslant, flashing through the green of the forest. The face of the Princess obtruded. He would paint that, if he but could! Pouting lips, dainty pink of the cheeks, blue eyes wide with wonder and excitement.

If he but could! But there beside it was the smug fat face of the Captain. His dream faded; but the brush in his hand was again a rapier, and below him was the broad stair. Michael watched the steady approach of the two with sullen eyes, for he hated that Captain of the Guard and all his absurd panoply. For two nights this man had crossed swords with him—clash, parry, clash, parry—and had smilingly slain him; and then with equal nonchalance had engaged his two companion guardsmen, wounding one to the death and forcing the other over the low balustrade to fall crashing down to the footlights. Then jauntily he had led the Princess up over blood and bodies into the throne-room and her kingdom, while the false Lord Chamberlain gave way with sibilant curses.

Obviously there was nothing personal in the Captain's behavior toward him, there on the stair; just one minor item in the night's work. But to Michael that very impersonality made it doubly bitter. The man might at least trouble to look at him as they crossed swords. "A ham actor," thought Michael, and the contemptuous indifference of such a one increased his own self-contempt. "I've faced better men than you," his mind muttered; and he tried to picture that jaunty figure clad in dirty khaki, grasping a bayoneted rifle instead of a tin sword, with a flat trench-helmet shading the dainty mustache and smug smile: the incongruous picture sickened him.

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The Princess, too, ignored him no less, but she roused his fancy in quite different fashion. He had never been nearer to her than in this scene on the stair; but the wide-eyed naïveté of her excitement over the combat, the dimples that deepened in her porcelain-pink cheeks as her lips shaped into a smile, stirred his artist's heart. Why could not those blue eyes and that slow smile traffic with him for even a second? But over his silly prone figure, no more than a bit of stage property to her, she stepped daintily, her hand on the Captain's arm.

Michael sullenly nursed his resentment over their attitude, as he resented that of all the world which he had until so lately hoped to claim as his. Lying there dead on the top stair his eyes were half open toward that blur of white beyond the footlights which was an audience. But what he really saw was not a stipple of ill-defined faces, but rather himself; a cheap corpse in a cheap show, a nameless "supe," a down-and-outer, dead to the world on a property staircase. There was plenty of time for brooding while the real actors, such as they were, went on with the play. He must be dead until the curtain fell.

This was Wednesday afternoon—and no longer ago than last Saturday a curtain had fallen on the last act of his dream. Hope had been the theme of it; hope that took him to the city and the art school after his honorable discharge from the army; then the miserable reaction. Hope gone with the end of his money, his materials, his studio-bedroom; pride gone with a week's job in a dirty restaurant, and Saturday night's discharge even from that. An artist? He was no artist. He was down and out; his place was on a park bench.

He thought of Sunday with actually no food; then of how a cynical fate had led him past the open lobby of this cheap South End theatre where the manager of a stock company was lettering on a board the coming week's announcement. One could see in passing that he was no letterer, and that he was red-faced with the realization of it. Michael, in hungry desperation, had offered his services for a quarter, and had found sudden employment as a "supe" for all the week at fifty cents a night, payable nightly.

As his mind pictured these past days in the dull colors of self-pity, the curtain before him fell to the tune of feeble applause. Michael rose from the stair, shook himself to be rid of the cramps, and glumly made his way back-stage, exit left. One foot was asleep; a finger ached where he had bruised it in falling. In the wings, while he discarded his helmet and jerkin, Mr. Grimes, lately Captain of the Guard, brushed by him impatiently and without even a nod of recognition. Michael stared after him, glowering. It was a weak sort of glower, in a face that was freckled and still boyish. Then he hung his helmet and coat on a peg and stood the high imitation-leather boots below them. He had no dressing-place other than the wings or the general "props" room, and needed none, for he had not troubled to doff his street clothes, and he wore no make-up under the visored tin head-piece.

As he made his way toward the outer door, the manager, clad in the gaudy robes of the old King, stopped him. "Here's four bits," he said. "Come back to-night but not to-morrow. This show's a dud. We'll put on 'The Vampire' and won't need you."

Curtain again—to an epilogue after the play! Michael slumped out and sat

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down on a box in the alley. He rested his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, and stared at the dirty cobbles through wet eyes. To be fired by such a man from such a job seemed like rubbing his face in the mud after he was down. An artist? He winced at the memory of that dead ambition; at the whole chain of attendant memories —summers of hard labor to earn the money for art school, winters of sacrifice to save it; dreams of achievement. Adding final emphasis to his conviction of his own worthlessness, he saw the Princess come from the stage door. Though she must pass by him in the dusk, the glance she threw him did not linger, but went beyond him as if he were not there; and, though her face was half hidden, he knew that there was for him no deepening of dimples, or red lips slowly curving into a smile.

Supperless and apathetic he entered the stage door again. He did not know how much time had passed; others had preceded him by many minutes. Perhaps he was late for his act. Who cared? As he slowly donned his helmet Mr. Grimes, again a haughty Captain of the Guard, elbowed by him in the narrow space back-stage, and this time did not ignore him. "Hustle, you bum!" he said. It was a high, thin, offending voice, and an alcoholic aroma went with it.

Michael stood at the top of the broad stair, his heart pounding with resentment, though he was dazed with weariness and hunger. One hand was on his hip, the other grasped a rapier's hilt. He crouched a little, facing down.

Clash once, parry once. Wide blue eyes gazed toward him and on through him to the throne-room beyond. Clash again, parry again! A bum, was he? A failure he might be, but a bum he was not, and no drunken floor-walker in a tin suit should call him so. Michael straightened himself, lifted one foot to the level of that glittering padded chest, thrust out his leg and bowled the Captain down the stair, so that he rolled to the very footlights.

"Curtain!" bawled the King from the wings Right. Michael, walking stiffly erect in a new dignity, and still in an angry daze, made his way down the stair and back-stage, his helmet already off. People seemed to be coming at him from several directions. The Princess's face was suddenly staring close into his. She had never before been so near, and he saw that her blue eyes were pale and watery, the rouge was coarsely thick on her lips, and the dimples badly pencilled. "What'd ya do it fer, ya dirty mut? Ya mighta kilt 'im, an' he me own sister's son." He turned away in a new and disgusted disillusionment, just in time to avoid the heavy tin rapier hurled at him by the Captain of the Guard, who followed it with blasphemy.

Into this scene Royalty thrust itself, clad in untidy robes. "Cut it!" said the King. "Do you hear that noise in front? We ain't had such a hand in two seasons. I'll keep this show on for two weeks. Mr. Grimes, pad your shoulders and stick to that back flop at the foot of the stairs. It was prettily done. Mrs. Earle goes on up, just as she did, only this Mr. What's-his-name gives her a gallant arm. He's turned traitor, d'y' see, to the Lord Chamberlain. Clear out, now, or we'll hold the curtain. Wait! By Heaven, what's this? Grimes, you fool, you've lammed your sword through the King's portrait on the throne-room drop. Ye gods! It's in the final—the whole face of him's gone! Here! you Props! Hustle me a patch

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and some paint, and hold that curtain!"

Michael eyed the huddled group with indifference. Then his glance passed to the torn canvas, and brightened. Hunger and anger were forgotten. "Bring me the paint, Props!" he said sharply. "Grimes, move that spotlight here to my left. I'll fix that portrait. I am an artist."

"Brander"

[February 21, 1852—March 31, 1929.]

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

When strangers addressed him deferentially as Professor or as Doctor Matthews, he used to answer, with a twinkle in his eye, "Not below One Hundred and Sixteenth Street!" Even on the campus of Columbia, he preferred the simpler epithet of Mister. He was a writer who wanted to teach; and his sense of humor told him that that was something very different from being a teacher who wanted to write. Furthermore, he knew that even in the University, among the many hundreds of his colleagues and the many thousands of his students, past and current, nobody ever spoke of him behind his back by any other name than "Brander," the same informal title by which, for nearly half a century, he had been addressed familiarly in the leading literary clubs of London and New York; and in this knowledge he was pleased. A name which he had labored to make a literary label had become already, in his later years, a legend.

He had been christened James Brander Matthews, for Brander had been his mother's maiden name and James had been the first name of both of his grandfathers; but, upon adopting the profession of letters, he had deliberately dropped the James. His purpose was to force reviewers of his books to refer to him by a distinctive label and not to dismiss him under the unnoticeable name of J. B. Matthews. In his later years, he frequently expressed a keen annoyance at the assiduity of excessively punctilious librarians and bibliographers who insisted on listing his books as the works of J. Brander Matthews. "A writer's name is his trade-mark," he used to say, "and every author has an inalienable right to choose the final form of his own signature." But, in this connection, I remember now that, shortly after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Brander said of Woodrow Wilson, "I think the time has come to call him Thomas once again. I wonder if his pious father named him after the apostle who could not be convinced."

Thirty or forty years ago, the leading men of letters in this country gave a din-

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ıer to Brander Matthews on one of his ›irthdays. I believe that William Dean Howells was in the chair; but the main ›peech of the evening was delivered by Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens chose to be ocose at the expense of what he called he horrendous matronymic of the guest ›f honor. With his slow, drawling, deep-voiced utterance, he droned out the ıame of Bra-a-a-nder until it sounded ıke a mediæval curse. Then he said, in losing, "Our guest has worked a mira-le. He has taken a name fit only to ›wear with, and has made of it a name o conjure with!"

The currency of the name of Brander ›n the tongues of men is a testimony not ›o much to his literary eminence as to he immense affection in which he was ıeld by innumerable people, high and ow. He was almost the last of that great ›roup of men of letters which, on both ıdes of the Atlantic, made the latter ıalf of the nineteenth century illustrious n the annals of our English literature; ınd he had known intimately nearly all he greater authors of his time. It is ›carcely an exaggeration to state that Brander had met everybody who, since 1870, had risen to real achievement in ıny of the arts, in the United States, in England, or in France; and he was so eadily and easily companionable that ıobody could ever meet him more than ›nce without cherishing a fondness for him ever afterward. Humanly, he en-ıiched himself by feasting on the friend-ship of many men who were greater than himself; and then in turn he pass-ed on the richness of this friendship to the students and apprentice-authors of a younger generation. The humblest un-dergraduate who called upon him for advice could always grasp a hand which had shaken hands with Matthew Arnold and James Russell Lowell.

He used to say of his own life that, like all Gaul, it was divided into three parts. He was brought up with one in-tention. Then, in his middle years, the intention was changed and he became an author. Still later, the intention was changed again and he became an edu-cator.

Standing before the impressive por-trait of his father by the great Bonnat, Brander used to point out that it bore a curious resemblance to the portraits that were painted by Titian of the merchant princes of Venice and of Genoa; and then he would explain that the reason for this fact was that his father had also been a merchant prince. At the period of the Civil War, Edward Matthews was rated as the second richest man in New York City,—his fortune being exceed-ed, at that time, only by that of the Astor family. Brander had two young-er sisters, but he was an only son, and he was carefully brought up to practise the responsible and arduous profession of a multimillionaire. In his childhood and his teens, he was thrown naturally into contact with the scions of all our other leading families; and he was taken repeatedly abroad and introduced, at a very early age, to the most prominent people in the capitals of Europe. Before travel by railway had become custom-ary, Edward Matthews used to tour mag-nificently through the European coun-tries in his private coach, with changes of horses arranged elaborately in ad-vance; and the boyish Brander would perch himself upon the driver's seat and call out orders to the uniformed postil-lions.

Yet, in the aftermath of the Civil War, and particularly in the panic of 1873, the huge fortune of Edward Mat-thews melted away to nearly nothing; and Brander, who had been brought up

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to be a multimillionaire, inherited only his share of the much more modest fortune of his mother.

Nevertheless, he remained throughout his life—according to ordinary standards—well-to-do. He could practise the profession of a man of letters without ever being required to earn his living by his authorship; and, in his later years, he could lecture at Columbia without being dependent for his living on his salary as a professor. To young people who were ambitious to become professional authors, he always used to say that literature was a good staff but a poor crutch. In his own case, he was able to flourish his profession of authorship as a sort of cane,—an ornamental instrument of elegance which was not required seriously for support.

In his later years, he was frank in saying to his friends that he was very glad that he had not inherited the gigantic fortune which he had been trained up to administer. The responsibility would have taken up too much of his attention and would have impeded his activities in fields which were to him of greater interest. On the other hand, he never developed a sentimental cult of poverty and did not believe that starving in a garret was an essential element in the apprenticeship of a potential author.

In the second phase of Brander's life, from the age of twenty-five or thereabouts to the age of forty, he established his reputation as a professional man of letters. Despite his stanch and almost militant Americanism, he was almost equally active on both sides of the Atlantic and soon became as well known in London as a regular contributor to British periodicals as he became in New York as a standard contributor to American magazines. Also, much of his writing had to do with France; and he became very early an interpreter of French literature to the current reading public of Great Britain and the United States. For his services to France—and especially in recognition of his biography of Molière—he was made, first a *Chevalier,* and later an *Officier,* of the *Légion d'Honneur.*

Before he was forty, Brander had established himself as an essayist, a critic of both literature and the drama, a maker of short-stories, a novelist, a practitioner of *vers de société,* and a playwright. In none of these various and versatile activities did he attain the highest rank, but in each of them he showed sufficient prowess to be accepted as a colleague by the foremost writers of his period.

In his library, a special shelf was reserved for books that had been dedicated to him; and, at the time of his death, this collection had been extended to more than thirty volumes. Among the authors who had paid him the high tribute of a dedication were H. C. Bunner, Andrew Lang, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Austin Dobson, Laurence Hutton, Harry Thurston Peck, Bronson Howard, Thomas R. Lounsbury, William Archer, Henry Arthur Jones, and W. C. Brownell.

Only the passage of the years will determine finally the merits of his many books; but all of Brander's friends have always known that the proper measure of the man was to be found not so much in his writing as in his conversation. For nearly half a century, he had been famous as one of the most delightful talkers in the world.

The fundamental basis of Brander's eminence in this regard was his amazing memory. At the slightest cue, he could recall any "good thing" that had been said in his presence by any of the great

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people of the last half century. He never forgot a funny story, a witty anecdote, a pointed turn of phrase; and his ears were ever open for the acquisition of any new "good thing" that might be said in his presence. His receptive sense of humor was even keener than his quick activity as a creative humorist; and he was just as nimble-witted in defense as he was clever in attack.

It was he himself who, many years ago, created at his own expense a phrase which promptly became celebrated in the journalism of the time,—to the effect that "Brander Matthews wore the most unfortunate whiskers in New York." And he had a gift for stimulating wit in others. Some years ago, he called up Oliver Herford to say good-by before sailing to Europe on the *Celtic*. But he pronounced the name of the ship as if it had been spelled with a K. 'Don't call it *Keltic*," retorted Herford over the telephone, "or you will have a hard sea all the way over."

At the early age of twenty-one, Brander Matthews married an English actress—Miss Ada Smith of London. He was the most devoted husband I have ever known. For half a century, these married people were never separated for a single day. The final illness of Mrs. Matthews was long and lingering. For several years, Brander never left the house, except to deliver his lectures at Columbia. When Mrs. Matthews died, her funeral was held upon a Thursday morning; and I spent that evening with Brander. Shortly before I left, he said to me, "I will lunch with you on Monday." That was the only comment which he had ever made upon the subject of the long years of his faithful service to an invalided wife.

Brander, at that time, had not set foot in the club-house of The Players for an entire decade. But he had been one of the founders of the club in 1888. I gathered together a group of his old friends, headed by John Drew and Otis Skinner, and we gave him an apparently casual but emphatically hospitable welcome. At three o'clock, he said to me, "I shall lunch at The Players every Monday from now on, until I can't go out to luncheon any more." At the same period, he re-assumed a weekly habit of lunching at the Century. In this later stage of Brander's life, the elderly doorman at The Players used to whisper to incoming members the magic phrase, "Mr. Matthews is here to-day." And then each visitor to the home of Edwin Booth would sling aside his hat and coat and seek the crowd. An eager group would be gathered about an elderly and bearded gentleman who tottered on his feet but who, as everybody used to say, was all right from the waist up; and every ear was strained to hear him say, "Have you heard this?" or "John Hay once told me . . ." or "T. R. used to say . . ."

He was one of the most clubbable of men. In New York, he was one of the founders of The Players, of the Authors Club, of The Kinsmen, and of the Nineteenth Century Club. He was one of the organizers of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and one of the earliest members of the Academy. In Chicago, he was a charter-member of The Cliff-Dwellers. In London, he was a member of the Savile Club and of the Athenæum. To this latter institution, he had been proposed in 1883 by no less a personage than Matthew Arnold; but, because of the great length of the waiting list, he was not elected until eighteen years later. When I congratulated him on his admission to the Athenæum, he said, "It isn't any fun. It's only the nearest ap-

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proach, for living people, to being buried in Westminster Abbey."

I have referred to Brander's genius in the gentle art of friendship. That is a common phrase, which is frequently applied to men but lately dead. But, in his case, the special element of *thoughtfulness* was developed to an unusual degree. He was more thoughtful of his friends than any other man whom I have ever known. Nearly every day, he posted at least a score of letters to people that he cared about. These letters were always as succinct as telegrams; he never employed an unnecessary word. He would say, "See August *Scribner's*," and the recipient would know that the latest issue of that magazine must contain some article of special interest to him. In 1922, when I was far away in Honolulu, Sir Sidney Colvin published a book of his collected memories. Recalling my personal association with S. C., Brander made a special trip down-town and bought the book and mailed it to me in the island of Oahu. And the point to be regarded is that, at all times, he remained equally thoughtful of half a hundred of his other friends.

In 1892, Brander Matthews was called to a professorship at Columbia, because of his established reputation as a man of letters. He was, at that time, forty years of age; and the conditions of his entrance into academic life were unprecedented and unique. He had had no previous experience in teaching and no special preparation for a scholarly career; but, for almost the first time in our academic history, a professional writer was invited to lecture on the art of writing. Before he undertook to teach young people how to write short-stories, he had already established a reputation for having written them successfully. His lectures on the technic of the novel were rendered doubly interesting by the fact that he was himself a novelist. When he offered a course in versification, his students knew that he had proved his own ability to practise what he preached. And, above all, he elucidated the great art of the drama from the point of view of a professional playwright,—two of whose pieces, "On Probation," and "A Gold Mine," had been acted for hundreds of nights to crowded houses by stars of such importance as William H. Crane and Nat C. Goodwin. Until the eighteen-nineties, writing in our colleges had been taught mainly by professors of rhetoric who did not know how to write, and the arts had been expounded academically by teachers who had failed as artists. The general aspect of the period had been summed up in that celebrated epigram of Bernard Shaw's, "He who can, does: he who cannot, teaches." Nowadays, of course, the situation in our colleges is considerably altered for the better; but that is owing mainly to the example and the influence of Brander Matthews as a pioneer.

Brander was a very practical person; and he accepted old age and the approach of death without any sentimental dodgings or evasions. As long ago as 1917, he prepared a careful bibliography of all his writings to that date and sent it to me with a note which was characteristic in its pointed brevity. "This will come in handy," he said, "when you have to write my obituary." Three years ago, when summer came, nearly all of Brander's closest friends were scattered in Europe or absent in the country, and the only friend who was able to see him regularly was Frank Sprague, the eminent electrical inventor. Under date of June 14, 1926, Brander sent to Mr. Sprague a letter of detailed instructions to be carried out in the event of his

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death. It was merely what might be called a business communication, covering his desires in regard to his funeral and burial. But this letter was terminated with a statement which was characteristic of Brander at his best:—"And that's all for the present. But I shall have to thank you in advance!"

Ever since the eighteen-eighties, Brander had been an intimate friend of Rudyard Kipling. According to his own account, he had early registered a vow in heaven never to miss the reading of a single line of prose or verse that was written by his friend. At the same time, because his few antipathies were cherished just as emphatically as his many friendlinesses, he had also registered a vow in heaven never to read any newspaper or magazine that was published by a certain rich man in America whose influence upon the public Brander regarded as reprehensible.

Not so many years ago, Mr. Kipling composed a new series of short-stories and, through an agent, sold them to the American publisher of whom Brander darkly disapproved. Thereafter, for several successive months, he would stop before the nearest news-stand to his house and see-saw between his two resolves. He wanted ardently to read these new stories by his friend, but he could not quite persuade himself to buy a magazine which bore the imprint of the publisher that he despised. Finally, he wrote to Mr. Kipling and told him of this difficult dilemma: whereupon his great friend solved the problem promptly by sending overseas to Brander a type-written copy of every story in the series.

It was half a dozen years ago, or thereabouts, that Brander was able to go to England for the last time. Although their intimacy had been maintained by an almost constant correspondence, he had not seen Rudyard Kipling for many years. Mr. Kipling asked him down to Burwash, and, in that quiet nook of Sussex, Brander passed several very happy days. At the conclusion of his visit, Mr. Kipling drove him to the adjacent railway station.

While they were waiting for the train, Brander said, without any hint of sentimentality, "I am over seventy. I don't expect to cross the ocean any more. In all human probability, this is the last time I shall ever see you. I suppose that, if I were a Frenchman, I should kiss you on both cheeks."

Rudyard Kipling looked up at Brander Matthews. "Anatole France *did*," he said. . . . And so they parted.

Painter

By Marion Canby

Perennial sheep upon a lawn
Stand sweetly in a frame;
But the poised deer, however still,
My brush can never tame.

Let him who brings the wild goose down
Do me a slighter task:
To wing the spirit of a deer
Is all I ask.

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Ojibwe's Magic Music

BY KENNETH M. ELLIS

I HAVE often wondered why the lover of the out-of-doors has not long since discovered Ojibwe. Zuni, Hopi, Navajo—all the pueblo Indians: Omaha and Sioux, Flathead and Blackfoot—nomads of the plains—these have had their moments of exaltation by painter, writer and poet. Of the woods Indian—nothing.

True—there is Hiawatha. Quite probably it will never be surpassed, and possibly never equalled as the English saga of Ojibwe's cosmogony.

But what of Ojibwe's own expression of his moods? What of his intimate, personal legends? What of the poetry with which he has preserved the glorified details of his daily routine?

Frances Densmore has done one of ethnology's outstanding feats in the preservation of the drum rhythms and scientifically recorded songs of this most glorious nation of Algonkian stock, whose decadence is one of the tragedies of American cultural history. But literalness, while it is of inestimable value, is necessarily a distortion. The Indian never actually sang what the printed page makes him to sing, simply because the printed page cannot carry the glint of memory in its eye while presenting the subject matter to the reader. The printed page cannot squint in the sunlight, or stand, rapt, in a shaft of moonlight, broken now and then by the swaying silhouette of a poplar which marks the grave of a murdered pine.

Ojibwe has emotion. He has, indeed, little else. For the white man has devastated his forest, harnessed his stream, razed his wigwam, suppressed his religion, banished his culture, seized his family, and all but pushed him living from off the earth. I am quite aware of the other side of the picture. He has given the Indian schools. What has he taught the Indian? Military tactics with which to defend the white man. Mathematics, so that the Indian may be able, I suppose, to reckon up the value of the timber which has been removed from his lands. What other use the Indian has for the subject, which he knew sufficiently for his needs without the school, I cannot imagine, since he is not accepted as a competitor of the white man in trade or industry. He also learns geography, of which he had not the slightest need, preferring to know every leaf and stick of a limited area intimately rather than to know merely the names of places he never could visit and in which he has no interest. I wonder whether it is not better after all to know well the place one lives in—to be aware of its teeming life, invisible to all but the naturally trained eye that sees the birds and insects, the ear that knows their song, and the foot that can find its way into the very heart of beauty—than to know so slightly the fact that France owns this or that strip across impenetrable seas?

But Ojibwe has accepted his fate with a courtesy of the finest sort, and has maintained his pride without rancor,

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though not, of course, in forgetfulness. He has kept alive the spark of his culture under conditions which would try the ingenuity of the sharpest minds. And from this spark, it is to be hoped, a belated realization of its beauty may inspire such fanning that at least a small flame of its former glory may sweep the remaining descendants of the westward driven forebears of the race.

Ojibwe is no vanishing American. He is, numerically, nearly as strong as when DuLuth first called him into a general council, or when Père Marquette first brought him the message of the crossed sticks before he found the Mississippi by Ojibwe's aid. He is a smiling, humorous, and companionable fellow—and he can be, and quite often is, a sober, thinking citizen. True, such white men as reside in his vicinity try their very best to keep him from being sober, for where shall the story of the Indian and the firewater go, if he be not fed the firewater? Agents themselves have been known to grow rather richer than salary allows, and not all of them are ministering angels, though, indeed, some actually are.

It is the more remarkable then, that Ojibwe should, in the United States, have been able to preserve as much of his culture as he has. In 1924, a strong effort was made by appreciative white men in Bayfield, Wis.—notably Mr. Henry Wachsmuth, who expended thousands of dollars from his own pocket upon the attempt; Mr. Chester Werden, of Ashland, who contributed with him; Representative Hubert Peavey of Washburn, and others—to revive seriously much of Ojibwe culture.

More than three hundred white residents of the Apostle Islands area, and nearly a thousand Ojibwe retold, in pageantry, the history of the Ojibwe nation. Some success was had, insofar as the serious purpose was concerned, but the subsequent commercialization of the effort, with all sight of the cultural revival forgotten, was naturally doomed to failure. Yet, in that effort, there were brought to light many dances which Ojibwe had nearly lost, many songs which he had not sung for half a century; many articles of Ojibwe dress made their first appearance in the memory of old braves, and Ojibwe at least, whether the white man understood or not, once more visioned, with some trust, a glorious renaissance for his people's arts and crafts.

Out of that "noble experiment" there were found Ojibwe who knew many of the purely poetic songs of the race, and from them it was endeavored to obtain the deeper element of the poetic feeling and implied thought in each of the songs unearthed.

To Miss Densmore's scientific research must be credited the "key" songs —they were the ones inquired about, "lived with," and "felt." And Ojibwe's viewpoint was seen entirely through the eyes of Chief Go-ge-we-osh, "Sailing-Home-Once-In-Awhile"—whose commitment to the vision of cultural renaissance was the chief factor which inspired his people in the episode of 1924.

The resultant attempt to preserve the Ojibwe songs, therefore, is to keep, insofar as possible, to the drum rhythms, to the simplicity of Ojibwe language by the use of simple words "full of meaning," and to give, in English, the implied *whole* of the song, which is impossible in a literal, or purely scientific translation.

The Ojibwe have hundreds of these songs—none of them thus far Englished by white poets. It is to be hoped that,

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in addition to these scattered grains of wild rice, either an Ojibwe familiar with English versification, or a white man so gifted, who can sympathetically absorb Ojibwe's viewpoint, will some day augment this slender wisp of *menomin* with a winnowed bushel of Ojibwe beauty.

Grains of Wild Rice

POEMS FROM THE OJIBWE

OJIBWE's concepts are deep. That is why they are simple. Probably that is why he sings them, reserving to speech his commonplaces. Wild rice is his staple. He sustains life on the few grains, augmented by such small game as the forest shares with him. Humanly, the woods Indian envies his plains brother. So he longs for his plains sister. This makes the drama of the Indian's life. I speak, of course, of the past. The white man's Indian never was. The Indian's Indian is no longer permitted. He lived beautifully, and beauty, as every one knows, is inherently uncommercial. These few grains of wild rice, among others, I gleaned from more than a year of association with Ojibwe at Bayfield, Wisconsin. Chief Sailing-Home-Once-In-Awhile loaned me his eyes and his viewpoint.

I

OJIBWE LAMENT

LOVE laughed, and left me—
So he shall learn
I, alone, patiently
Wait his return.

Here it was he left me—
Here hid his face,
Turned, and bereft me
Of his embrace.

Pale are the birches,
Paler am I;
My heart with hunger
Surely will die.

He said "forever"—
O, but that is long!
He would come back to me
Heard he my song.

Ojibwe

Anogi'yayai'kidopun
A'wundjic'igoke
Ningac'kendum
Ka'mikwe'nimagin'.

II

NEW LOVE

LOOK at me no longer,
Daughter of the Bear;
Other love is stronger,
My heart is otherwhere.

I have been in battle,
I have fought the Sioux—
There I met a maiden
Lovelier than you.

You are like a poplar,
She a prairie flower—
Her eyes ever hold me,
Yours but an hour.

I shall gather young men,
Fall upon the Sioux,
Pluck my prairie flower
Lovelier than you!

Kawin'
Su
Gin
Gibaba'menimisinon
Baka'nizi'
Beba'menimug'
Nin.

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III

SIOUX CAPTIVE

My heart with lead seems burdened,
The trees I do not love.
Their branches clutter up the sky
And bar the blue above.

They mock me while I sleep,
The tamarack and pine
They make the wind to weep
His captive tears with mine.

The breeze and I are twain
Ojibwe holds in fee,
And my kiss is bought with pain
That he may pity me.

Blue water and green woods
He loves—but I the plain,
And the unencumbered sky
I shall never see again.

Kata'tawu'
Waya'bamagin'
Nin'gaodji'ma
Keget'
Nin'jawe'nimig'.

IV

THE DEATH SONG OF
GO-GE-WE-OSH

This is not scent of balsam,
It is not cedar's breath,
That faintly fills my nostrils—
It is the smell of death.

The white sand where I stand
Shudders and turns red—
Soon shall my kinsmen weep,
Soon I shall be dead.

The smell of hydromel is sweet
But that of blood is dire—
Pau-guk has breathed upon my feet;
My life is his desire.

The odor of his hands
Is close about my face—
But so they closed on him I slew—
I go without disgrace.

Nima'jimandis
Nimi'jimandis
Ena'sumi'kiyan.

V

OLD SQUAW

Ai! Call yourself a man
My son—and well you may!
Now, scalp in belt and plume in hair—
Alas! But yesterday

You crept up to my knee
For a song about a star—
Now you are home again
With the bloody fruit of war!

The maidens' eyes grow bright,
Their bosoms rise and fall—
You smile on them. On me
You do not smile at all!

Ai! Call yourself a man:
I've had you while I may—
And your scalps I do not see,
But the stars of yesterday!

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THESE are the days when the "psychology of the child" receives grave attention from specialists; all I know of scientific psychology I learned from a five-dollar book called "The Human Intellect" by the Reverend Doctor Noah Porter, who is now in Heaven. I have forgotten everything I learned in this tome, which is perhaps not so bad as it might be, since the professor who taught us the book said that everything in it was wrong. He might have added in the words of Cleon,

> And I have written three books on the soul,
> Proving absurd all written hitherto,
> And bringing us to ignorance again.

The best text-books on the psychology of the child that I have seen are "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Brown's School-days," and "Penrod."

Every child, after having its tonsils, adenoids, and appendix removed, and its teeth straightened expensively, should be brought up with a dog, a cat, and a book. There are so many books to-day written exclusively for children that one gazes at them in bewilderment; fortunately one can hardly make a wrong choice, because the art of preparing this mental fodder has reached such a degree of perfection that almost any work of this kind is both palatable and digestible. A good plan is to enter any bookshop, look over the children's department, and make your own selections. However, as many of my readers may be far away from such displays, I will mention—I can hardly do more than that—some of the children's books that have recently appeared, and which seem to me especially good.

"Little Gold Nugget," by the accomplished writer, Frederic Taber Cooper; "Little Otis," by Cora B. Millay, verse as it ought to be, coming from such a name; "The Haunted Ship," by Kate Tucker, a juvenile novel; "Bob North by Canoe and Portage," a work of exploration written by a twelve-year-old boy, Robert Carver North, and with a foreword by an Indian, John Wesley; "Three Boy Scouts in Africa," containing the authentic adventures of boys with lions, as reported in their diaries; "Hiking and Tramping," by G. F. Morton, Headmaster of Leeds Modern School, giving a stirring account of mountain climbing carried on, with proper supervision, by boys; "The Boys' Life of Frémont," by Flora Warren Seymour, a biography of the picturesque Republican candidate for the presidency in 1856; "Prince Bantam, Being the Adventures of Yoshitsune the Brave," etc., set down and illustrated by May McNeer and Lynd Ward; "Silver and Gold," by Enid Blyton, a pleasant quarto of verses; "The Strange Search," from the French of Eugénie Foa, by Amena Pendleton, a good sea story; "The Boys' Life of John Burroughs," an admirable and valuable biography by the accomplished writer Dallas Lore Sharp; "Sparrow House," by N. J. Givaco-Grishina, with nineteen chapters

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and twenty pictures; "Sons of the Mounted Police," by T. Morris Longstreth, a stirring book for boys; "Hindu Fables for Little Children," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, with clever illustrations by Kurt Wiese; "101 Things for a Boy to Make," an exceedingly valuable and practical series of direction for young craftsmen; "All About Me," poems for a child by the eminent John Drinkwater; "The Trojan Boy," by Helen Coale Crew," an excellent tale of Homeric times; "Hobnails and Heather," by Clifton Lisle, which is the story of the first international "hike" ever made by American Boy Scouts; "Italian Peepshow," by Eleanor Farjeon, a series of Italian folk tales; "Castles in Spain," by Bertha Gunterman, a collection of Spanish legends; "Donald in Numberland," by Jean N. Peedie; and last, but not least, "Millions of Cats," by Wanda Ga'g, which speaks for itself. Needless to say, all of the above books are illustrated.

The prodigious popularity of detective stories gave an opportunity to Sir James Barrie at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner held on Shakespeare's birthday. The Prime Minister was present and Barrie is reported as saying:

> If Shakespeare had come to London nowadays he would have become a journalist. No signed articles for him. You know, I don't think he would have written plays. He would have turned them into 'novels—thrillers for which Mr. Baldwin and perhaps most of us admit a dark partiality. If "Hamlet" had been written in these days it would probably have been called "The Strange Affair at Elsinore."
>
> How hard on me it is to make a speech when I know the Prime Minister would far rather I told him a detective story.
>
> Hello! Hello! Hello! Yes, I'm here (said Barrie as a telephone bell rang and he used two wine-glasses as receiver and transmitter). Who are you? It's Scotland Yard. The Yard asks you as a favor, ladies and gentlemen, not to wipe your wine-glasses, as the waiters and plain clothes men are taking finger prints.

Accordingly I recommend the following thrillers: "The Patient in Room 18," by Eberhart; "The Living Dead Man," by Leroy Scott; "Murder at the Keyhole," by Walling; "Murder in the Fog," by Thorne; "Miasma," by Holding; "The Mayfair Murder," by Holt; "Swag," by Coe, which is not only an exciting detective story, but very cleverly maintains a supposedly boy's way of writing; a terrific hair-raiser by Masterman, called "The Green Toad," and "Murder by the Clock," by Rufus King.

After reading with profound admiration, respect and enjoyment two books by Harold Nicolson, one being the best book yet written on Tennyson and the other a charming series of sketches called "Some People," I confess to a feeling of disappointment in "The Development of English Biography," a small volume containing lectures. The attempt to cover the whole field in so brief a space could not have been wholly successful in any case; but what shall we say of an essayist who calls good old Tom Fuller "the most insufferable of all bores, the unctuous type, the self-deprecatory, the jocose," and again, "This tiresome old man"? Perhaps worse than this is his unsympathetic attitude toward Boswell. He admits that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is the greatest of all biographies, though even this admission he qualifies later by saying that perhaps first place belongs to Lockhart's Life of Scott; but while he naturally says many things of Boswell that are true and well said, his prejudice against Boswell leads him into the crowning absurdity of this sentence—"it could be contended even that Sir John Hawkins gives a more

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complete and convincing picture of Johnson than does Boswell himself." That is the kind of sentence that ought to torment its author about 2.45 A. M. He says and repeats that Boswell could not write entertainingly on any other subject than Johnson. As a commentary on such a statement, note what Trevelyan says in his "Early History of Charles James Fox," pp. 133, 134, alluding to Boswell's book on Corsica. "Boswell . . . had written what is still by far the best account of the island that has ever been published. . . . It is difficult to understand how Gray could have failed to recognize in the volume which delighted him the indications of that rare faculty (whose component elements the most distinguished critics have confessed themselves unable to analyze) which makes every composition of Boswell's readable."

Mr. Nicolson repeats several times and with emphasis that religious earnestness is fatal to the composition of good biographies. Of course it is, if the biographer employs every chapter to teach a moral lesson, or suppresses facts that do not square with his theories. But religious *scepticism* is at least equally damaging. Listen to Mr. Nicolson:

> Of all such emotions religious earnestness is the most fatal to pure biography. Not only does it carry with it all the vices of hagiography (the desire to prove a case, to depict an example—the sheer perversion, for such purposes, of fact), but it disinterests the biographer in his subject. A deep belief in a personal deity destroys all deep belief in the unconquerable personality of man.

G. K. Chesterton's biographies, of Dickens and of Browning, for example, must therefore be pronounced bad, although they are good. Mrs. Orr, who had no belief in a personal deity, tried in her "Life of Browning," to prove that Browning shared her views, or, in other words, she indulged in perversions of fact. Years ago I was invited to teach in a certain college, and was asked if I could keep my religion out of the classroom; on my telling this to President Dwight, he laughed, and said, "My own observation shows that college teachers who are religious never mention it in the classroom; the pupils never find it out; whereas those who are anti-religious impress their views on the students and talk about it constantly."

So far as I know, no complete or authoritative biography of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," has yet appeared; but I have greatly enjoyed reading a book published last year, called "Vingt Ans d'Intimité avec Edmond Rostand," by Paul Faure. The book admits one to the closest association with the great poet; it is as if we had lived with him, shared his pleasures and anxieties in building his great house, heard his opinions on literature and politics, and taken long walks with him in the country.

I do not think "Dark Hester" is one of Anne Sedgwick's best novels. I do not like it so well as "The Encounter," or "Adrienne Toner," or "The Little French Girl." But it is beautifully written, with great distinction, and the power of analysis is as remarkable as ever. Like Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife," the novel tells the story of a life-and-death struggle between a man's mother and his wife; here there is added poignancy arising from the fact that the mother is "mid-Victorian" in her morals and manners, while her daughter-in-law is very "advanced," unencumbered by religion or conventional morality. It is interesting to see two men

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fighting for a woman, but it is thrilling to see two women fighting for a man, for in the latter instance there are no rules. It is the skin game, "skin for skin," as was observed by Satan in *Job*. The ending of "Dark Hester"—I hasten to assure the reader she was not a negress—illustrates the triumph of love over hate. *Amor vincit omnia.*

If one wishes to realize the tremendous change that has come over American life, to realize what it was and what it is, one cannot do better than read "The Salt Box House," by Jane De Forest Shelton, and follow it up immediately by "And Then Came Ford," by Charles Merz. It seems almost incredible that both books deal with Americans at home; one feels as if one had visited not only another country, but another planet. Mrs. Shelton gives us a beautiful picture of life in the old days, when everybody had plenty of time, because there were no time-saving devices; and Mr. Merz, with remarkable skill, shows the startling *accelerando* of American life during the last twenty-five years. When the final historian has his final word, it will appear that one individual, Henry Ford, played a tremendously important part in transforming the conditions of human existence.

In reading "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife," translated by Alexander Werth, and "The Diary of Dostoevsky's Wife," translated by M. Pemberton, one wonders which of these two women should more be pitied. Women have always got hold of the wrong end of the stick; but what a terrible life these two partners of genius had! The difference perhaps is that Madame Tolstoi knew she was unhappy and Madame Dostoevski, though apparently much worse off, did not seem to realize it. When Mrs. Carlyle was old, she remarked that her one highest ambition as a girl was to be married to a man of genius; that Carlyle had succeeded beyond her wildest dreams; that she was the most miserable woman in the whole world. In youth one should take the greatest pains in deciding what it is one wants the most; because one is so likely to get it.

"The Pathway," by Henry Williamson, is an extremely well-written novel, with unusual though convincing men and women; the best parts of it are the descriptions of the English countryside in the varying seasons of the year. It is strictly "contemporary" in its point of view, as the story ends with the hero's death, which is quite the thing just now, the difference between modern novelists and Victorian novelists being that the writers of our time prefer death to marriage.

All students of the drama owe a heavy debt to Montrose J. Moses, who has made so many plays of historical importance available, and who has written so much on the history of the drama and theatre in Europe and in America. His latest performance consists of two tall volumes, "British Plays from the Restoration to 1820." He has, in addition to printing in complete form about twenty plays, supplied scholarly introductions and bibliographies, and the volumes are copiously illustrated. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Moses dedicated this important work to Henry Arthur Jones, and that the veteran dramatist was deeply gratified, as he always was by any tribute from America.

Along with this collection illustrating the history of the drama comes a new book by the admirable Burns Mantle, "American Playwrights of Today," containing biographical and other facts

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concerning Eugene O'Neill, Sidney Howard, George Kelly, Owen Davis, Philip Barry, Maxwell Anderson, George Kaufman, Channing Pollock, Rachel Crothers, and a great many others. This is a valuable work, and extremely useful.

Simultaneously with the appearance of a new poem by Robinson I call attention to a slender volume by Lucius Beebe, called "Aspects of the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson." This contains subtle and penetrating criticism, along with much valuable information and comment; and students of Robinson, of whom there are many, will welcome the careful Bibliography of the poet's works added by Bradley Fisk, with blank pages for the insertion of books yet to come. As this is an important work, let me call attention to the fact that it is privately printed, and can be had only on application to The Dunster House Bookshop, at Cambridge, Mass.

Thomas Sergeant Perry, of Boston, who died last year, was one of that rare class of men of great ability and profound scholarship, *without ambition*. His services to the Boston Public Library, extending over a period of fifty years, and given without recompense, were extremely valuable; and it is pleasant to note that a memorial in his honor, to which friends have contributed, is to be placed in the Library he loved. Furthermore, all his friends and many others will enjoy the brief biographical work called "Thomas Sergeant Perry," and written by his life-long friend, himself an expert in the art of biography, John T. Morse, Jr., whose "American Statesman Series" I devoured in my youth. It is good news also that the distinguished poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, who was an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Perry, and whose portrait was painted by the latter, is to edit Perry's Letters, with an Introduction that will not be forgotten by any one who reads it.

"The Good Estate of Poetry," by Professor C. B. Tinker, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Such a book was never more needed than now. Strangely enough, Mr. Tinker really thinks Shelley's poetry is more important than his elopement; that Byron's poetry is more important than any biographical scandals; and he says so with emphasis and wit. A very young man once asked me if I had ever studied biology, and on receiving a negative reply, he shook his head and told me that I could never understand the poetry of Shelley.

I rejoice to see that these two excellent books, "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," and "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals," have a magnificent successor in "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals," chosen and edited by Newton Arvin. Even if one had not read the masterpieces of our greatest novelist, his genius would be sufficiently clear in these notebooks.

Mr. F. O. Matthiessen has written an excellent critical biography of the beloved Sarah Orne Jewett, who refuses to stay dead. Her quiet but truthful sincere art has a vitality all its own. Mr. Matthiessen shows admirable taste and judgment in his account of her life and in his appraisal of her works. He quotes Willa Cather as saying she believes the three American books that stand the best chance to survive are "The Scarlet Letter," "Huckleberry Finn," and "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

In the year 1891, my mother was playing with the Ouija Board, when it suddenly announced that eventually I

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should become President of the University of Chicago. It seems on this one occasion to have been slightly inaccurate. But the news of the election of Robert Maynard Hutchins to this position came as a stunning surprise, because the new President is only thirty years of age. He has, however, already had a brilliant career; and I believe he will not only become a great college President, but that he will be one of the intellectual leaders of America. In addition to his main qualifications, brains, character, resolution, and energy, he has a physical advantage. He will be able to look down on both individuals and crowds, being six feet four. A college dean once told me he thanked God he was over six feet —he thought it gave him an advantage in dealing with students, faculty, and alumni. I may add that Mrs. Hutchins will make an ideal President's wife. She is a graduate of the Yale School of Fine Arts, is a sculptor of distinction, and has extraordinary tact and social charm.

Monsignor J. T. Slattery, of Troy, N. Y., whose admirable book on Dante I noticed in this column, writes me with reference to what is perhaps the most famous line in "The Divine Comedy,"

"And his will is our peace,"

pointing out that there are two readings for the line. Every one must decide for himself whether he gets more inspiration and comfort out of

"In his will is our peace"

or

"His will is our peace."

Here is what Monsignor Slattery writes:

Mr. Thomas Watson Duncan of Scotland, author of The Beauties of the Divine Comedy, calls my attention to several big errors in the testo critico della Societa Dantesca Italiana and he has persuaded me that the Oxford text *E* la sua voluntade é nostra pace is to be preferred to the text I quote: *E* 'n la sua voluntade *é* nostra pace. He writes: "In disputed texts or differing readings I like to ask myself 'What would Dante or his informant be most likely to say here?' I think Piccarda would say: 'And His Will is our peace,' because they have reached the goal. Their turbulent wills are no longer on the way to the ocean of peace when *'in* His will is our peace' might be looked forward to. When they reach their end they are not lost in Nirvana, but bound together as one will, not in but within 'dento alla divina voglia.' Here identity is preserved and union is attained, not absorption."

Some of my readers may remember that in the May number I printed a witty and brilliant ballade by Lucien Esty, joint author of the famous book "Ask Me Another." Mr. Esty's death, following a very brief illness, was a loss to scholarship and literature. He was an extremely able young man and gave every promise of the best kind of success.

Among some stanzas called "Shakespeare for Beginners" which appeared in London *Punch* for Feb. 27, I particularly liked these two:

There was a lugubrious Dane
Whose uncle's misdeeds gave him pain.
So he dressed like a rook,
And hobnobbed with a spook,
And drove his *fiancée* insane.

Said a merchant of Venice whose navy
Had gone to the locker of Davy,
"Though our contract entitles
The Jew to my vitals,
It's meat that I'm owing, not gravy."

To those incredulous persons who cannot see why Bernard Shaw and other men of letters should converse with Gene Tunney, let me inform them that there have been famous boxers in the past who have enjoyed good reading. In Tom Moore's Diary, page 51 (Priestly ed.),

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Jackson, the boxer, had called upon me in the morning, to know where that well-known line, "Men are but children of a larger growth," is to be found; said there was a bet depending on it, and he thought I would be most likely to tell. Not, he said, in Young's *Night Thoughts*. Promised to make out, if I could.

I am indebted for the above reference to my friend Arthur Goodhart, Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge.

FAERY QUEENE CLUB

Mrs. James R. Angell, wife of the President of Yale University, read every word of the F. Q. before she was twelve years old. The Reverend Edgar L. Pennington, of St. Andrew's Church, Jacksonville, Fla., is now beginning his third reading of the poem. Arthur M. Griffin, of Canaan, Conn., has finished the poem, and is enthusiastic.

THE FANO CLUB

"Salutations from Fano. After a visit to Perugia and a drive among the lovely hills of Tuscany and the high reaches of the snow caps of Etruria, it is most fitting to join the Immortals of the Fano Club."

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Doolittle,
Miss Frances Doolittle,
Miss Katherine Merrick,

All of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Case, of Hartford, Conn., nominates for the Ignoble Prize:

. . . the to me detestable phrase—"the First Lady of the Land." I don't know precisely when this phrase was born, but it seems to be firmly settled in our common speech, and in the newspapers. I think it is horrible. Presumably it is the lackadaisical lope of the alliteration which carries the special appeal of the phrase, but to me it is vulgar, silly, and fundamentally meaningless. If we must affix some label to the wife of the President of the United States, why not Mistress of the White House, or, if there simply has to be a dash of the sentimental, the Nation's Hostess. These are bad enough, but, I think, better than "The First Lady of the Land."

From Arthur Merton, of Pasadena, Calif.:

I suppose that Rufus Phelps, the literary Irish setter, if asked about his reaction to the Jim Fisk history would say I could find the answer in Ecclesiastes 9–4—A living dog is better than a dead lion.

From a California newspaper:

A crowded meeting of the California Cat Welfare Association took place last evening.

The death of Mike, the British Museum cat, in January, was celebrated in the following poem by the scholar F. C. W. Hiles:

He cared not in the very least
For human being, bird or beast;
He let the pigeons eat their fill,
Nor even one was known to kill;
But scared them if they strayed too nigh
By the sole terror of his eye.
To public, and officials too,
He showed the scorn which was their due.

He cared for none—save only two;
For these he purred, for these he played,
And let himself be stroked, and laid
Aside his antihuman grudge—
His owner—and Sir Ernest Budge!

Old Mike! Farewell! We all regret you,
Although you would not let us pet you;
Of cats, the wisest, oldest best cat,
This be your motto—Requiescat!

Captain Grow, from Lima, Peru, writes me an interesting letter about various animals; I am sure all my readers will be interested in the Achuni.

I have two *Papagayos* (birds) sometimes called *Macaws,* gorgeous animals of green and red, yellow and blue, with tails two feet long that sit up in the trees and squawk and sometimes talk in Spanish. I also have a parrot, two love-birds and four other birds which I do not know; three cats, one of whom is a pure Persian Angora, a honey-bear, known here as

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Achuni, and two dogs. I find them all delightful companions, especially the Achuni who is the most ridiculous clown you can ever imagine. He has no fear whatever of anything that walks. It is about the size of a cat and when it runs around the house it looks like an old lady carrying a basket. His most amusing trick is to take his tail up with his hands and carry it like something apart from him, and when he gets where he is going to, puts it down on the floor again very carefully. Also at times he drags it all over the place.

The telephone bell inspires him with an awful fear and he runs like mad when he hears it. He has a great sense of humor, and believe it or not, he would come upstairs in the evening when I am reading, take one look at me and sneak behind the chair and pull the base plug out of the lamp and run like mad, leaving me in total darkness. I know he does it on purpose because he does it every night. There is a tree outside of my bedroom sawed off close to my window and the Achuni frequently sleeps on the very end of this branch at night.

There is a common saying that such and such is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Well, many of the advertisements of new novels and other books would seem to be written to sell and circulate books that are both flesh and foul. I remember in the New York *Evening Post* there used to be a statement to advertisers, to the effect that advertisements must be unobjectionable in every respect. When I see some of the advertisements of new books that now appear in our leading newspapers, I fear they cannot be described except in language almost as bad as their own. The purpose of such advertisements is of course obvious.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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Some Leaders in Our Architectural Renaissance

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE died last summer, on one of his many European journeys, a man whose passing marked the closing of what I may call, in a very special sense, a personal chapter in the history of American architecture. This was William Rutherford Mead, who on June 20, 1928, went to join his old partners, Charles F. McKim and Stanford White. What a fellowship was theirs! The firm they founded still endures. The name of McKim, Mead and White is still proudly upheld by successors who are stanchly dedicated to the tradition it connotes. But the founders are to be remembered peculiarly for themselves. When I went to the meeting that was held in memory of Mead by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, it was by three arresting presences that my imagination was touched, invisible, yet to the inner eye extraordinarily vivid. I knew all those men, from my youth up, through many years, and often, when I read or hear talk of the unique architectural progress of America, my thoughts go gratefully back to them. "Let us now praise famous men." Is the admonition of Ecclesiasticus ever inapposite? To me it seems as if I could never too often renew my tribute of affection and admiration for the unforgetable three.

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They were all born well before the Civil War—Mead in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1846, McKim in Isabella Furnace, Pennsylvania, in 1847, and White in New York City, in 1853. I mention the war because it makes a kind of dividing line between the old régime and the new in American art. The reconstruction period ushered in our golden age in painting and sculpture, and architecture, too, was swept into the current of advancement. I must outline rapidly the preparation that the three had for taking a constructive part in our renaissance. McKim had a brief initiation into the craft under Russell Sturgis, went to Paris in 1867, and was at home again three years later. He then had some experience with H. H. Richardson, at work at the moment on the designs for Trinity Church, in Boston. Mead also, after McKim, was in the office of Sturgis, proceeded to Italy in 1871, and, without Ecole training, was nevertheless an assiduous student of his subject. In 1872 he and McKim came together and formed a partnership. White, meanwhile, had been hesitating as to whether he should become a painter or an architect. John La Farge once told me how the young man came to him for advice and how he had urged him to abandon the brush. White heeded him and in 1872 began work as a draftsman in Richardson's office, where—by predestination, as it seems to me—he struck up a friendship with McKim. Subsequently he, like Mead, had his period of free-lancing travel abroad. In 1880 he

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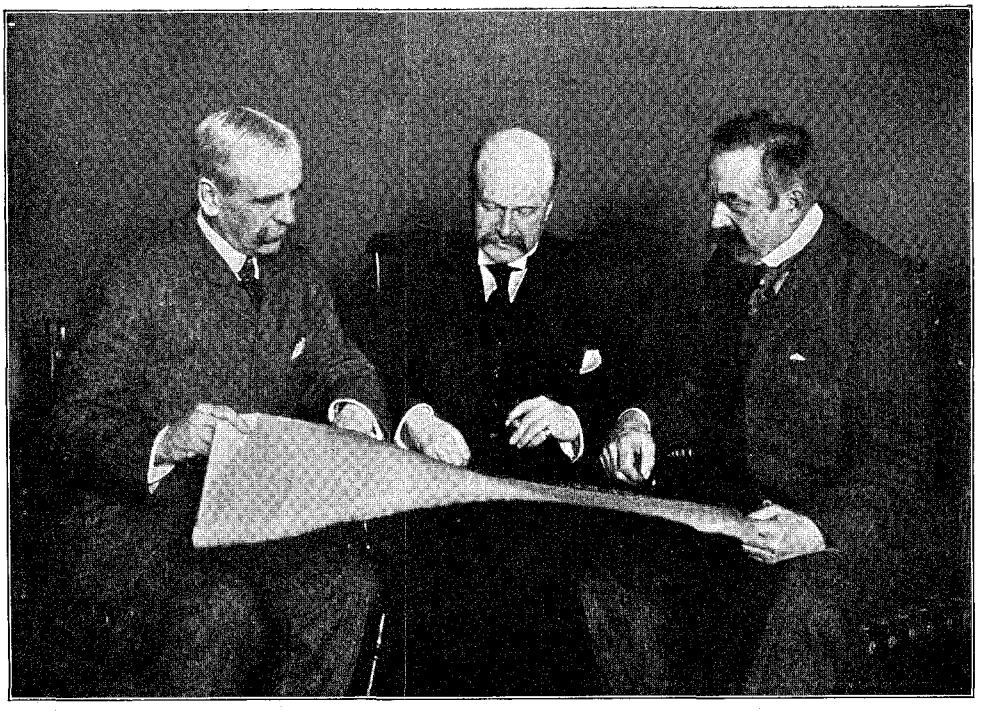
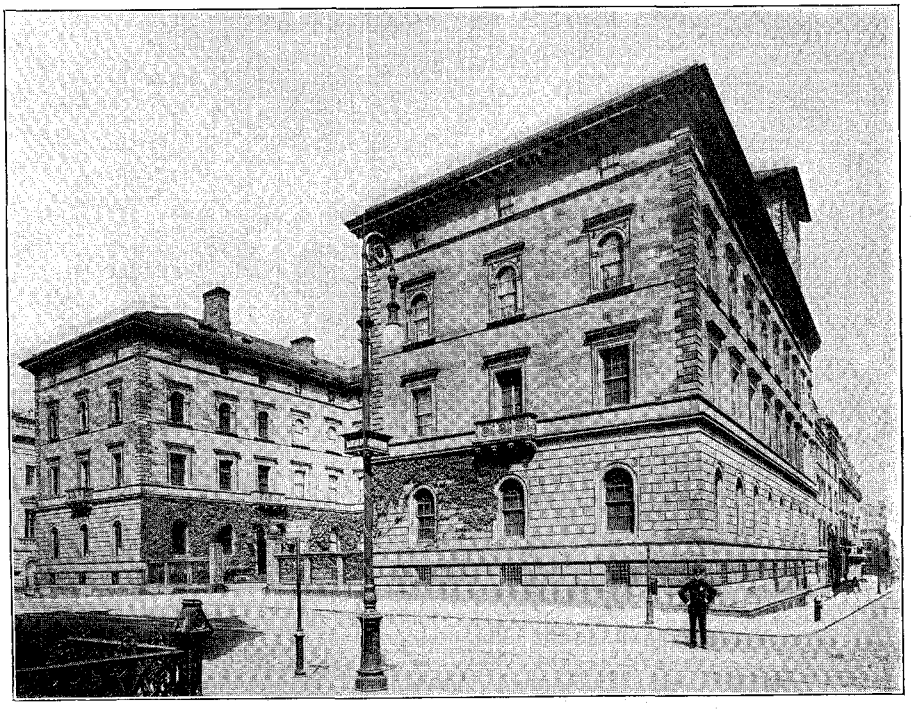


Reading from left to right: William Rutherford Mead, Charles Follen McKim, Stanford White.



The Whitelaw Reid and other residences.

Madison Avenue at Fifty-first Street, New York.

Illustrations from photographs.

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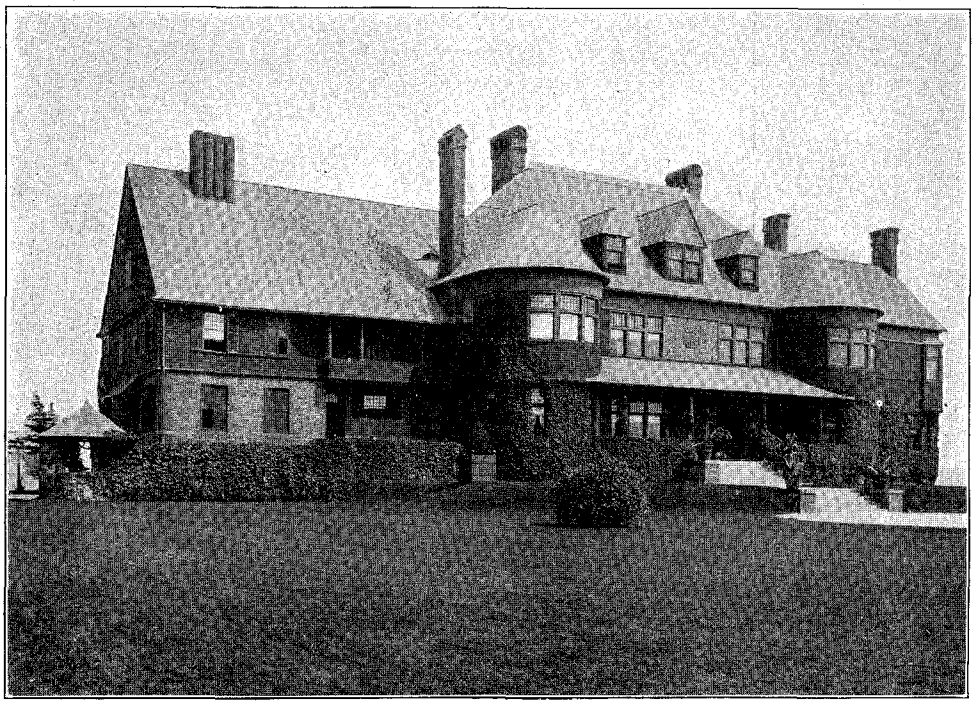
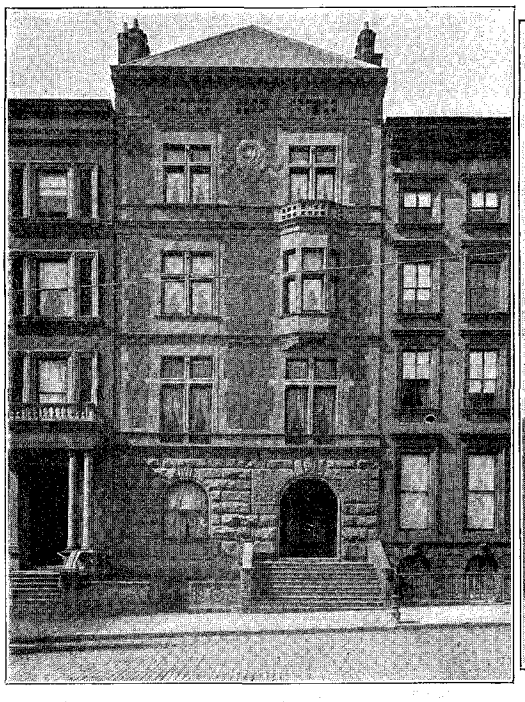
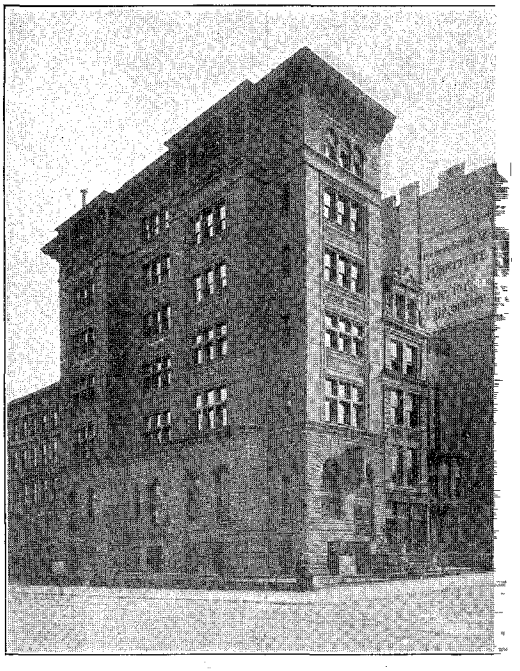


The Robert Goelet cottage at Newport.



The J. Coleman Drayton house.



The bank building formerly at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

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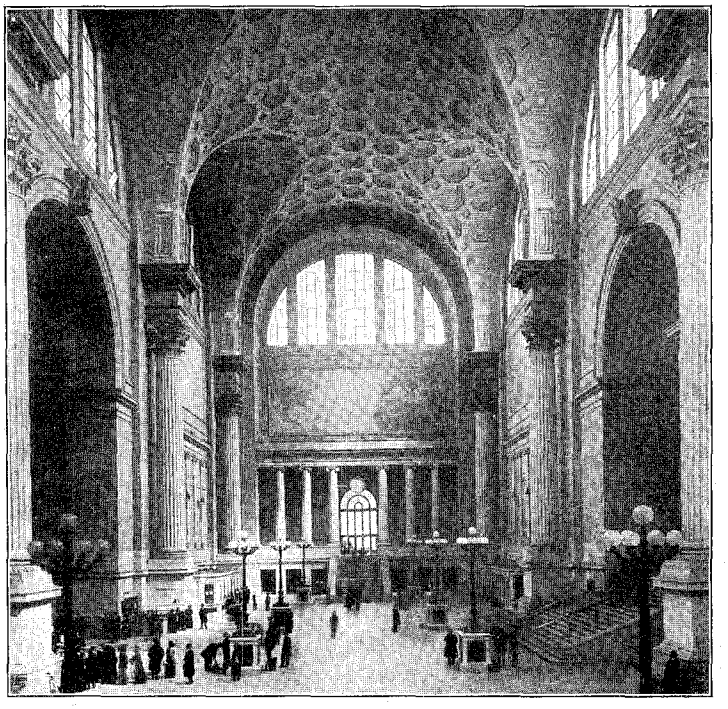
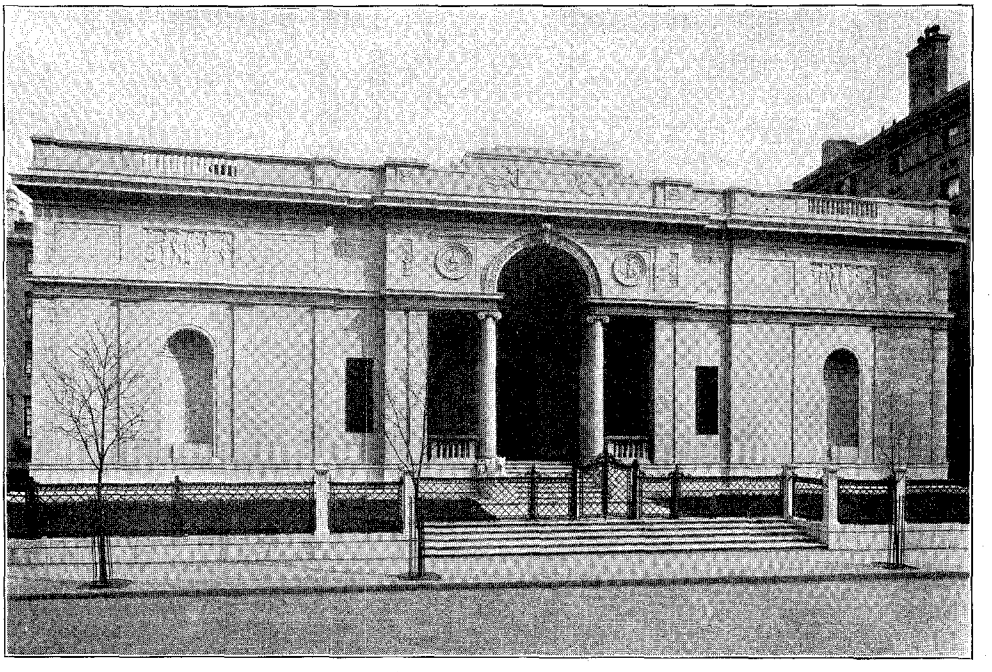


The Great Hall in the Pennsylvania Terminal.
New York.



The Morgan Library.
East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

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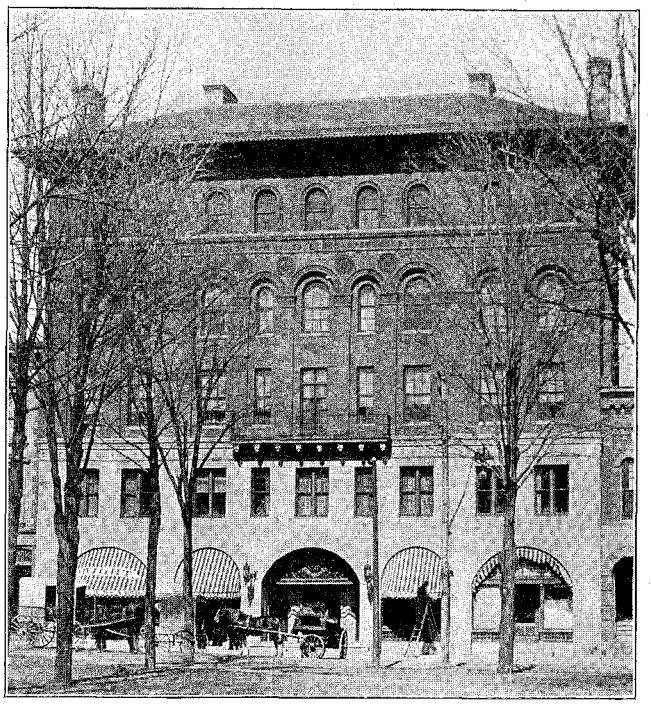
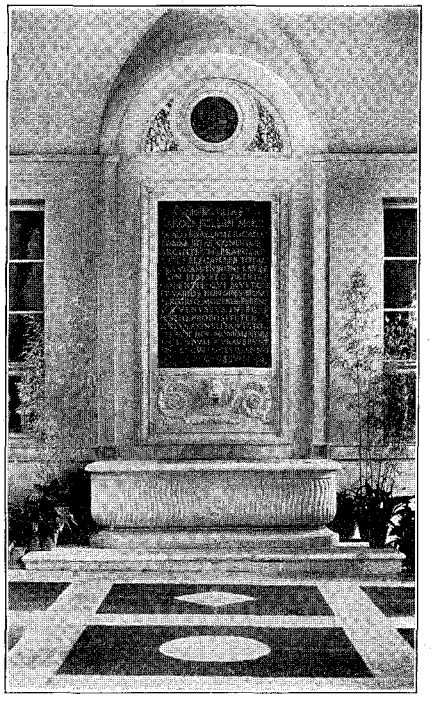
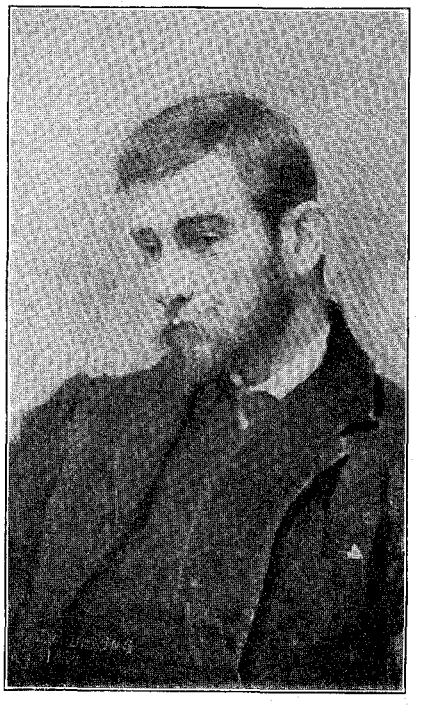


The Russell and Erwin Building at New Britain.



The McKim Memorial at the American Academy in Rome.



Joseph M. Wells.
From the portrait by T. W. Dewing.

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entered into formal alliance with the two who had been, in a sense, waiting for him.

Nothing less than an auspiciously foreordained fate could have been responsible for that perfect harmonization of talents. Each had something to give that the others needed. McKim was the scholar of the group, a self-contained, reserved being, with something about him of the polished man of the world, occasionally caustic, always penetrating, a type of genius fused with reason. White was sheer flame, headlong and exuberant, one of those prolific designers who seem like forces of nature let loose. He was, besides, as endearing as a boy, a very prince of friends, a man whose generous enthusiasm diffused not only stimulus but happiness. Mead, with his clear New England judgment and his equable, silvery temperament, was the indispensable stabilizer, tempering McKim's severity on the one hand and checking White's romanticism on the other. Then they had—up to his death in 1890—a precious coadjutor in another New Englander, Joseph M. Wells, who had been through the Paris mill but had settled down to the conviction that Bramante was the consummate architect. He was to have entered the partnership when his death intervened, as is shown by this passage from a letter written by McKim to White in December, 1889: "For my own part I would hail his accession as a partner with delight. I feel more every day the obligations of the office to him. To my mind he stands alone in the profession for thoroughness and scholarly ability, and I feel sure that you value the soundness of his judgment in composition as much as I do." Wells, like the writer of those feeling words, was a genius. Is it any wonder that the firm worked miracles, back there in the '80's? Talk about your "nests of singing birds"! The *atelier* on the top floor of 57 Broadway, corner of Tin Pot Alley, made one great hive of eager workers, throbbing with inspiration.

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The teamwork that went on there embraced not architecture alone. All the artists who tended toward leadership in that period drifted in and out, especially through the play of White's glorious *camaraderie*. I was there and I can see them still, La Farge, Saint-Gaudens, Thayer, Warner, Bunce, Blum, Weir, a perfect host. It was the rallying ground of gifted men. I speak of White's faculty for friendship, of the warm, beautiful way he had of winning fellow artists to his side. It had tremendous force, it did much to create an invigorating atmosphere. But as I recall the time and the place one thing stands out above the whole diverse medley of personalities and styles. That *atelier* was the seat of a supreme artistic rectitude. The important thing was just to make a work of art beautiful. The unpardonable sin was the sin against good taste. Every one was mad about making the best that could possibly be made of the given task. Every one had a burning artistic conscience. There were, of course, other centres for the promotion of a high ideal. Richard M. Hunt was back from Paris, developing his French ideas with magnificent power, and Richardson, as I have indicated, was already well launched upon his ample, richly colored, emotionally fervid Romanesque campaign. But if I ascribe a certain singularity to what was potent at No. 57 it is not by any means out of any private prejudice that I write but because, as events have clearly shown, McKim, Mead, and White proved the prime renovators of

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American architecture. They spoke in the language which was somehow best attuned to the needs and tendencies of the situation confronting them. The needs were great.

Let the reader revive for a moment, from memory or from such illustrative material as he has seen, a picture of the country as it was, architecturally, not only just after the war but into the '80's and '90's. In New York City, for example, the brownstone front reigned supreme and where business dominated it was proud of a pseudo-classical façade, in cast iron, which was equally unlovely. In the environs and all over the American countryside, for that matter, Queen Anne atrocities evenly prevailed. The new firm played a leading part in changing all this. White had lingered over the old French manor farms, with their swelling towers, he had a passion for the picturesque, too, but McKim and Mead—with Wells, also—were there to use moderating voices, and when a country house emerged from under the hands of the company there was about it, among other things, a beautiful simplicity. I wish I could exhibit here one after another of those numerous designs, the modest yet somehow stately "cottage" for Robert Goelet at Newport, the lordlier stone affair for Charles J. Osborne at Mamaroneck, the Colonial house for H. A. C. Taylor at Newport, and so on through a long list. I don't mean to say that they were all howling masterpieces, that they were flawless inside and out. But I do mean to say that they were new, original, and distinguished buildings, that to this day they do not "date," but possess a quiet, refined, dignified quality that is essentially durable. They worked a revolution in the field of architecture to which they belonged. Again I must touch upon the matter of singularity, which these houses markedly illustrated. Richardson did some handsome country houses in New England. But I do not believe it could be asserted that they had quite the influence that was exerted by the works of his New York juniors—and rivals. The turning of the tide in country-house design may fairly be dated, I think, from the Goelet cottage, which belongs to 1883.

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It was the same with urban architecture. Let the reader consider, among my illustrations, the J. Coleman Drayton house, now gone the way of so many private residences in Fifth Avenue. Intrinsically it is a skilful solution of the problem imposed by a narrow site, the design, as a design, is good to look upon, and the use of brick and stone likewise reflects taste, and strikes a new note. But think of it merely as a substitute for the brownstone front aforesaid. It is the difference between art and dead formula. Then carry the investigation further and glance at another lost building, the bank once at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. In stone, brick, and terra-cotta the firm here erected a kind of modest skyscraper which replaced the ancient hideous type so characteristic of the city with the delicate grace of a Florentine *palazzo*. Once more I venture to emphasize the germinal nature of what McKim, Mead, and White were doing forty years ago. They were breaking new soil, disseminating new ideas, erecting new standards. Were they introducing a new style? Hardly. They were great eclectics, with one sharply defined trend in their following of tradition. The bank building just mentioned was obviously Italianate. Wells had a good deal to do with that element in their practice. I remember

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that when I used shamelessly to neglect my duties in order to talk Beethoven and Wagner, Byron and Thackeray with him in his room, I would find him with his eyes dreamily fastened upon a big photograph of the courtyard of the Cancelleria. The works of Bramante constituted his Bible. You can see some rich fruits of his meditations in the mouldings, the windows, the balconies and the cornice of the monumental composition in Madison Avenue, just back of the Cathedral, which embraces the Whitelaw Reid residence and several others in one grand unity. Wells was the master of the exquisite detail in that work. There was never anybody like him for detail. But I must mention at this point one building for which, as a whole, he was solely responsible, the Russell and Erwin Building at New Britain. It is beautifully composed, a model of right proportions, an instance of "commercial architecture" raised to a higher power. This design gives one a sharp sense of what we lost when Wells died. He died untimely if ever a man did. But his influence did not die with him. All through his association with the others he counted in their development, fostering their instinct for Italian forms, and his spirit carried on in their subsequent activities.

A narrow interpretation of this traditional instinct in the firm and their not infrequent close adherence to some specific historical precedent, would assign to them a conventional rôle, the dogged continuation of what had gone before. But they showed even in those early works in which they were feeling their way, and on which I have deliberately paused, a vital power which fitted them for a pioneering, constructive function. The firm could help to make American architecture over because, as a firm, it had not only learning but the fresh, energizing force of genius, and because, as I love to insist, it drove at beauty with a fairly fiery gusto. How, save on terms of genius and beauty in architecture, are you to account for things like the vast room in the Pennsylvania Terminal, the Tiffany Building, the University Club, the Russek Building (formerly the Gorham Building) or the Morgan Library? Traditional idioms are used in them all but with a freedom, a fervor, and an independent judgment making the respective structures I have named so many pieces of living architecture. There was an enkindling virtue in what they did and it is a testimony to the fundamental vitality of their art that the men they trained, who learned their language, nevertheless went forth upon their own careers to use speech of their own, men like Henry Bacon, Thomas Hastings, Cass Gilbert, Harrie T. Lindeberg, Philip Sawyer, Edward York, Louis Ayres, H. Van Buren Magonigle, John Galen Howard, and, indeed, so many more that I despair of cataloguing them all in this place. It is not too much to say that the work begun so long ago at 57 Broadway has flowered anew in the work of hundreds. The benefit that it has also conferred upon public taste is past measurement.

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The firm has its countless monuments, all over the country, to fertilize indefinitely the wide-spread movement in architectural design and appreciation which is recognized throughout the world as one of the signal phenomena in American civilization. But its tradition is conserved also by an institution on which I must pause in bringing these reflections to a close, the American Academy in Rome. By coincidence my own

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thoughts synchronized with its beginnings. In Rome, one summer, back in the nineties, I sat under Tasso's oak on the Janiculum and mused on the idea of an American Academy by the Tiber. I called on the directors of the different institutions of that nature in Rome and asked them what they thought of it, judging from what their own countrymen had found in Italy. They were all enthusiastic and I duly reported the circumstance in a magazine article. But I thought, to tell the truth, that *that* dream could hardly come true. It nearly took me off my feet to learn, when I got back in the autumn, that McKim had already founded his Fellowship in Architecture at Columbia, out of which action the American School of Architecture in Rome and then the American Academy in Rome were ultimately to grow. Thenceforth I wrote much upon the subject, having frequent consultations with McKim, and from him I learned the purpose of that fabric which has since proved invaluable to many an American painter, sculptor, and architect. McKim's idea in founding the Academy was not to make any of our young artists crass disciples of the old Italian masters, to set them at mechanical emulation. It was to take the American of demonstrated ability and subject him to the ennobling pressure of classical and renaissance influences, to enrich his imagination, to stimulate his sense of beauty; above all, to help him toward a realization of what is fine in the arts, of how far they may be made to soar. On a memorable day I strolled in the Villa Doria with McKim and he sank into reverie on an antique fountain rim, giving himself up to the plash of waters, the warmth of the sun, the pure enchantment of an Italian garden. Often have his words come back to me. "How beautiful it is," he murmured, "how beautiful it is!" It was as though he spoke in renewal of an ancient pledge, the pledge of an inviolable loyalty. He spoke in the key of No. 57, in the key of that devotion which united him and his colleagues in an ardent labor, itself beautiful. Very recently a tablet with a fountain has been erected at the Academy in his memory, from a design by his old colleague, William Mitchell Kendall, the present senior member of the firm. It speaks of McKim's "lifelong and unselfish public service for the cause of the arts in his native land." The same epitaph might be inscribed for White, for Mead, for Wells. Together they rendered a great public service. Together they served the cause of beauty.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 32 of this number.)

"It's grand here," I said.

"Yes. It's really a pretty course."

"It's nice."

"Don't let me spoil your fun darling. I'll go back whenever you want."

"No." I said. "We'll stay here and have our drink. Then we'll go down and stand at the water jump for the steeplechase."

"You're awfully good to me," she said.

After we had been alone a while we were glad to see the others again. We had a good time.

XXI

In September the first cool nights came, then the days were cool and the leaves on the trees in the park began to turn color and we knew the summer was gone. The fighting at the front went very badly and they could not take San Gabriele. The fighting on the Bainzizza plateau was over and by the middle of the month the fighting for San Gabriele was about over too. They could not take it. Ettore was gone back to the front. The horses were gone to Rome and there was no more racing. Crowell had gone to Rome too, to be sent back to America. There were riots twice in the town against the war and bad rioting in Turin. A British major at the club told me the Italians had lost one nundred and fifty thousand men on the Bainzizza plateau and on San Gabriele. He said they had lost forty thousand on the Carso besides. We had a drink and he talked. He said the fighting was over for the year down here and that the Italians had bitten off more than they could chew. He said the offensive in Flanders was going to the bad. If they killed men as they did this fall the Allies would be cooked in another year. He said we were all cooked but we were all right as long as we did not know it. We were all cooked. The thing was not to recognize it. The last country to realize they were cooked would win the war. We had another drink. Was I on somebody's staff? No. He was. It was all balls. We were alone in the club sitting back in one of the big leather sofas. His boots were smoothly polished dull leather. They were beautiful boots. He said it was all balls. They thought only in divisions and man power. They all squabbled about divisions and only killed them when they got them. They were all cooked. The Germans won the victories. By —— they were soldiers. The old Hun was a soldier. But they were cooked too. We were all cooked. I asked about Russia. He said they were cooked already. I'd soon see they were cooked. Then the Austrians were cooked too. If they got some Hun divisions they could do it. Did he think they would attack this fall? Of course they would. The Italians were cooked. Everybody knew they were cooked. The old Hun would come down through the Trentino and cut the railway at Vicenza and then where would the Italians be? They tried that in sixteen, I said. Not with Germans. Yes, I said. But they probably wouldn't do that, he said. It was too simple. They'd try something complicated and get royally cooked. I had to go, I said. I had to get back to the hospital. Good-by, he said. Then, cheerily, every sort of luck! There was a great contrast between his world pessimism and personal cheeriness.

I stopped at a barber shop and was shaved and went home to the hospital. My leg was as well as it would get for a long time. I had been up for examination three days before. There were still some treatments to take before my course at the Ospedale Maggiore was finished and I walked along the side street practising not limping. An old man was cutting silhouettes under an arcade. I stopped to watch him. Two girls were posing and he cut their silhouettes together, snipping very fast and looking at them, his head on one side. The girls were giggling. He showed me the silhouettes before he pasted them on white paper and handed them to the girls.

"They're beautiful," he said. "How about you Tenente?"

The girls went away looking at their silhouettes and laughing. They were nice looking girls. One of them worked in the wineshop across from the hospital.

"All right," I said.

"Take your cap off."

"No. With it on."

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"It will not be so beautiful," the old man said. "But," he brightened, "it will be more military."

He snipped away at the black paper, then separated the two thicknesses and pasted the profiles on a card and handed them to me.

"How much?"

"That's all right." He waved his hand. "I just made them for you."

"Please." I brought out some coppers. "For pleasure."

"No. I did them for a pleasure. Give them to your girl."

"Many thanks until we meet."

"Until I see thee."

I went on to the hospital. There were some letters, an official one, and some others. I was to have three weeks convalescent leave and then return to the front. I read it over carefully. Well that was that. The convalescent leave started October fourth when my course was finished. Three weeks was twenty-one days. That made October twenty-fifth. I told them I would not be in and went to the restaurant a little way up the street from the hospital for supper and read my letters and the Corriere Della Sera at the table. There was a letter from my grandfather, containing family news, patriotic encouragement, a draft for two hundred dollars, and a few clippings; a dull letter from the priest at our mess, a letter from a man I knew who was flying with the French and had gotten in with a wild gang and was telling about it, and a note from Rinaldi asking me how long I was going to skulk in Milano and what was all the news? He wanted me to bring him phonograph records and enclosed a list. I drank a small bottle of chianti with the meal, had a coffee afterward with a glass of cognac, finished the paper, put my letters in my pocket, left the paper on the table with the tip and went out.

In my room at the hospital I undressed, put on pajamas and a dressing gown, pulled down the curtains on the door that opened onto the balcony and sitting up in bed read Boston papers from a pile Mrs. Meyers had left for her boys at the hospital. The Chicago White Sox were winning the American League pennant and the New York Giants were leading the National League. Babe Ruth was a pitcher then playing for Boston. The papers were dull, the news was local and stale and the war news was all old. The American news was all training camps. I was glad I wasn't in a training camp. The baseball news was all I could read and I did not have the slightest interest in it. A number of papers together made it impossible to read with interest. It was not very timely but I read at it for a while. I wondered if America really got into the war, if they would close down the major leagues. They probably wouldn't. There was still racing in Milan and the war could not be much worse. They had stopped racing in France. That was where our horse Japalac came from.

Catherine was not due on duty until nine o'clock. I heard her passing along the floor when she first came on duty. And once saw her pass in the hall. She went to several other rooms and finally came into mine.

"I'm late darling," she said. "There was a lot to do. How are you?"

I told her about my papers and the leave.

"That's lovely," she said. "Where do you want to go?"

"Nowhere. I want to stay here."

"That's silly. You pick a place to go and I'll come too."

"How will you work it?"

"I don't know. But I will."

"You're pretty wonderful."

"No I'm not. But life isn't hard to manage when you've nothing to lose."

"How do you mean?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking how small obstacles seemed that once were so big."

"I should think it might be hard to manage."

"No it won't darling. If necessary I'll simply leave. But it won't come to that."

"Where should we go?"

"I don't care. Anywhere you want. Anywhere we don't know people."

"Don't you care where we go?"

"No. I'll like any place."

She seemed upset and taut.

"What's the matter Catherine?"

"Nothing. Nothing's the matter."

"Yes there is."

"No nothing. Really nothing."

"I know there is. Tell me darling. You can tell me."

"It's nothing."

"Tell me."

"I don't want to. I'm afraid I'll make you unhappy or worry you."

"No it won't."

"You're sure? It doesn't worry me but I'm afraid to worry you."

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"It won't if it doesn't worry you."

"I don't want to tell."

"Tell it."

"Do I have to?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to have a baby darling. It's almost three months along. You're not worried are you? Please please don't. You mustn't worry."

"All right."

"Is it all right?"

"Of course."

"I haven't worried about it. You mustn't worry or feel badly."

"I only worry about you."

"That's it. That's what you mustn't do. People have babies all the time. Everybody has babies. It's a natural thing."

"You're pretty wonderful."

"No I'm not. But you mustn't mind darling. I'll try and not make trouble for you. I know I've made trouble now. But haven't I been a good girl until now? You never knew it did you?"

"No."

"It will all be like that. You simply mustn't worry. I can see you're worrying. Stop it. Stop it right away. Wouldn't you like a drink darling? I know a drink always makes you feel cheerful."

"No. I feel cheerful. And you're pretty wonderful."

"No I'm not. But I'll fix everything to be together if you pick out a place for us to go. It ought to be lovely in October. We'll have a lovely time darling and I'll write you every day while you're at the front."

"Where will you be?"

"I don't know yet. But somewhere splendid. I'll look after all that."

We were quiet a while and did not talk. Catherine was sitting on the bed and I was looking at her but we did not touch each other. We were apart as when some one comes into a room and people are self conscious. She put out her hand and took mine.

"You aren't angry are you darling?"

"No."

"And you don't feel trapped?"

"Maybe a little. But not by you."

"I didn't mean by me. You mustn't be stupid. I meant trapped at all."

"You always feel trapped biologically."

She went away a long way without stirring or removing her hand.

"Always isn't a pretty word."

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right. But you see I've never had a baby and I've never even loved any one. And I've tried to be the way you wanted and then you talk about always."

"I could cut off my tongue," I offered.

"Oh darling!" she came back from wherever she had been. "You mustn't mind me." We were both together again and the self consciousness was gone. "We really are the same one and we mustn't misunderstand on purpose."

"We won't."

"But people do. They love each other and they misunderstand on purpose and they fight and then suddenly they aren't the same one."

"We won't fight."

"We mustn't. Because there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them. If anything comes between us we're gone and then they have us."

"They won't get us," I said. "Because you're too brave. Nothing ever happens to the brave."

"They die of course."

"But only once."

"I don't know. Who said that?"

"The coward dies a thousand deaths. The brave but one?"

"Of course. Who said it?"

"I don't know."

"He was probably a coward," she said. "He knew a great deal about cowards but nothing about the brave. The brave dies perhaps two thousand deaths if he's intelligent. He simply doesn't mention them."

"I don't know. It's hard to see inside the head of the brave."

"Yes. That's how they keep that away."

"You're an authority."

"You're right darling. That was deserved."

"You're brave."

"No," she said. "But I would like to be."

"I'm not," I said. "I know where I stand. I've been out long enough to know. I'm like a ball player that bats two hundred and thirty and knows he's no better."

"What is a ball player that bats two hundred and thirty. It's awfully impressive."

"It's not. It means a mediocre hitter in baseball."

"But still a hitter," she prodded me.

"I guess we're both conceited," I said. "But you are brave."

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"No. But I hope to be."

"We're both brave," I said. "And I'm very brave when I've had a drink."

"We're splendid people," Catherine said. She went over to the armoire and brought me the cognac and a glass. "Have a drink darling," she said. "You've been awfully good."

"I don't really want one."

"Take one."

"All right." I poured the water-glass a third full of cognac and drank it off.

"That was very big," she said. "I know brandy is for heroes. But you shouldn't exaggerate."

"Where will we live after the war?"

"In an old people's home probably," she said. "For three years I looked forward very childishly to the war ending at Christmas. But now I look forward till when our son will be a Lieutenant-Commander."

"Maybe he'll be a general."

"If it's an hundred years' war he'll have time to try both of the services."

"Don't you want a drink?"

"No. It always makes you so happy darling and it only makes me dizzy."

"Didn't you ever drink brandy?"

"No darling. I'm a very old-fashioned wife."

I reached down to the floor for the bottle and poured another drink.

"I'd better go to have a look at your compatriots," Catherine said. "Perhaps you'll read the papers until I come back."

"Do you have to go?"

"Now or later."

"All right. Now."

"I'll come back later."

"I'll have finished the papers," I said.

XXII

It turned cold that night and the next day it was raining. Coming home from the Ospedale Maggiore it rained very hard and I was wet when I came in. Up in my room the rain was coming down heavily outside on the balcony, and the wind blew it against the glass doors. I changed my clothing and drank some brandy but the brandy did not taste good. I felt sick in the night and in the morning after breakfast I was nauseated.

"There is no doubt about it," the house surgeon said. "Look at the whites of his eyes, Miss."

Miss Gage looked. They had me look in a glass. The whites of the eyes were yellow and it was the jaundice. I was sick for two weeks with it. For that reason we did not spend a convalescent leave together. We had planned to go to Pallanza on Lago Maggiore. It is nice there in the fall when the leaves turn. There are walks you can take and you can troll for trout in the lake. It would have been better than Stresa because there are fewer people at Pallanza. Stresa is so easy to get to from Milan that there are always people you know. There is a nice village at Pallanza and you can row out to the islands where the fishermen live and there is a restaurant on the biggest island. But we did not go.

One day while I was in bed with jaundice Miss Van Campen came in the room, opened the door into the armoire and saw the empty bottles there. I had sent a load of them down by the porter and I believe she must have seen them going out and come up to find some more. They were mostly vermouth bottles, marsala bottles, capri bottles, empty chianti flasks and a few cognac bottles. The porter had carried out the large bottles, those that had held vermouth, and the straw-covered chianti flasks, and left the brandy bottles for the last. It was the brandy bottles and a bottle shaped like a bear which had held kummel that Miss Van Campen found. The bear-shaped bottle enraged her particularly. She held it up, the bear was sitting up on his haunches with his paws up, there was a cork in his glass head and a few sticky crystals at the bottom. I laughed.

"It was kummel," I said. "The best kummel comes in those bear-shaped bottles. It comes from Russia."

"Those are all brandy bottles aren't they?" Miss Van Campen asked.

"I can't see them all," I said. "But they probably are."

"How long has this been going on?"

"I bought them and brought them in myself," I said. "I have had Italian officers visit me frequently and I have kept brandy to offer them."

"You haven't been drinking it yourself?" she said.

"I have also drunk it myself."

"Brandy," she said. "Eleven empty bottles of brandy and that bear liquid."

"Kummel."

"I will send for some one to take them

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away. Those are all the empty bottles you have?"

"For the moment."

"And I was pitying you having jaundice. Pity is something that is wasted on you."

"Thank you."

"I suppose you can't be blamed for not wanting to go back to the front. But I should think you would try something more intelligent than producing jaundice with alcoholism."

"With what?"

"With alcoholism. You heard me say it." I did not say anything. "Unless you find something else I'm afraid you will have to go back to the front when you are through with your jaundice. I don't believe self-inflicted jaundice entitles you to a convalescent leave."

"You don't?"

"I do not."

"Have you ever had jaundice Miss Van Campen?"

"No but I have seen a great deal of it."

"You noticed how the patients enjoyed it?"

"I suppose it is better than the front."

"Miss Van Campen," I said, "did you ever know a man who tried to disable himself by kicking himself ——?"

Miss Van Campen ignored the actual question. She had to ignore it or leave the room. She was not ready to leave because she had disliked me for a long time and she was now cashing in.

"I have known many men to escape the front through self-inflicted wounds."

"That wasn't the question. I have seen self-inflicted wounds also. I asked you if you had ever known a man who had tried to disable himself by kicking himself —— ——. Because that is the nearest sensation to jaundice and it is a sensation that I believe few women have ever experienced. That was why I asked you if you had ever had the jaundice Miss Van Campen because—" Miss Van Campen left the room. Later Miss Gage came in.

"What did you say to Van Campen? She was furious. She's after your scalp."

"She has my scalp," I said. "She's lost me my leave and she might try and get me court-martialled. She's mean enough."

"She never liked you," Gage said. "What's it about?"

"She says I've drunk myself into jaundice so as not to go back to the front."

"Pooh," said Gage. "I'll swear you've never taken a drink. Everybody will swear you've never taken a drink."

"She found the bottles."

"I've told you a hundred times to clear out those bottles. Where are they now?"

"In the armoire."

"Have you a suit-case?"

"No. Put them in that rucksack."

Miss Gage packed the bottles in the rucksack. "I'll give them to the porter," she said. She started for the door.

"Just a minute," Miss Van Campen said. "I'll take those bottles." She had the porter with her. "Carry them, please," she said. "I want to show them to the doctor when I make my report."

She went down the hall. The porter carried the sack. He knew what was in it.

Nothing happened except that I lost my leave.

XXIII

The night I was to return to the front I sent the porter down to hold a seat for me on the train when it came from Turin. The train was to leave at midnight. It was made up at Turin and reached Milan about half-past ten at night and lay in the station until time to leave. You had to be there when it came in to get a seat. The porter took a friend with him, a machine-gunner on leave who worked in a tailor shop, and was sure that between them they could hold a place. I gave them money for platform tickets and had them take my baggage. There was a big rucksack and two musettes.

I said good-by at the hospital at about five o'clock and went out. The porter had my baggage in his lodge and I told him I would be at the station a little before midnight. His wife called me Signorino and cried. She wiped her eyes and shook hands and then cried again. I patted her on the back and she cried once more. She had done my mending and was a very short dumpy happy-faced woman with white hair. When she cried her whole face went to pieces.

I went down to the corner where there was a wine shop and waited inside looking out the window. It was dark outside and cold and misty. I paid for my coffee and grappa and I watched the people going by in the light from the window. I saw Catherine and knocked on the window. She looked, saw me and smiled and I went out to meet her. She was wearing a

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dark blue cape and a soft felt hat. We walked along together, along the sidewalk past the wine shops, then across the market square and up the street and through the archway to the cathedral square. There were street-car tracks and beyond them was the cathedral. It was white and wet in the mist. We crossed the tram tracks. On our left were the shops, their windows lighted, and the entrance to the galleria. There was a fog in the square and when we came close to the front of the cathedral it was very big and the stone was wet.

"Would you like to go in?"

"No," Catherine said. We walked along. There was a soldier standing with his girl in the shadow of one of the stone buttresses ahead of us and we passed them. They were standing tight up against the stone and he had put his cape around her.

"They're like us," I said.

"Nobody is like us," Catherine said.

"I wish they had some place to go."

"It mightn't do them any good."

"I don't know. Everybody ought to have some place to go."

"They have the cathedral," Catherine said. We were past it now. We crossed the far end of the square and looked back at the cathedral. It was fine in the mist. We were standing in front of the leather-goods shop. There were riding boots, a rucksack and ski boots in the window. Each article was set apart as an exhibit; the rucksack in the centre, the riding boots on one side and the ski boots on the other. The leather was dark and oiled smooth as a used saddle. The electric light made high lights on the dull oiled leather.

"We'll ski some time."

"In two months there will be skiing at Murren," Catherine said.

"Let's go there."

"All right," she said. We went on past other windows and turned down a side street.

"I've never been this way."

"This is the way I go to the hospital," I said. It was a narrow street and we kept on the right-hand side. There were many people passing in the fog. There were shops and all the windows were lighted. We looked in a window at a pile of cheeses. I stopped in front of an armorer's shop.

"Come in a minute. I have to buy a gun."

"What sort of gun?"

"A pistol." We went in and I unbuttoned my belt and laid it with the empty holster on the counter. Two women were behind the counter. The women brought out several pistols.

"It must fit this," I said, opening the holster. It was a gray leather holster and I had bought it second hand to wear in the town.

"Have they good pistols?" Catherine asked.

"They're all about the same. Can I try this one?" I asked the woman.

"I have no place now to shoot," she said. "But it is very good. You will not make a mistake with it."

I snapped it and pulled back the action. The spring was rather strong but it worked smoothly. I sighted it and snapped it again.

"It is used," the woman said. "It belonged to an officer who was an excellent shot."

"Did you sell it to him?"

"Yes."

"How did you get it back?"

"From his orderly."

"Maybe you have mine," I said. "How much is this?"

"Fifty lire. It is very cheap."

"All right. I want two extra clips and a box of cartridges."

She brought them from under the counter.

"Have you any need for a sword?" she asked. "I have some used swords very cheap."

"I'm going to the front," I said.

"Oh yes, then you won't need a sword," she said.

I paid for the cartridges and the pistol, filled the magazine and put it in place, put the pistol in my empty holster, filled the extra clips with cartridges and put them in the leather slots on the holster and then buckled on my belt. The pistol felt heavy on the belt. Still, I thought, it was better to have a regulation pistol. You could always get shells.

"Now we're fully armed," I said. "That was the one thing I had to remember to do. Some one got my other one going to the hospital."

"I hope it's a good pistol," Catherine said.

"Was there anything else?" the woman asked.

"I don't believe so."

"The pistol has a lanyard," she said.

"So I noticed." The woman wanted to sell something else.

"You don't need a whistle?"

"I don't believe so."

The woman said good-by and we went out

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onto the sidewalk. Catherine looked in the window. The woman looked out and bowed to us.

"What are those little mirrors set in wood for?"

"They're for attracting birds. They twirl them out in the field and larks see them and come out and the Italians shoot them."

"They are an ingenious people," Catherine said. "You don't shoot larks do you, darling, in America?"

"Not especially."

We crossed the street and started to walk up the other side.

"I feel better now," Catherine said. "I felt terribly when we started."

"We always feel good when we're together."

"We always will be together."

"Yes. Except that I'm going away at midnight."

"Don't think about it darling."

We walked on up the street. The fog made the lights yellow.

"Aren't you tired?" Catherine asked.

"How about you?"

"I'm all right. It's fun to walk."

"But let's not do it too long."

"No."

We turned down a side street where there were no lights and walked in the street. I stopped and kissed Catherine. While I kissed her I felt her hand on my shoulder. She had pulled my cape around her so it covered both of us. We were standing in the street against a high wall.

"Let's go some place," I said.

"Good," said Catherine. We walked on along the street until it came out onto a wider street that was beside a canal. On the other side was a brick wall and buildings. Ahead, down the street, I saw a street-car cross a bridge.

"We can get a cab up at the bridge," I said. We stood on the bridge in the fog waiting for a carriage. Several street-cars passed, full of people going home. Then a carriage came along but there was some one in it. The fog was turning to rain.

"We could walk or take a tram," Catherine said.

"One will be along," I said. "They go by here."

"Here one comes," she said.

The driver stopped his horse and lowered the metal sign on his meter. The top of the carriage was up and there were drops of water on the driver's coat. His varnished hat was shining in the wet. We sat back in the seat together and the top of the carriage made it dark.

"Where did you tell him to go?"

"To the station. There's a hotel across from the station where we can go."

"We can go the way we are? Without luggage?"

"Yes," I said.

It was a long ride to the station up side streets in the rain.

"Won't we have dinner?" Catherine asked. "I'm afraid I'll be hungry."

"We'll have it in our room."

"I haven't anything to wear. I haven't even a nightgown."

"We'll get one," I said and called to the driver.

"Go to the Via Manzoni and up that." He nodded and turned off to the left at the next corner. On the big street Catherine watched for a shop.

"Here's a place," she said. I stopped the driver and Catherine got out, walked across the sidewalk and went inside. I sat back in the carriage and waited for her. It was raining and I could smell the wet street and the horse steaming in the rain. She came back with a package and got in and we drove on.

"I was very extravagant darling," she said, "but it's a fine nightgown."

At the hotel I asked Catherine to wait in the carriage while I went in and spoke to the manager. There were plenty of rooms. Then I went out to the carriage, paid the driver and Catherine and I walked in together. The small boy in buttons carried the package. The manager bowed us toward the elevator. There was much red plush and brass. The manager went up in the elevator with us.

"Monsieur and Madame wish dinner in their room?"

"Yes. Will you have the menu brought up?" I said.

"You wish something special for dinner. Some game or a soufflet?"

The elevator passed three floors with a click each time, then clicked and stopped.

"What have you as game?"

"I could get a pheasant, or a woodcock."

"A woodcock," I said. We walked down the corridor. The carpet was worn. There

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were many doors. The manager stopped and unlocked a door and opened it.

"Here you are. A lovely room."

The small boy in buttons put the package on the table in the centre of the room. The manager opened the curtains.

"It is foggy outside," he said. The room was furnished in red plush. There were many mirrors, two chairs and a large bed with a satin coverlet. A door led to the bathroom.

"I will send up the menu," the manager said. He bowed and went out.

I went to the window and looked out, then pulled a cord that shut the thick plush curtains. Catherine was sitting on the bed looking at the cut-glass chandelier. She had taken her hat off and her hair shone under the light. She saw herself in one of the mirrors and put her hands to her hair. I saw her in three other mirrors. She did not look happy. She let her cape fall on the bed.

"What's the matter darling?"

"I never felt like a wh—— before," she said. I went over to the window and pulled the curtain aside and looked out. I had not thought it would be like this.

"You're not a wh——."

"I know it darling. But it isn't nice to feel like one." Her voice was dry and flat.

"This was the best hotel we could get in," I said. I looked out the window. Across the square were the lights of the station. There were carriages going by on the street and I saw the trees in the park. The lights from the hotel shone on the wet pavement. Oh hell, I thought, do we have to argue now.

"Come over here please," Catherine said. The flatness was all gone out of her voice. "Come over, please. I'm a good girl again." I looked over at the bed. She was smiling.

I went over and sat on the bed beside her and kissed her.

"You're my good girl."

"I'm certainly yours," she said.

After we had eaten we felt fine, and then after, we felt very happy and in a little time the room felt like our own home. My room at the hospital had been our own home and this room was our home too in the same way.

Catherine wore my tunic over her shoulders while we ate. We were very hungry and the meal was good and we drank a bottle of Capri and a bottle of St. Estephe. I drank most of it but Catherine drank some and it made her feel splendid. For dinner we had a woodcock with soufflé potatoes and purée de marron, a salad and zabaoni for dessert.

"It's a fine room," Catherine said. "It's a lovely room. We should have stayed here all the time we've been in Milan."

"It's a funny room. But it's nice."

"Vice is a wonderful thing," Catherine said. "The people who go in for it seem to have good taste about it. The red plush is really fine. It's just the thing. And the mirrors are very attractive."

"You're a lovely girl."

"I don't know how a room like this would be for waking up in the morning. But it's really a splendid room." I poured another glass of St. Estephe.

"I wish we could do something really sinful," Catherine said. "Everything we do seems so innocent and simple. I can't believe we do anything wrong."

"You're a grand girl."

"I only feel hungry. I get terribly hungry."

"You're a fine simple girl," I said.

"I am a simple girl. No one ever understood it except you."

"Once when I first met you I spent an afternoon thinking how we would go to the Hotel Cavour together and how it would be."

"That was awfully cheeky of you. This isn't the Cavour is it?"

"No. They wouldn't have taken us in there."

"They'll take us in some time. But that's how we differ darling. I never thought about anything."

"Didn't you ever at all."

"A little," she said.

"Oh you're a lovely girl."

I poured another glass of wine.

"I'm a very simple girl," Catherine said.

"I didn't think so at first. I thought you were a crazy girl."

"I was a little crazy. But I wasn't crazy in any complicated manner. I didn't confuse you did I darling?"

"Wine is a grand thing," I said. "It makes you forget all the bad."

"It's lovely," said Catherine. "But it's given my father gout very badly."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes," said Catherine. "He has gout. You won't ever have to meet him. Haven't you a father?"

"No," I said. "A step father."

"Will I like him?"

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"You won't have to meet him."

"We have such a fine time," Catherine said. "I don't take any interest in anything else any more. I'm so very happy married to you."

The waiter came and took away the things. After a while we were very still and we could hear the rain. Down below on the street a motor-car honked.

" 'And always at my back I hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,' "

I said.

"I know that poem," Catherine said. "It's by Marvel. But it's about a girl who wouldn't live with a man."

My head felt very clear and cold and I wanted to talk facts.

"Where will you have the baby?"

"I don't know. The best place I can find."

"How will you arrange it?"

"The best way I can. Don't worry darling. We may have several babies before the war is over."

"It's nearly time to go."

"I know. You can make it time if you want."

"No."

"Then don't worry darling. You were fine until now and now you're worrying."

"I won't. How often will you write?"

"Every day. Do they read your letters?"

"They can't read English enough to hurt any."

"I'll make them very confusing," Catherine said.

"But not too confusing."

"I'll just make them a little confusing."

"I'm afraid we have to start to go."

"All right darling."

"I hate to leave our fine house."

"So do I."

"But we have to go."

"All right. But we're never settled in our home very long."

"We will be."

"I'll have a fine home for you when you come back."

"Maybe I'll be back right away."

"Perhaps you'll be hurt just a little in the foot."

"Or the lobe of the ear."

"No I want your ears the way they are."

"And not my feet?"

"Your feet have been hit already."

"We have to go darling. Really."

"All right. You go first."

XXIV

We walked down the stairs instead of taking the elevator. The carpet on the stairs was worn. I had paid for the dinner when it came up and the waiter who had brought it was sitting on a chair near the door. He jumped up and bowed and I went with him into the side room and paid the bill for the room. The manager had remembered me as a friend and refused payment in advance but when he retired he had remembered to have the waiter stationed at the door so that I should not get out without paying. I suppose that had happened; even with his friends. One had so many friends in a war.

I asked the waiter to get us a carriage and he took Catherine's package that I was carrying and went out with an umbrella. Outside through the window we saw him crossing the street in the rain. We stood in the side room and looked out the window.

"How do you feel Cat?"

"Sleepy."

"I feel hollow and hungry."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Yes in my musette."

I saw the carriage coming. It stopped, the horse's head hanging in the rain, and the waiter stepped out, opened his umbrella, and came toward the hotel. We met him at the door and walked out under the umbrella down the wet walk to the carriage at the curb. Water was running in the gutter.

"There is your package on the seat," the waiter said. He stood with the umbrella until we were in and I had tipped him.

"Many thanks. Pleasant journey," he said. The coachman lifted the reins and the horse started. The waiter turned away under the umbrella and went toward the hotel. We drove down the street and turned to the left, then came around to the right in front of the station. There were two carabiniere standing under the light just out of the rain. The light shone on their hats. The rain was clear and transparent against the light from the station. A porter came out from under the shelter of the station, his shoulders up against the rain.

"No," I said. "Thanks. I don't need thee."

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He went back under the shelter of the archway. I turned to Catherine. Her face was in the shadow from the hood of the carriage.

"We might as well say good-by."

"I can't go in?"

"No."

"Good-by."

"Good-by Cat."

"Will you tell him the hospital."

"Yes."

I told the driver the address to drive to. He nodded.

"Good-by," I said. "Take good care of yourself and young Catherine."

"Good-by, darling."

"Good-by," I said. I stepped out into the rain and the carriage started. Catherine leaned out and I saw her face in the light. She smiled and waved. The carriage went up the street. Catherine pointed in toward the archway. I looked; there were only the two carabiniere and the archway. I realized she meant for me to get in out of the rain. I went in and stood and watched the carriage turn the corner. Then I started through the station and down the runway to the train.

The porter was on the platform looking for me. I followed him into the train crowding past people and along the aisle and in through a door to where the machine gunner sat in the corner of a full compartment. My rucksack and musettes were above his head on the luggage rack. There were many men standing in the corridor and the men in the compartment all looked at us when we came in. There were not enough places in the train and every one was hostile. The machine gunner stood up for me to sit down. Some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around. It was a very tall gaunt captain of artillery with a red scar along his jaw. He had looked through the glass on the corridor and then come in.

"What do you say?" I asked. I had turned and faced him. He was taller than I and his face was very thin under the shadow of his cap visor and the scar was new and shiny. Every one in the compartment was looking at me.

"You can't do that," he said. "You can't have a soldier save you a place."

"I have done it."

He swallowed and I saw his Adam's apple go up and then down. The machine gunner stood in front of the place. Other men looked in through the glass. No one in the compartment said anything.

"You have no right to do that. I was here two hours before you came."

"What do you want?"

"The seat."

"So do I."

I watched his face and could feel the whole compartment against me. I did not blame them. He was in the right. But I wanted the seat. Still no one said anything.

Oh hell, I thought.

"Sit down, Signor Capitano," I said. The machine gunner moved out of the way and the tall captain sat down. He looked at me. His face seemed hurt. But he had the seat. "Get my things," I said to the machine gunner. We went out in the corridor. The train was full and I knew there was no chance of a place. I gave the porter and the machine gunner ten lire apiece. They went down the corridor and outside on the platform looking in the windows but there were no places.

"Maybe some will get off at Brescia," the porter said.

"More will get on at Brescia," said the machine gunner. I said good-by to them and we shook hands and they left. They both felt badly. Inside the train we were all standing in the corridor when the train started. I watched the lights of the station and the yards as we went out. It was still raining and soon the windows were wet and you could not see out. Later I slept on the floor of the corridor; first putting my pocket book with my money and papers in it inside my shirt and trousers so that it was inside the leg of my breeches. I slept all night, waking at Brescia and Verona when more men got on the train but going back to sleep at once. I had my head on one of the musettes and my arms around the other and I could feel the pack and they could all walk over me if they would not step on me. Men were sleeping on the floor all down the corridors. Others stood holding on to the window rods or leaning against the doors. That train was always crowded.

(To be continued.)

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That same year "Happy" was entered as a bucking horse at a big rodeo, and when he come out of the chute he bucked his rider off in the first jump.

From a drawing by Will James.

—See "The Turning Point," page 143.

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